

HAPPY HOURS:

COLLECTION OF SONGS FOR

SCHOOLS, ACADEMIES, AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

BY

HOWARD KINGSBURY

AND

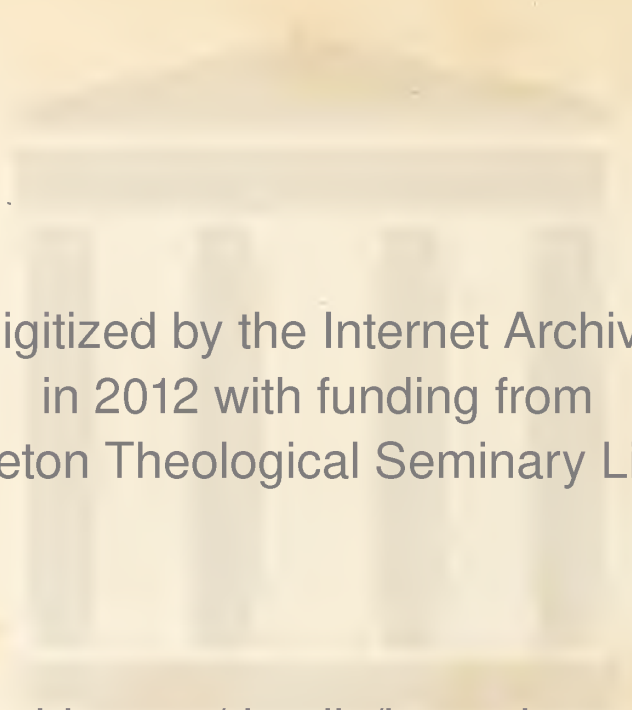
ALFRED A. GRALEY.

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A

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SCHOOLS, ACADEMIES, AND THE HOME CIRCLE,

BY

HOWARD KINGSBURY,

ASSISTED BY

REV. ALFRED A. GRALEY.



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P R E F A C E .

We desire to call attention to the following particulars concerning the book here offered to the public :

The *Elementary Department* is intended to afford only a general outline, to guide the teacher in unfolding the fundamental principles of music.

The majority of the *pieces* are suitable for children ; while interspersed among these, are others **requiring** some culture and skill in their performance. Our own experience is, that children may, with suitable care, **be** taught songs which at first seem beyond their powers ; and we trust the mistake will not be made of neglecting these entirely, even in the case of younger scholars. For higher classes, academies, etc., there will be found no lack of suitable material. Many new arrangements from popular German melodies are scattered through the work. A few pieces arranged for *male voices* have been also introduced.

Our thanks are due to the American Tract Society for the free use of the pieces accredited to “Happy Voices,” and the “New Songs of Zion ;” also, to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, from whose Blue and Gold edition of the Poets the words from Percival, Tennyson, and Miss Procter have been taken ; and to all others who have given kind permission to use valuable copyright pieces.

The poetical compositions of Mr. E. R. Sill were written expressly for this book and will be found to be an attractive feature of it.


ELEMENTS OF MUSIC.


CHAPTER I.


§ 1. NOTES.


A character which represents a musical sound is called a *Note*.


All sounds have not the same length, hence different kinds of notes are used.

The longest note in general use is the *whole note*, 

The next in length is the *half-note*,..... 

“ “ “ “ “ “ *quarter-note*,..... 

“ “ “ “ “ “ *eighth-note*,..... 

“ “ “ “ “ “ *sixteenth-note*,..... 

“ “ “ “ “ “ *thirty-second-note*,..... 

Each of these notes, as their *fractional names* imply, is just half as long as the one next preceding; and other fractional properties are also true of them in their relations to one another. Hence:

One whole note is equal to *two half-notes* ($\text{O} = \text{P P}$), or to *four quarter-notes* ($\text{O} = \text{P P P P}$), or to *one half-note and two quarter-notes* ($\text{O} = \text{P P P}$) &c. And *one half-note* is equal to *two quarter-notes* ($\text{P} = \text{P P}$), or to *four eighth-notes* ($\text{P} = \text{P P P P}$), &c., &c.


REMARK.—The teacher should develop this to greater length, as an accurate idea of the relative value of the different notes will be found indispensable to keeping correct time.


§ 2. RESTS.


Characters are also used to denote the temporary interruption of a succession of musical sounds. These are called *Rests*; they have the same mutual relations as notes, and are similarly named.


whole rest,


half-rest,


quarter-rest,


eighth-rest,


sixteenth rest,


thirty-second-rest.

As beginners often experience difficulty in distinguishing the *whole* rest from the half, and the quarter from the eighth, it may be of aid to them to compare the whole rest, which is placed *under* the line, to a hat standing upon its crown, so as to hold anything placed in it. The quarter-rest turns to the right, while the eighth turns to the left, which may be remembered from the fact, that as the right hand is *worth more* than the left, so the rest, which turns to the right, is *worth more* than that which turns to the left.

§ 3. THE DOT.

But the division of notes and rests, already made, is not complete. For instance, there is often occasion to use a note longer than a half-note, but not so long as a whole note; or one longer than a quarter, but not so long as a half. Here the *Dot* is used; its effect being to increase the value, that is, *prolong the sound* of the note it follows, one half. The same is true of the *Dot*, when used with rests. Hence:

$$\text{p}^\cdot = \text{p} \text{ p} \quad \text{r}^\cdot = \text{r} \text{ r} \quad | \quad \text{—}^\cdot = \text{—} \text{ r} \quad \text{r}^\cdot = \text{r} \text{ r}$$

Two dots are also used, in which case the second adds half as much as the first did, and the effect is as follows:

$$\text{p}^{\cdot\cdot} = \text{p} \text{ p} \text{ r} \quad \text{r}^{\cdot\cdot} = \text{r} \text{ r} \text{ r} \quad | \quad \text{—}^{\cdot\cdot} = \text{—} \text{ r} \text{ r} \quad \text{r}^{\cdot\cdot} = \text{r} \text{ r} \text{ r}$$

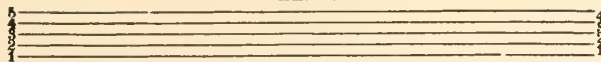
Besides the dot another character, the *Hold* or *Pause*, is used to prolong notes and rests. Strictly it doubles the length of whatever it is placed over—but general custom allows considerable freedom in its use. Its form is \frown , and it is placed *over* the note or rest, as: p^{\frown} , r^{\frown} .

CHAPTER II.

§ 1. THE STAFF.

Notes differ not only in length, but also in being either *high* or *low*. To represent this difference (which is called a difference in *Pitch*), a series of *five* horizontal lines, separated by four intermediate spaces, is used. This is called the *Staff*. The notes are written upon it, and rise in pitch, as they approach the upper degrees of the Staff; the degrees being counted upwards.



Ex. 1.



It often happens that the staff has not sufficient compass to express all the differences of pitch required, in which case, other lines are added either below or above, and are called *Added* or *Leger* lines.

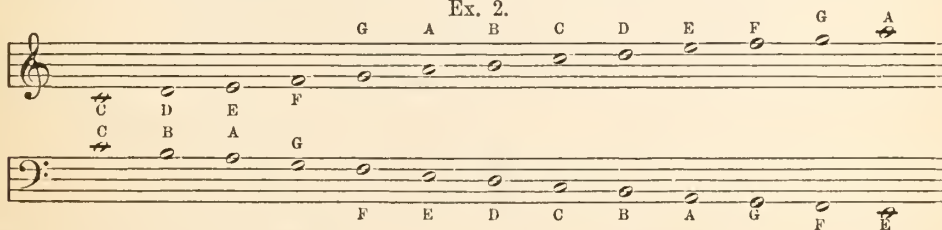
§ 2. LETTERS AND CLEFS.

But the notes must be applied to the staff in some regular way to be of any service. This is accomplished by means of letters, and of signs called *Clefs*. The first seven letters of the Alphabet are used as names for notes, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, while the clefs show the position of any letter upon the staff.

The two in general use are the following:  and , and they are called respectively the *Treble* or *G*

clef (placed upon the second line), and the *Base* or *F* clef, (placed upon the fourth line of the staff). These indicate that all notes upon the line on which the clef is, in one case, are called G, and in the other, F. Here then we have the means of reckoning our position—for, if one note is G, the next above will be A, which is followed by B, and that by C, &c. Or, descending from G, we come first to F, then to E, &c. Again in the Base clef, starting from F, we rise to G, then to A, &c., and descend to E, then to D, &c.

Ex. 2.



NOTE.—Accuracy and quickness in telling what letter falls upon any degree of the staff, are indispensable to reading music. It will be enough (in general) to familiarize the pupil with the G clef.

ELEMENTS OF MUSIC.

CHAPTER III.

§ 1. THE MAJOR SCALE.

There are but seven principal sounds in music, which, ascending or descending in regular order, constitute the *Scale*. These sounds are not equally distant from each other, some being separated by a whole tone, and some by a half-tone. Examining the following plan we shall see that there are five tones and two semi-tones, which latter occur between the third and fourth, and the seventh and eighth. The eighth is the beginning of a new *Octave* (or *series of eight notes*), and at the same time the conclusion of the first *Octave*.

Ex. 3.



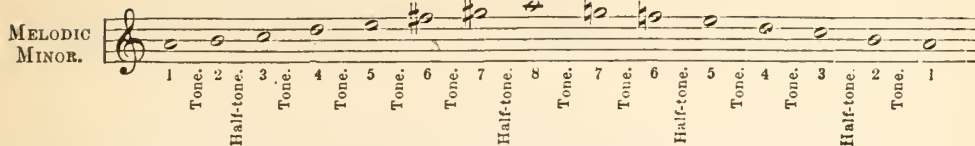
The intervals E—F, and B—C, are *always half-tones*, as may be seen on the key-board of a Piano-forte; E, F; B, C being the keys which are not separated by black keys.

This is called the *Major Scale*, because its *third* is two whole tones above its first; while in the *Minor Scale*, which we now proceed to consider, the third is only a tone and a half above the first.

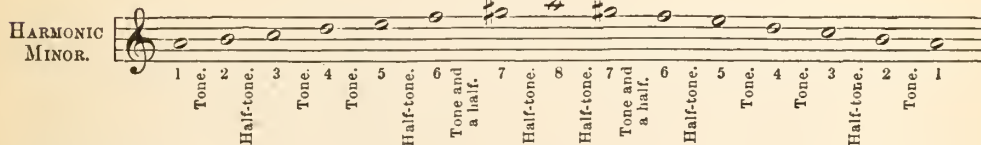
§ 2. THE MINOR SCALE.

There are two varieties of the *Minor Scale*, the *Melodic* and *Harmonic*. Both agree in the essential feature just alluded to, in having the third only a tone and a half above the first; the difference being in the sixth and seventh.

Ex. 4



Ex. 5.



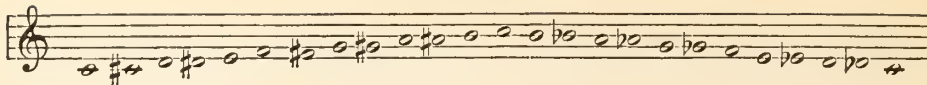
To understand these, we must first understand the signs used. \sharp is called a *Sharp*, and it *raises* the note before which it is placed a half-tone. \natural is called a *Natural*, and it restores the note before which it is placed to its original pitch. Besides these, there is the sign \flat , called a *Flat*, which lowers the note before which it is placed a half-tone. Two Flats ($\flat\flat$) lower the note before which they are placed a whole tone; and two Sharps, or the *Double sharp*, as it is called (written \times) raises the note before which it is placed a whole tone. These characters, the \sharp , the \flat , and the \natural , when occurring *in the course* of a piece of music, are called *Accidentals*.

The Harmonic Minor is the more perfect, as it has the same form ascending and descending.—Here we notice that there are three whole tones, two half-tones, and one interval, consisting of a tone and a half.

§ 3. THE CHROMATIC SCALE.

One more scale remains to be considered, and that is called the *Chromatic Scale*. This consists in a succession of sounds *by semi-tones* through the octave.

Ex. 6.

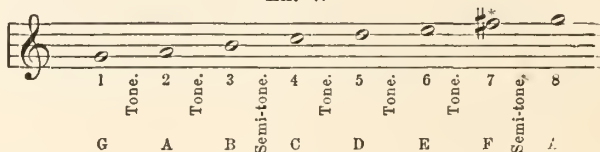


CHAPTER IV.

§ 1. TRANSPOSITION OF THE MAJOR SCALE.

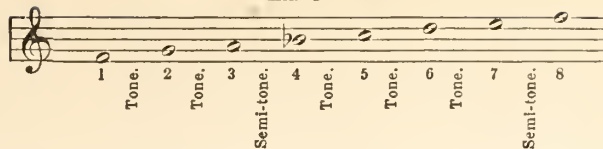
It is evident that these Major and Minor scales may start from any letter, that is, from any degree of the staff, and all the requirements of the case will be met, provided the *order* of *tones* and *semi-tones* be preserved throughout the same. Thus, if we choose to start the Major Scale from G, we have only to make sure that the semi-tones occur between the third and fourth, and the seventh and eighth, the remaining intervals being whole tones, and our new scale is as perfect as the old one. To accomplish this we insert a # before the seventh, and we find the order is the same.

Ex. 7.



The # raises the seventh a half-tone, and thus the semi-tone, which in the previous example (Chap. III., § 1), came between B and C, now comes between F and G. Suppose we wish to start from F, we have only to insert a b before B, which brings a semi-tone between the third and fourth; and upon going on as the original scale we shall find the same order preserved.

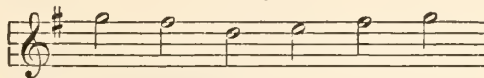
Ex. 8



The same is true, if we start from any other letter. The rule being: Insert as many *accidentals* as are necessary to make the order of tones and semi-tones the same as in the original key. The note from which any scale starts is called the *key-note*, and any piece is said to be in the key named after the key-note of the scale in which it is written. (The key of C is also called the *Natural* key, from its having no sharps or flats.) For convenience sake, however, instead of inserting these accidentals whenever the proper notes occur, these signs are placed at the commencement of the piece, are called the *Signature*, and indicate that all notes on the degree of the staff upon which they are placed are to be influenced by the accidentals just the same as if they stood immediately before each note.

Thus in the following example:

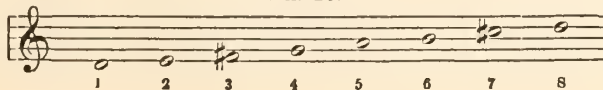
Ex. 9.



Both F's are of course sharpened. And so in general.

Noticing in the examples already given, that G, the key of one \sharp , is a *fifth above* C, if we ascend a fifth from G, we come to D, the key of two sharps, the second sharp being again inserted before the new seventh.

Ex. 10.



Hence in general, by *rising a fifth* from each new key-note, and adding a *sharped* seventh to the signature already employed, we come to the next higher scale in the Circle of Harmony. But this would involve unnecessary inconveniences, so that half of the scales only are treated generally as *sharp scales*, the other half being expressed in *flats*. This has been already implied in Ex. 7; hence by *ascending a fourth*, and *flattening the fourth of the new scale*, we progress in a corresponding manner, in flats.

Ex. 11.

Key of C.

Natural key.

Key of G.

Key of D.

Key of A.

Key of E.

Key of B.

Key of F#.

Key of F.

Key of B \flat .

Key of E \flat .

Key of A \flat .

Key of D \flat .

Key of G \flat .

It will be noticed that *ascending a fifth*, is equivalent to *descending a fourth*, and *ascending a fourth* to *descending a fifth*.

§ 2. TRANSPOSITION OF THE MINOR SCALE.

Here the same principles operate as in the transposition of the Major Scale, the requisite being to preserve the order of the intervals. One other division of the Minor Scales must be noticed before we give the order of the key-notes. Every Major Scale has its corresponding, or *relative*, Minor Scale. The Natural key must have a relative minor key, where there is no *signature*. This is the key of *A minor*, the key-note of which is a *minor-third* below that of the Natural key, C. In general, to find the key-note of the relative Minor of any Major Scale, we descend a minor-third. But if we compare any Minor Scale with the Major starting from the same key-note, we call it a *Tonic Minor*. It is a peculiarity of Minor

Scales that they *always* have *Accidentals*. Thus the relative Minor of C, is as in Ex. 4 and 5. The key-notes of the relative Minors in their consecutive arrangement are as follows :

Ex. 12.

A minor, rel. to C. E minor, rel. to G. B minor, rel. to D. F # minor, rel. to A. C # minor, rel. to E. G # minor, rel. to B.

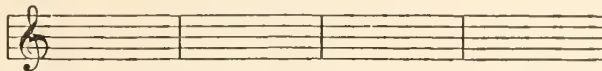
D minor, rel. to F. G minor, rel. to B \flat . C minor, rel. to E \flat . F minor, rel. to A \flat . B \flat minor, rel. to D \flat . E \flat minor, rel. to G \flat .

CHAPTER V.

§ 1. TIME.

Music naturally falls into a measured flow. An ever recurring accent marks it off in equal divisions, and thus originates musical *Time*. It depends upon the length of these divisions, and the number of notes of a given kind which they contain. To the eye these divisions are indicated thus :

Ex. 13.



The perpendicular lines are called *Bars*, and the spaces between them *Measures*. All measures in the same kind of time must be of equal length; that is, must contain the *same number of notes of the same kind*, or their equivalents, as is shown in Chap. I. § 1.--In order to indicate at once how many notes of a

certain sort are required to fill each measure, *fractional marks* are placed immediately after the signature. Thus $\frac{4}{4}$ may stand at the beginning of a piece, and it would show that *four quarter-notes*, or their equivalents in other notes or rests, must fill each measure. In all cases the Denominator shows the kind of notes which is the standard, and the numerator how many are used in each measure.

Originally there are but two kinds of time, *double* and *triple*; according as every alternate note, of the value of the standard, or one in every three, has an accent. This may be exemplified in words, as goodness, happy. But general usage makes another division entitled *quadruple* time. The different species are the following:

DOUBLE TIME.	$\frac{2}{2}$ (or C),	$\frac{2}{4}$,	$\frac{6}{4}$,	$\frac{6}{8}$.
TRIPLE TIME.	$\frac{3}{2}$,	$\frac{3}{4}$,	$\frac{3}{8}$,	$\frac{9}{8}$.
QUADRUPLE TIME.	$\frac{4}{2}$,	$\frac{4}{4}$ (or C),	$\frac{12}{8}$,	$\frac{12}{16}$.

Some aid to keeping correct time may be found by beating with the hand; in double time there being *two* beats, one down (accented), one up (unaccented). In Triple time there are *three* beats, one down (accented), one left (unaccented), one up (unaccented). In quadruple time there are *four* beats, one down (accented), one left (unaccented), one right (accented), one up (unaccented). Regard to the accent is fully as important as to the number of beats in a measure.

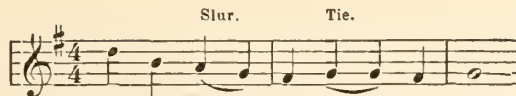
$\frac{6}{4}$, $\frac{6}{8}$, $\frac{12}{8}$, $\frac{12}{16}$, may have peculiar modes of beating, but it is simpler to classify them as above,—giving three quarter-notes in $\frac{6}{4}$, three eighth-notes in $\frac{6}{8}$, $\frac{12}{8}$, $\frac{12}{16}$, to each beat. At the same time it must be borne in mind that these groups of three quarters, or three eighth notes, have their subordinate accents as in triple measure.

§ 2. FURTHER SIGNS AND EXPRESSIONS.

Two notes on the same degree of the staff may be held together and sung as one by means of the *Tie*

The same mark connecting notes on different degrees is called a Slur.


Ex. 14.

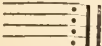


Three notes are sometimes required to be sung in the time of two, and six in the time of four. These are called *Triplets*, and *Sextolets*, and are thus expressed :

Ex. 15.



A double bar is used at the end of tunes and strains thus :  The sign to repeat is four dots,

thus : 

CHAPTER VI.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Music is a language ; and just as in speaking, if we fail to emphasize the important words and syllables, and to give true expression to the meaning we wish to convey, either we are misunderstood, or the value of what we say is lost—so in Music. After understanding all the characters employed, and being able to read any piece of music, if we fail to bring out the *real* meaning, half its value is lost. But in order to do this, several things are necessary. We want first of all to *understand* what we are going to sing, see what is

important in it, and endeavor to put ourselves in the spirit of it. This is indispensable, even to the *wish* to sing well, and the more perfectly this is done, the greater will be our success. Further, we must be very careful in our utterance of the sounds, that they be clear and pure, and on exactly the right pitch; and in our utterance of the words, that they be distinctly articulated and clearly and accurately pronounced. Too much care can not be expended in just this direction. The management of the breath is also of exceeding importance. The breath should be economized as much as possible.

In conclusion, in sacred music, which is the highest of all, let it always be remembered that it is an act of praise and devotion, and let us endeavor to make melody in our hearts as well as with our voices

MUSICAL TERMS.

Besides the general characteristics already given,—each piece has a character of its own, indicated plainly by such words as *lively*, *solemn*, &c,—or by words taken from the Italian language. The principles are the following :

ADAGIO.—*Very slow.*

LARGO.—*Slow*

LARGHETTO.—*Less slow.*

MODERATO.—*Moderately.*

ANDANTE.—*Slow and gently.*

ANDANTINO.—*Gently, and not quite so slow.*

ALLEGRETTO.—*Rather quick.*

ALLEGRO.—*Quick.*

VIVACE.—*With spirit.*

PRESTO.—*Very quick.*

PRESTISSIMO.—*As quick as possible.*

Occasional terms are :

ACCELLERANDO.—*Quicker.*

RALLENTANDO. } *Gradually prolong the time.*

RITARD.

Other terms are :

AD LIBITUM.—*At pleasure.*

AFFETUOSO.—*Tenderly.*

A TEMPO.—*In time*

BIS.—*Twice.*

CANTABILE.—*Gracefully.*

DA CAPO, (*D. C.*)—*Repeat from the beginning.*

FINE.—*End.*

LEGATO.—*Smooth and connected.*

MAESTOSO.—*Majestically.*

SOLI.—*Single voices.*

SOSTENUTO.—*Sustained.*

SOTTO VOCE.—*With subdued voice.*

TUTTI.—*All together, full chorus.*

PIANO, (*p.*)—*Soft.*

PIANISSIMO, (*pp.*)—*Very soft.*

FORTE, (*f.*)—*Loud.*

FORTISSIMO, (*ff.*)—*Very loud.*

MEZZO PIANO, (*mp.*)—*Rather soft.*

MEZZO FORTE, (*mf.*)—*Rather loud.*

CRESCENDO, (*cres.* or \lessgtr)—*Increase volume of sound.*

DIMINUENDO, (*dim.* or \gtrless)—*Diminish volume of sound*

SWELL, (\lessgtr)—*Increase and diminish.*

SFORZANDO, (*sf.* or \gtrless)—*Explosive.*

STACCATO, ($\bullet \bullet$ or $\uparrow \uparrow$)—*Short and distinct*

HAPPY HOURS.

Words by E. R. SILL.

HAPPY HOURS.

H. K.

1. Happy hours! as they wing, Let us sing, Till our glad voices ring; Day or night, Dark or bright,

The first system of musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Song is joy and de - light. Hap - py, hap - py hours! Hap - py, hap - py hours!

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of a treble and a bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

2 Happy hours! every clime,
Every time,
Has its musical chime;
Morn and noon,
Late and soon,
Every season its tune—
Happy, happy hours!

3 Happy hours! all the year
They appear,
If sweet music is near;
Hymns we raise
To His praise
Who bestows on our days,
Happy, happy hours!

4 Happy hours! when at last
O'er the past
Mem'ry's glances are cast;
They will seem
Like a dream,
As so brightly they gleam,
Happy, happy hours!

GO AHEAD.

A. A. G.

1. Go a - head, go a - head, If your cause is real - ly good ; Don't be lag - ging in the rear,
 2. Go a - head, go a - head, Tho' the heart be wear - i - some, Du - ty's path con - tent - ed tread,
 3. Go a - head, go a - head, All the world is wak - ing up ; Ris - ing from his down - y bed,
 4. Go a - head, go a - head, With a song of cheerful - ness ; Let the slug - gard be dismayed

With the i - dle mul - ti - tude. Cast a - side the love of ease, Ev - 'ry - thing en - cumber - ing,
 Wheth - er bright or drear - i - some. See the migh - ty harvest waves, Go, put on the reaper's dress,
 Sloth his cross is tak - ing up. Justice rules, and at his word Cru - el wrongs are fly - ing fast,
 By the des - ert's fearful - ness. Tempters and temptations face With a brave te - mer - i - ty,

CHORUS.

Gold - en moments glad - ly seize, Nev - er think of slumber - ing. Go a - head, go a - head,
 Gath - er in the gold - en sheaves, With a no - ble earnest - ness.
 Pierc'd by truth's a - venging sword, Hoar - y er - ror's dy - ing fast.
 Thro' the storm and sunshine press On - ward with cel - er - i - ty.

La - bor for hu - man - i - ty ; Life's the time for earnest toil, Spend it not in van - i - ty.

KEEP ON TRYING.

A. A. G.

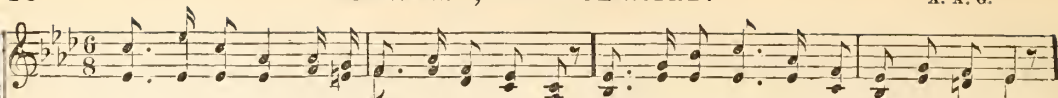
1. Are your lessons hard and long, What's the use of sighing? With a re - solution strong, Keep on trying.
 2. Does an e - vil hab - it reign, All your powers defying? Fight it o'er and o'er again, Keep on trying.
 3. Should the voice of duty call, Cheerfully complying, Bravely break the sluggard's thrall, Keep on trying.

CHORUS.

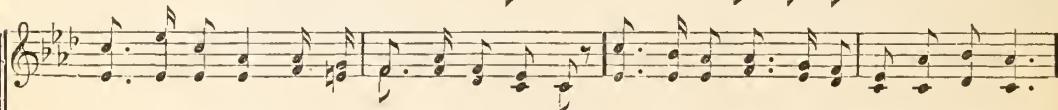
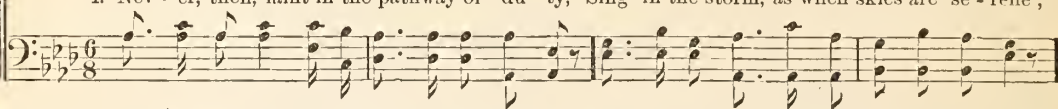
Cease your sighing, sighing, sighing, Keep on trying, trying, trying,
 You can conquer if you will ; Keep on trying still.

4 Should the thorns your path bestrew,
 Do not think of flying ;
 Step by step your way pursue,
 Keep on trying. *Cho.*

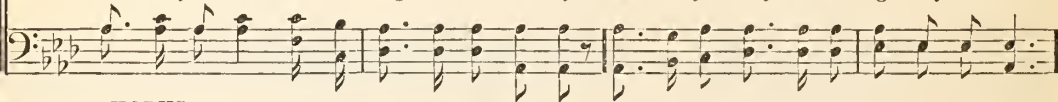
5 Bravely dare and nobly do,
 Sin and self denying ;
 With the great, and good, and true,
 Keep on trying. *Cho.*



1. Let us not look for a path ev - er flow - ery, Let us not sigh when we're pierc'd by the thorn ;
2. Tho' we may walk by the sunshine attend - ed, Clouds and thick darkness may brood o'er us now ;
3. Let us be patient, and learn self de - ni - al, Suf - fer we must, if a - bove we would reign ;
4. Nev - er, then, faint in the pathway of du - ty, Sing in the storm, as when skies are se - rene ;



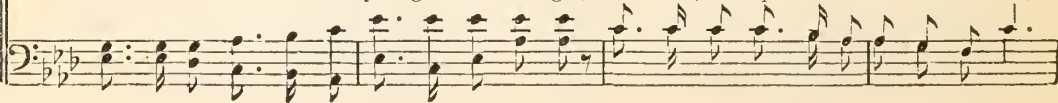
Let us not long for a sky nev - er low - ery, Let us not weep when we're weary and worn.
 But when the pil - grim his jour - ney has end - ed, Sunshine e - ter - nal shall cir - cle his brow.
 Faith, hope and love will endure the stern tri - al, If on the arm of the Loved One we lean.
 Cheer'd by the smile of the King in his beau - ty, Warm'd by the rays from the glo - ry un - seen.



CHORUS.



Earth has no home for the pil - grim and stranger, On - ward, and up - ward our motto shall be ;



Lured by temptation, en - compassed by danger, Home of the blest we are pressing to thee.

This musical system consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

Words by Miss PROCTER.

GIVE.

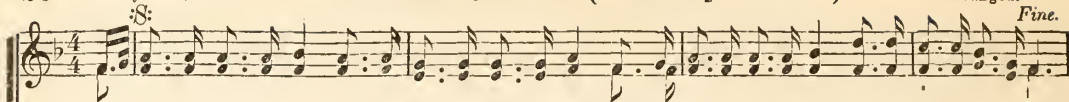
H. K.

1. See the riv - ers flowing Downward to the sea, Pour - ing all their treasures, Bounti - ful and free ;
 2. Watch the princely flowers Their rich fragrance spread, Load the air with perfumes, From their beauty shed ;
 3. Give thy heart's best treasures, From fair nature learn ; Give thy love—and ask not, Wait not for re - turn !

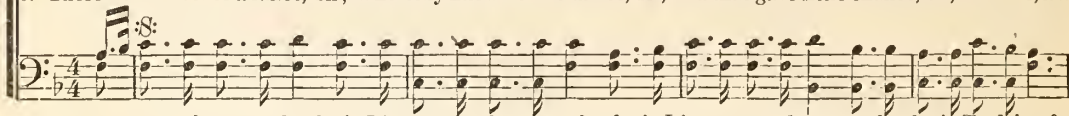
This musical system continues the composition with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a 4/4 time signature and contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The key signature remains two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

See, to help their giving, Hidden springs a-rise ; Or, if need be, showers Feed them from the skies !
 Yet their lavish spending Leaves them not in dearth, With fresh life replenished By their moth - er earth !
 And the more thou spendest From thy lit - tle store, With a double bounty, God will give thee more.

This musical system concludes the piece with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a 4/4 time signature and contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The key signature remains two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

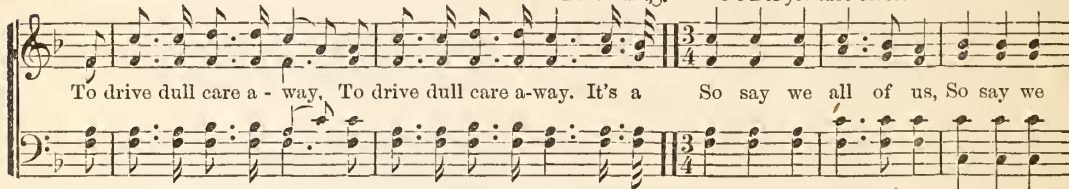


1. We think it is the rule, sir, To hate to be a fool, sir, And so we come to school, sir, To drive dull care away,
2. There's many a man so sad, sir, Because his heart is bad, sir, He never can be glad, sir, To drive dull care away,
3. There was a man of France, sir, Who only knew how to dance, sir, And that gave little chance, sir, To drive, &c.



way we have at school, sir, It's a way we have at school, sir, It's a way we have at school, sir, To drive, &c

D. C. al: S: CODA for last verse.



To drive dull care a - way, To drive dull care a-way. It's a So say we all of us, So say we



all of us, So say we all of us, So say we all,

- 4 There was a man of Spain, sir,
Who had too little brains, sir,
To go in when it rained, sir,
To drive dull care away, &c.

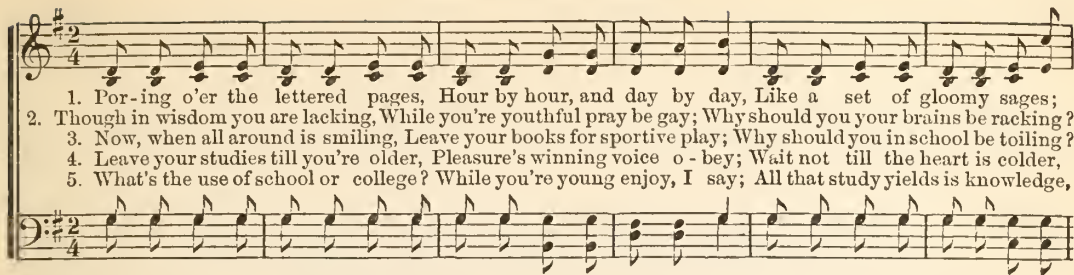
- 5 There was a lazy Turk, sir,
Who all his tasks would shirk, sir,
So had no honest work, sir,
To drive dull care away, &c.

- 6 The meanest man of all, sir,
Was one who lived in Gaul, sir,
He wouldn't learn to read, write, or 'rithmetic, and so
didn't know much of anything at all, sir, To drive, &c.

- 7 But we propose to know, sir,
And to the school we go, sir,
To put some ideas into our noddles, and make ourselves
good useful American citizens from head to toe, sir, To, &c.

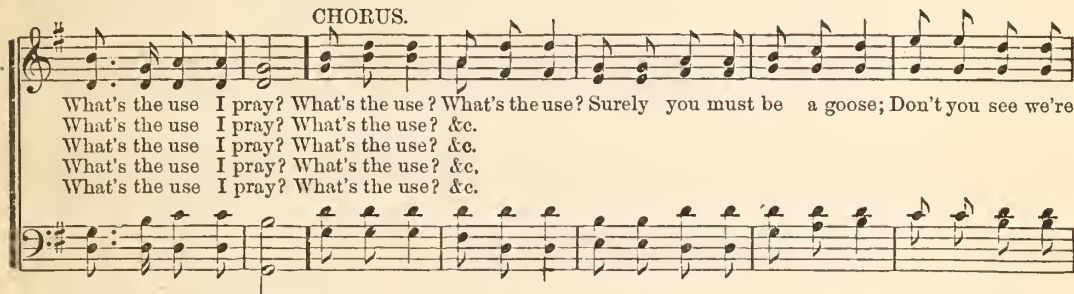
WHAT'S THE USE?

A. A. G. 21



1. Por-ing o'er the lettered pages, Hour by hour, and day by day, Like a set of gloomy sages;
2. Though in wisdom you are lacking, While you're youthful pray be gay; Why should you your brains be racking?
3. Now, when all around is smiling, Leave your books for sportive play; Why should you in school be toiling?
4. Leave your studies till you're older, Pleasure's winning voice o - bey; Wait not till the heart is colder,
5. What's the use of school or college? While you're young enjoy, I say; All that study yields is knowledge,

CHORUS.



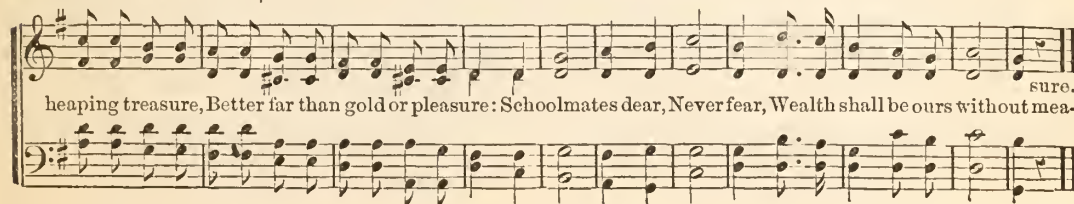
What's the use I pray? What's the use? What's the use? Surely you must be a goose; Don't you see we're

What's the use I pray? What's the use? &c.

What's the use I pray? What's the use? &c.

What's the use I pray? What's the use? &c.

What's the use I pray? What's the use? &c.



heaping treasure, Better far than gold or pleasure: Schoolmates dear, Never fear, Wealth shall be ours without mea-

sure.

1. List not to the sluggard who tells us 'tis vain With knowledge the mind to en - cumber, Who
 2. The tem - ple of knowledge! how glorious it stands, Press on with the zeal of the youthful ; For

looks on the children of toil with disdain, And yields to the spirit of slumber. Step by step, keep
 "learning is bet - ter than houses or lands," And surely the adage is truthful.

climbing up the hill, Upward, still upward be go - ing ; Step by step, keep climbing up the hill,

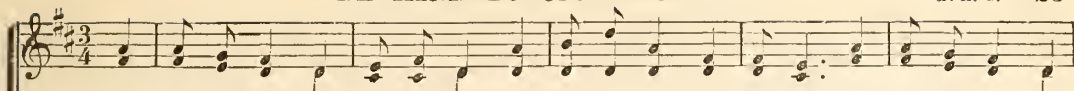
Wis - er and bet - ter be grow-ing.

3 The wealth of the mind ! O its worth is untold,
 The power that it yields who can measure ?
 Then gather it up as a miser his gold,
 And add every day to your treasure. *Cho.*

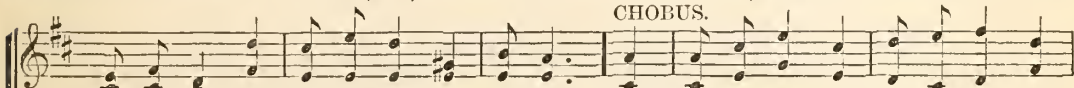
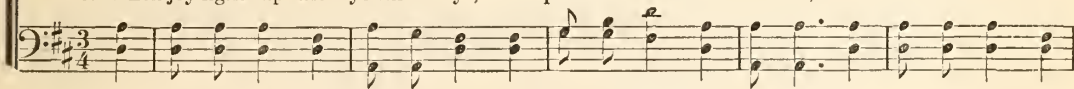
4 The hill may be steep, and the feet may be sore,
 But this should your courage awaken. —
 You're nearer the summit than ever before,
 For many a step have you taken. *Cho.*

BE KIND TO ONE ANOTHER.

M. A. G. 23

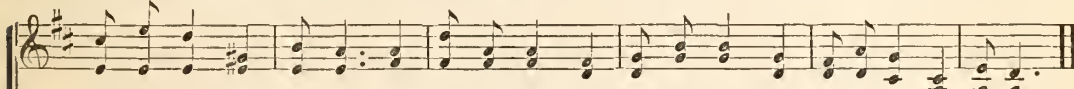
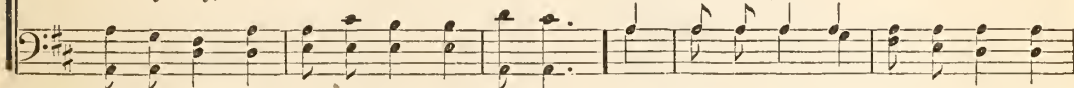


1. As o'er the lettered page you bend, Be prompt to aid each oth-er, And when the toil-some
2. If an-ger in your heart should burn, Then haste the fire to smother; And nev-er ill for
3. When joy lights up the youthful eye, And pleasures chase each oth-er, Don't dim with frowns a



CHORUS.

steep ascend, Be kind to one an-oth-er. Thus schoolmates ev-er live and love, As
ill re-turn, Be kind to one an-oth-er. Thus schoolmates, &c.
sun-ny sky, Be kind to one an-oth-er. Thus schoolmates, &c.



sister and as brother, And like the an-gel band a-bove, Be kind to one an-other.

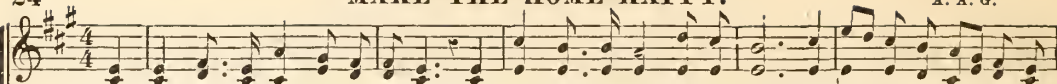


4 If bleeding hearts your aid demand,
Be like a tender mother;
Bind up the wound with gentle hand,
Be kind to one another. *Cho.*

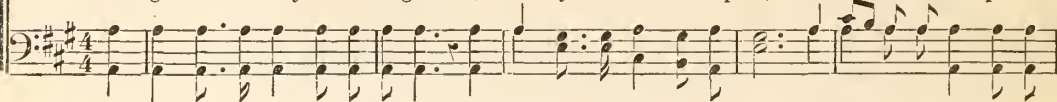
5 The hour draws nigh when you must part,
Then while you're with each other;
This motto write upon your heart.
"Be kind to one another."

MAKE THE HOME HAPPY.

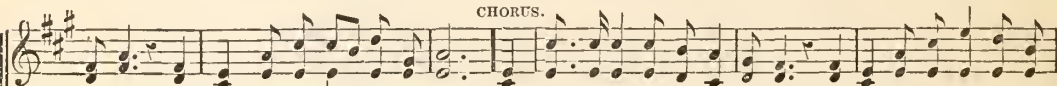
A. A. G.



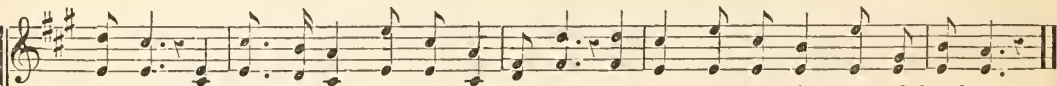
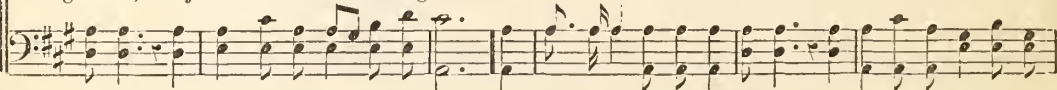
1. The world yields its riches and pleasures, But oft the possess - or of both, Will turn from his joys and his
2. Be kind to the flock, never wound them, To parents be loving and true; And cling like an i - vy a -
3. When grief robs the eye of its brightness, Be ready to share in the pain, And when the heart leaps in its



CHORUS.



treasures, And sigh for the home of his youth. Then, make the home happy dear children, The home of the father
round them, As fondly as they cling to you. [and
lightness, Rejoice that 'tis sunshine again.



mother; Then make the home happy dear children, The home of the sis - ter and brother.

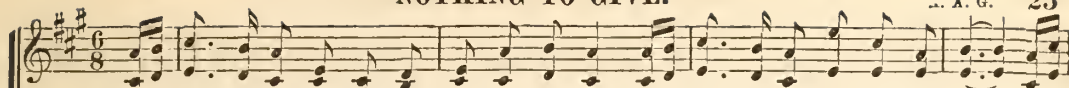


4 Let love guide the words that are spoken,
And love crown with lustre the deed,
Let love be the girdle unbroken,
That binds you in sunshine and shade. *Cho.*

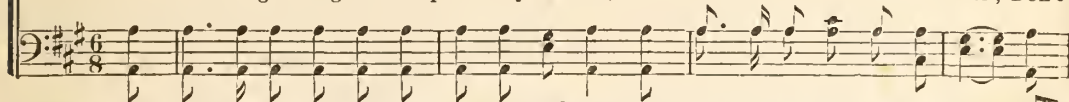
5 While others will boldly disown her,
Let Piety dwell 'neath your dome,
And in the dear circle enthrone her,
The fairest adornment of home. *Cho.*

NOTHING TO GIVE.

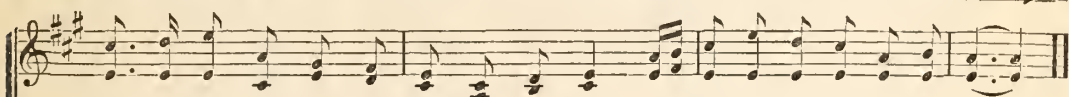
A. A. G. 25



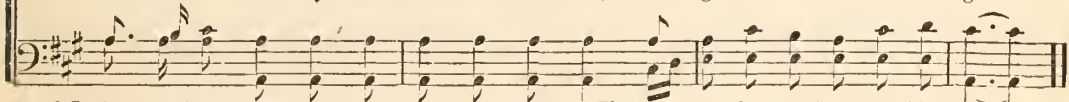
1. O nev - er respond, "I have nothing to give" To sorrow's pe - ti - tion and plea ; 'Tis
2. When writhing in anguish and pierced by the dart, Poor victims so - li - cit re - lief ; Don't



yours in a re - gion of trouble to live, Where sorrows abound and af - flictions bereave, And
say to the children of sorrow, "Depart," Who tim - id - ly knock at the door of your heart, Be



those who are will - ing, and prompt to re - lieve, The Friend of the poor will re - pay.
melt - ed and moved by the tears that will start, And lighten the burden of grief.

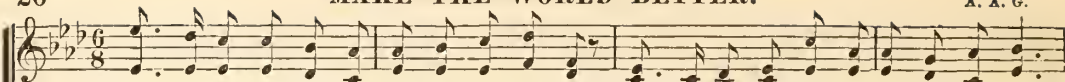


- 3 Look out on the world, see the harvests to reap,
The famishing multitude see ;
Shall thousands in carnal security sleep,
Shall Satan his vassals in servitude keep,
And few be the reapers who labor and weep,
And "nothing to give" be our plea?

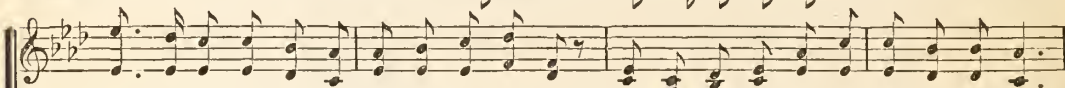
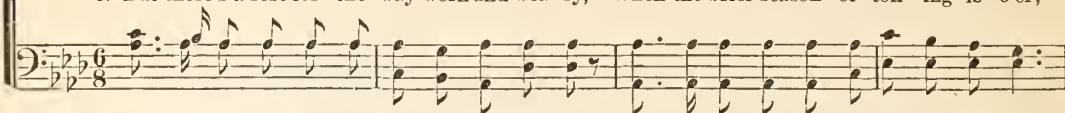
- 4 The youngest and poorest have something to spare,
Whose value can never be told ;
Ah yes, for the language of kindness will cheer,
There's power in a word, in a sigh, in a tear,
And blessings are granted in answer to prayer
More precious than silver or gold.

MAKE THE WORLD BETTER.

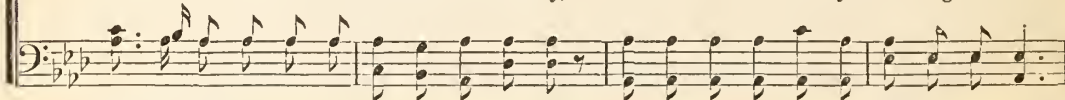
A. A. G.



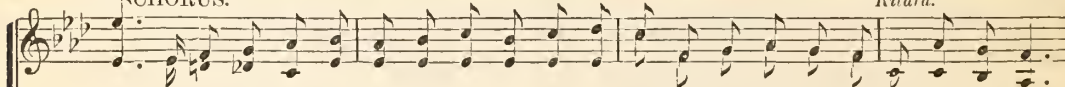
- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Ev - er be toil-ing to make the world bet-ter, | Live not for rich-es, nor pleasures, nor fame; |
| 2. Voi - ces ten thousand from country and ci - ty | Mournful-ly strike on the list-en-ing ear; |
| 3. Ten-der-ly bind up the heart that is bleeding, | Ten - der-ly dry up the fountain of grief; |
| 4. Few are the la - bor-ers sow-ing and reap-ing, | Pant-ing they wait for the need-ed re - lief; |
| 5. But there's a rest for the way-worn and wea-ry, | When the brief season of toil - ing is o'er; |



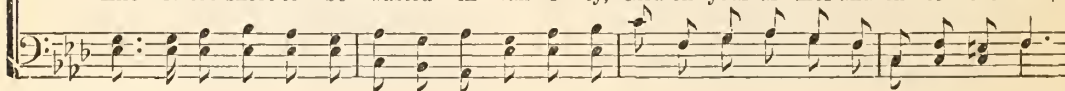
- | | |
|--|--|
| Op - en the pri-son, and loos-en the fet-ter, | Res-cue the victims of fol - ly and shame. |
| Keep the heart warm, and the empire of pi - ty, | Ev - er be read-y to help and to cheer. |
| Pa - tiently list - en to pov - er-ty's pleading, | Cheerful-ly give to the need-y re - lief. |
| Go forth and sow, though you scatter with weeping, | Joy shall be yours when you gather the sheaf. |
| Rest in a land nev - er darksome and drea-ry, | Rest on e - ter - ni - ty's ev - er green shore. |



CHORUS.

Ritard.

Life is too short to be wasted in van - i - ty, Gird on your ar - mor and en - ter the field;



Work for the welfare of wretched hu-man-i - ty, God is thy helper, and God is thy shield.

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is in treble clef and the bottom part is in bass clef. Both are in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence at the end of the phrase.

Words by E. R. SILL.

Lively.

HUNTING SONG.

ARRANGED.

1. While the beams of sunrise Up the East appear, Through the crisp air ringing, Hark! the bugle clear.
 2. Larks that ca-rol upward, Scatter flute-notes here, Fountain-like to meet them, Wakes the bugle clear.
 3. Quick, in-to the saddle! Mount! while far and near, Thro' the keen air breaking - Hark! the bugle clear.
 4. Down the dew-y valleys, O'er the uplands near, Follow the shrill echoes - Hark! the bu-gle clear.
 5. Ho! the air so sparkling, Ho! the life so dear! Hark! the sweet wild music - 'Tis the bu-gle clear.

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is in treble clef and the bottom part is in bass clef. Both are in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 6/8 time. The melody is lively and features a prominent bugle call motif. The lyrics are arranged in five lines, each corresponding to a measure of the melody.

Repeat pp

La, la, la! La, la, la! La, la, la!... 'Tis the sil-ver bu-gle clear.

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is in treble clef and the bottom part is in bass clef. Both are in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 6/8 time. The melody is a simple, repetitive phrase. The lyrics are arranged in two lines, each corresponding to a measure of the melody.

DON'T LEAVE THE FARM.

Words by CLARA F. BERRY.

H. KINGSBURY.

With varied expression.

1. Come, boys, I have something to tell you, Come near, I would whisper it low—You're thinking of leaving the
 2. You talk of the mines of Australia, They're wealthy in gold, without doubt, But ah! there is gold on the

homestead, *Don't be in a hur-ry to go.* The ci - ty has ma - ny at - tractions, But
 farm, boys, If on - ly you'll shov-el it out. The mer - cantile life is a haz - ard, The

think of the vices and sins, When once in the vortex of fashion, How soon the course downward begins.
 goods are first high and then low, Bet - ter risk the old farm awhile longer, *Don't be in a hurry to go.*

DON'T LEAVE THE FARM. Concluded.

29

CHORUS.

Don't be in a hur - ry to go, boys, Don't be in a hur - ry to go ; Don't

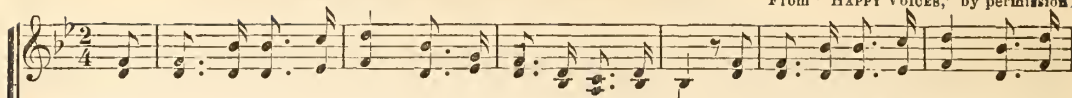
be in a hur - ry, Don't be in a hur - ry, Don't be in a hur - ry to go!

3.

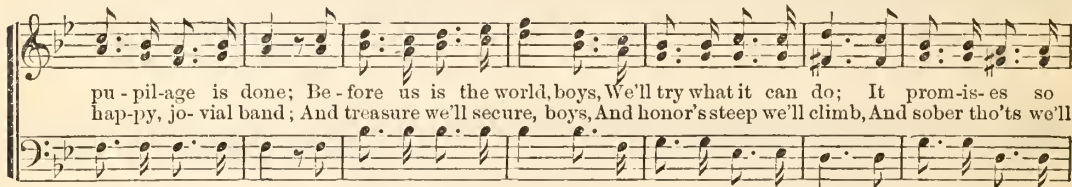
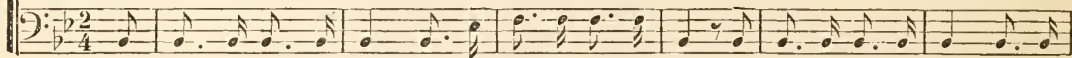
The great busy West has inducements,
And so has the busiest mart,
But wealth is not made in a day, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to start !
The bankers and brokers are wealthy,
They take in their thousands or so,
Ah ! think of the frauds and deceptions
Don't be in a hurry to go !

4.

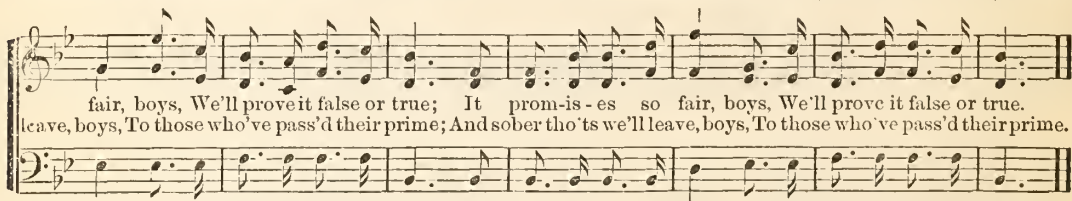
The farm is the safest and surest,
The orchards are loaded to-day,
You're free as the air of the mountains,
And monarch of all you survey.
Better stay on the farm a while longer,
Though profits come in rather slow,
Remember you've nothing to risk, boys.
Don't be in a hurry to go !



1. When we are twenty-one, boys, When we are twenty-one, We cast the fetters off, boys, Our
2. There is a ru-by cup, boys, 'Tis held in Pleasure's hand, We'll quaff it long and deep, boys, A



pu-pil-age is done; Be-fore us is the world, boys, We'll try what it can do; It prom-is-es so
hap-py, jo-vial band; And treasure we'll secure, boys, And honor's steep we'll climb, And sober tho'ts we'll



fair, boys, We'll prove it false or true; It prom-is-es so fair, boys, We'll prove it false or true.
leave, boys, To those who've pass'd their prime; And sober tho'ts we'll leave, boys, To those who've pass'd their prime.

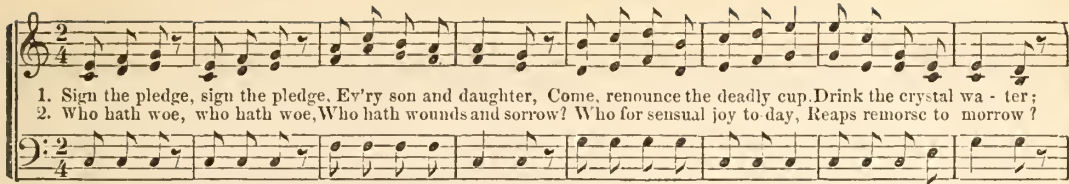
3 But hark! I hear a voice, boys;
It whispers, "Youth, beware!
Before you're twenty-one, boys,
The dream may disappear—
The blooming cheek grow pale, boys,
And dim the sparkling eye,
||: And in death's cold embrace, boys,
The active form may lie. :||

4 "Talk not of twenty-one, boys,
Talk not of twenty-one;
The present *now* is all, boys.
That you can call your own;
Each moment as it glides, boys,
Its hidden store reveals;
||: But who can pierce the veil, boys,
Which future years conceals? :||

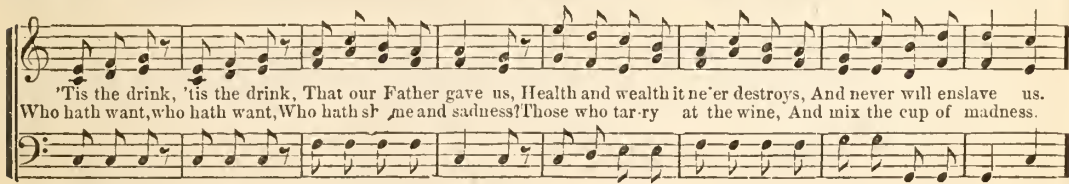
5 "Twere madness then to sing, boys,
And boast of years to come;
Awake from folly's dream, boys,
The Saviour calls you home;
Now while the harvest waves, boys,
The reaper's garb put on,
||: And gather sheaves for heav'n, boys,
Before you're twenty-one." :||

SIGN THE PLEDGE.

A. A. G. 31

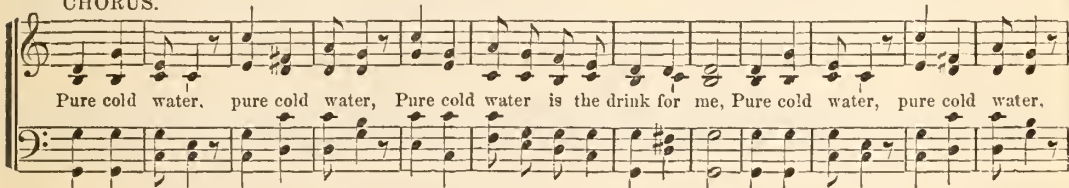


1. Sign the pledge, sign the pledge, Ev'ry son and daughter, Come, renounce the deadly cup. Drink the crystal wa - ter;
2. Who hath woe, who hath woe, Who hath wounds and sorrow? Who for sensual joy to-day, Reaps remorse to morrow?

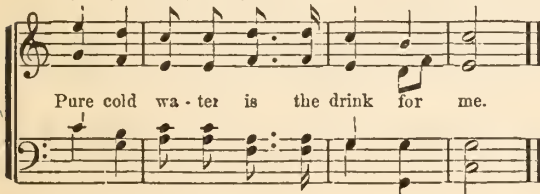


'Tis the drink, 'tis the drink, That our Father gave us, Health and wealth it ne'er destroys, And never will enslave us.
Who hath want, who hath want, Who hath shame and sadness? Those who tar-ry at the wine, And mix the cup of madness.

CHORUS.



Pure cold water, pure cold water, Pure cold water is the drink for me, Pure cold water, pure cold water,



Pure cold wa - ter is the drink for me.

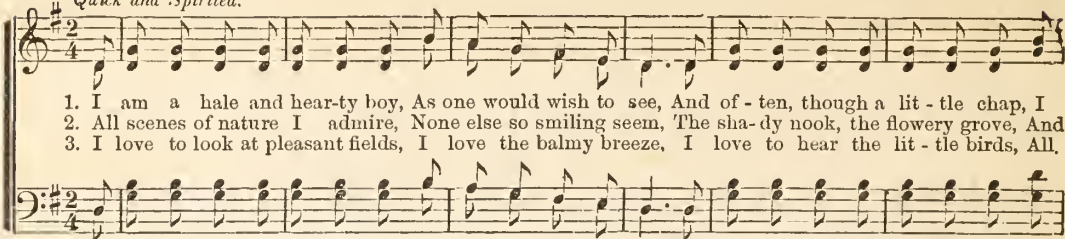
3 Sign the pledge, sign the pledge,
Every man and woman,
This will cheer your brother man,
Struggling with the foeman:
Loving words, gentle words,
Make the heart grow stronger;
He may be redeemed, and wear
The galling chain no longer. *Cho.*

"A FARMER I WILL BE." (A Song for Boys.)

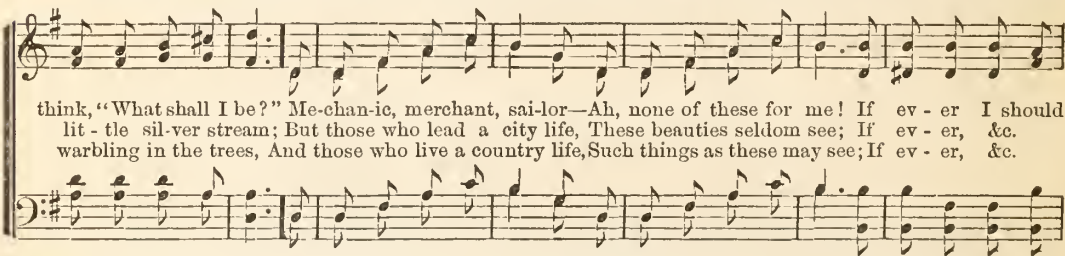
May be sung as a Solo.

From BRADBURY'S "Carol" by permission.

Quick and Spirited.

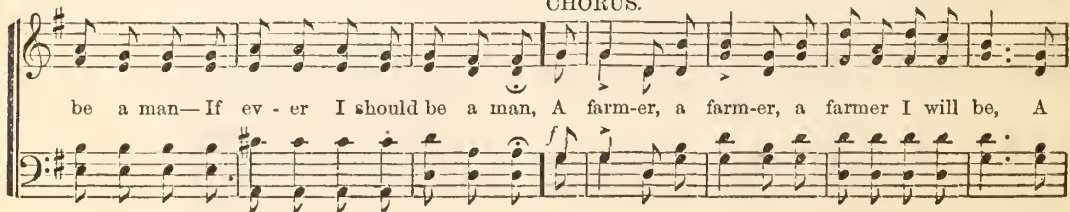


1. I am a hale and hearty boy, As one would wish to see, And of - ten, though a lit - tle chap, I
 2. All scenes of nature I admire, None else so smiling seem, The sha - dy nook, the flowery grove, And
 3. I love to look at pleasant fields, I love the balmy breeze, I love to hear the lit - tle birds, All,



think, "What shall I be?" Me - chan - ic, merchant, sai - lor—Ah, none of these for me! If ev - er I should
 lit - tle sil - ver stream; But those who lead a city life, These beauties seldom see; If ev - er, &c.
 warbling in the trees, And those who live a country life, Such things as these may see; If ev - er, &c.

CHORUS.



be a man—If ev - er I should be a man, A farm - er, a farm - er, a farmer I will be, A

Cres - cen - do. *Whistling Chorus.*

farmer, a farmer, a farmer. A

farmer I will be.

4. I love to furrow up the ground,
And cultivate the soil,
I love to see it springing forth,
The good and luscious spoil;
For fields of wheat and corn, indeed,
I dearly love to see;
If ever I should be a man, &c.

5. I would not be a doctor,
The sick to cure or kill;
I would not be a lawyer, no!
To take against my will;
I may not be a preacher,
Tho' I like him of the three,
If ever I should be a man, &c.

Words by PERCIVAL.

SITTING BY A MEADOW BROOK.

1. Sitting by a meadow brook, In the month of June, Once a short repose I took, Just at sunny noon.

2.
Blossoms, many-tinted, shone
O'er the meadow far;
But one blossom stood alone,
'Mong them all a star.

3.
Once it seemed a full blown rose;
Golden lily then;
Wreaths of snow-drops now uncloze;
Blooms the rose again.

4.
Who can tell the wondrous flower,-
Flower that reigns alone?
He who beauty's magic power
O'er the heart has known.

1. We speed o'er the star-lighted mirror along, And the wood and the mountain re-e-cho our song; As

on, like the wing of the ea-gle we sweep, Now gliding, now wheeling, we ring o'er the deep. The

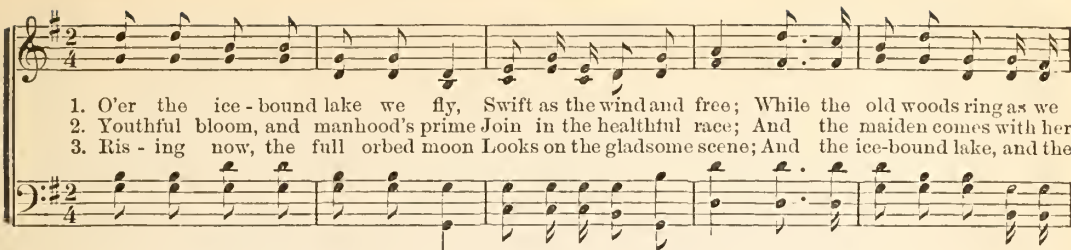
winds whistle keenly,—the red cheek is warm, And there's none who would yield not his breast to the storm.

2 The stars are above us, so full and so bright,
And the mirror below us is gemmed with their light;
Like the far-wheeling hawk, in the mid-air we fly,—
A sky is above us,—below us a sky.
As onward we glide in our race we keep time,
And clear as the morning bell echoes our chime.

3 By pine-covered rock, and by willow-bound shore,
Breast even with breast, like a torrent we pour;
Short, quick are our strokes, as we haste to the mark
And shrill is our cry, as the trill of the lark,
The goal is now reached, and we bend us away,
Wide wheeling, or curving in fanciful play.

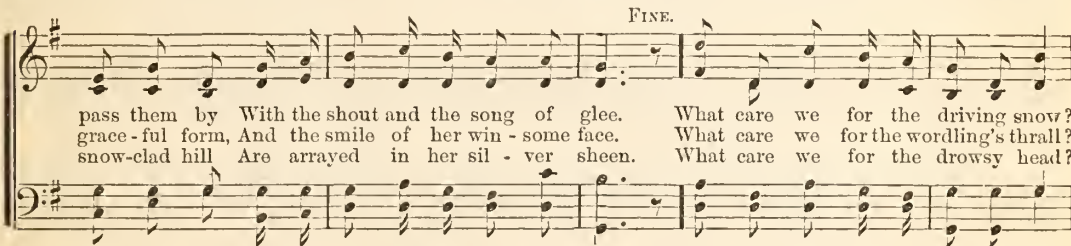
SONG OF THE SKATERS.

A. A. G. 35



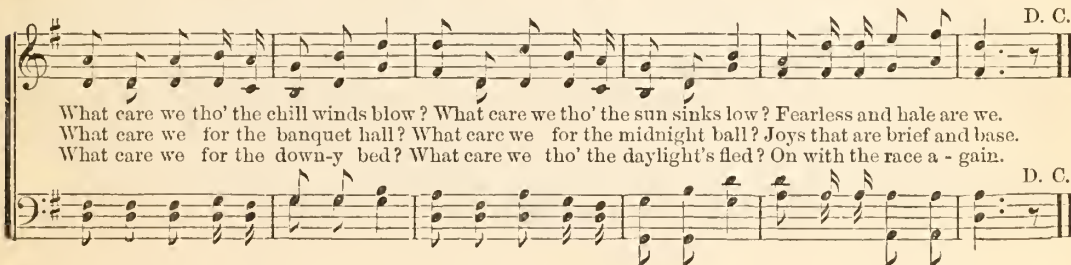
1. O'er the ice-bound lake we fly, Swift as the wind and free; While the old woods ring as we
 2. Youthful bloom, and manhood's prime Join in the healthful race; And the maiden comes with her
 3. Ris - ing now, the full orb'd moon Looks on the gladsome scene; And the ice-bound lake, and the

FINE.



pass them by With the shout and the song of glee. What care we for the driving snow?
 grace-ful form, And the smile of her win-some face. What care we for the wordling's thrall?
 snow-clad hill Are arrayed in her sil-ver sheen. What care we for the drowsy head?

D. C.



What care we tho' the chill winds blow? What care we tho' the sun sinks low? Fearless and hale are we.
 What care we for the banquet hall? What care we for the midnight ball? Joys that are brief and base.
 What care we for the down-y bed? What care we tho' the daylight's fled? On with the race a - gain.

D. C.

Sparkling.

Echo.

1. { Tho' the night is so cold, 't is clear as a bell, Clear as a bell, And the stars are sparkling keen. }
 { To the fire and the lamp we shout farewell, Shout farewell, And the nodding heads between. }
 2. { From the rock and the hill falls ech - o clear, Ech - o clear, As we dash o'er the moonlit track, }
 { And the din of the bells sounds far and near, Far and near, From the i - cy cliff flung back. }

'Tis a night to hold the tightened reins, And to spin the fields a - long, And to
 Like a bird we skim the froz - en snow, With a speed as swift and free, Hear the

Echo.

an - swer the peal of the danc - ing bells, Dancing bells, With a mer - ry shout and song.
 bells, how they ring—“cling-a-ling, cling-a-ling,” “Ling, cling-a-ling,” With a frosty mel-o - dy.

3 All the air is calm as a frozen lake, Frozen lake,
And the earth is hushed below,
And the pure, silver starlight, as it falls, As it falls,
Seems to tinkle on the snow.
With our flying hoofs the skaters race,
As we skirt the river's brim,
And they send us a cheer that the echoes chase, Echoes chase,
As the glare blue ice they skim.

4 Then away like an arrow on its flight, On its flight,
'Neath the frosty sky so clear;
We will frighten the owls with our jingling bells, Jingling bells,
Till they hoot all night for fear.
And the farmhouse sleepers in their beds,
We'll awake with song and shout;
'Tis no time for sleep when the moon's so bright, Moon's so bright,
And the sleighing bells are out.

BOAT SONG.

From the "SUNNY SIDE GLEE BOOK,"
by permission of T. F. SEWARD.

1. Our boat is off, our boat is off, See how she floats the wave, As if on wing the fairy thing, Steers o'er the waters
brave; With laugh and song we glide along Up-on the rippling sea, All fa-cies bright with pure delight, Oh
who is so merry as we, as we, Oh, who is so merry as we.

2 We'll speed away thro' dashing spray,
O'er waves of every hue,
And bound along with current strong,
Upou the waters blue.
With laugh and song, &c.

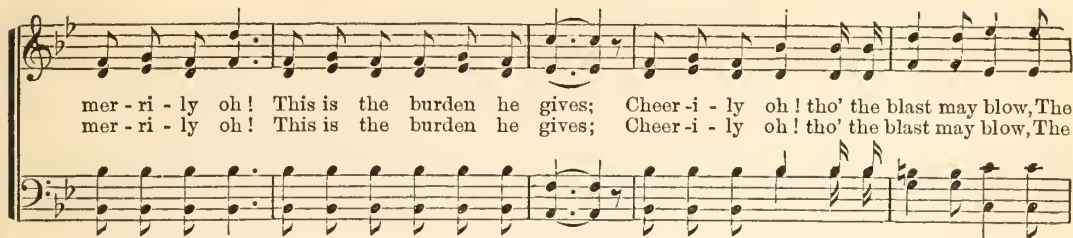
3 As safe are we, as proudly free,
As birds that cleave the air;
Our wings as white, as swift our flight
As sea-gulls darting there.
With laugh and song, &c.

Spirited.


1. Merri-ly oh ! merri - ly oh ! The nets are spread out to the sun ; Merri-ly oh ! the fisher-boy sings, Right
 2. Merri-ly oh ! merri - ly oh ! He sleeps till the morning breaks ; Merrily oh ! at the sea-gull's scream, The

glad that his la - bor is done. Happy and gay, with his boat in the bay, The storm and the danger for-
 fish - er - boy quickly a - wakes. Down on the strand he is plying his hand, His shouting is heard a -

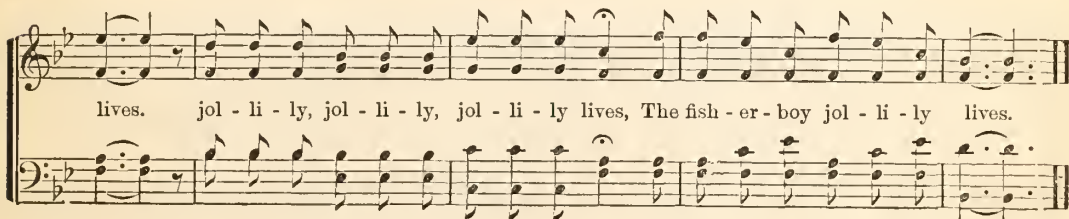
got ; The wealthy and great might repine at their state, And envy the fisher-boy's lot. Merri - ly oh !
 gain ; The clouds are dark, but he springs to his bark With the same light-hearted strain. Merri - ly oh !



mer - ri - ly oh ! This is the burden he gives; Cheer - i - ly oh ! tho' the blast may blow, The
mer - ri - ly oh ! This is the burden he gives; Cheer - i - ly oh ! tho' the blast may blow, The

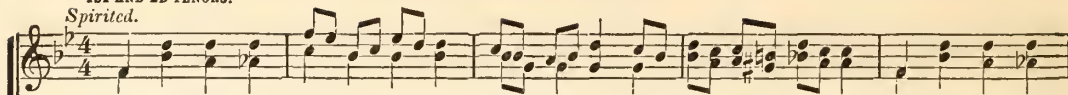


fish - er - boy jol - li - ly lives. Jol - li - ly, jol - li - ly, jol - li - ly, jol - li - ly, jol - li - ly, jol - li - ly,
fish - er - boy jol - li - ly lives. Jol - li - ly, &c.



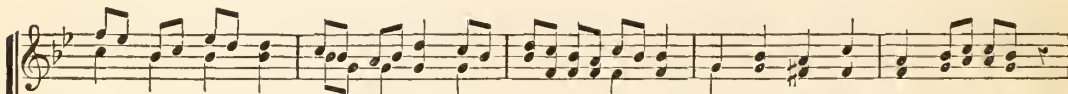
lives. jol - li - ly, jol - li - ly, jol - li - ly lives, The fish - er - boy jol - li - ly lives.

1ST AND 2D TENORS.

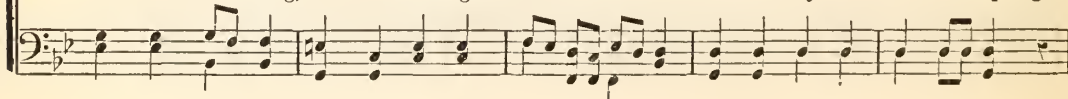
Spirited.

1. O, see how the red deer boundeth, As he hears the horn in the morning! He leaps, as the
 2. And on, thro' the for - est fleet-ing, He hies to the rock-built fountain, And hears but the

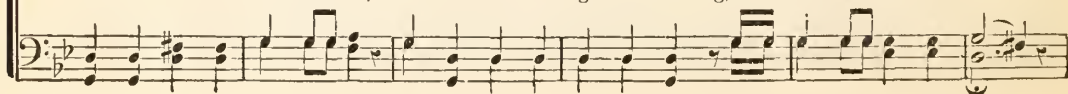
1ST AND 2D BASSES.

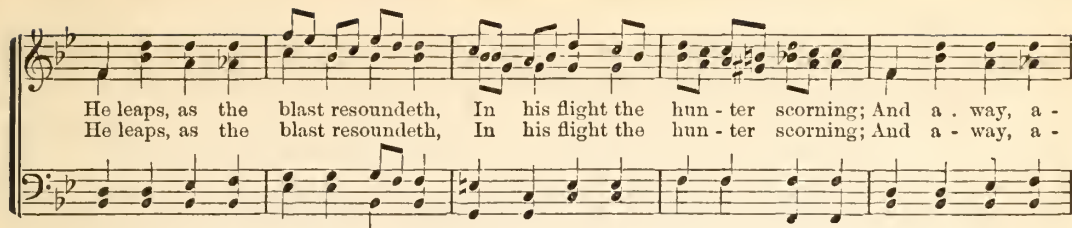


blast re - soundeth, In his flight the hun - ter scorning. And a - way, a - way, oh, away,
 e - cho retreating, To the dells and glens of the mountain. He stands by the wel - come spring,



He fleets thro' the for - est drear, It is more wild freedom's play, Than the hurried speed of fear.
 And looks in the mirror below, When hark! thro' the greenwood ring, The horn and the loud oho!



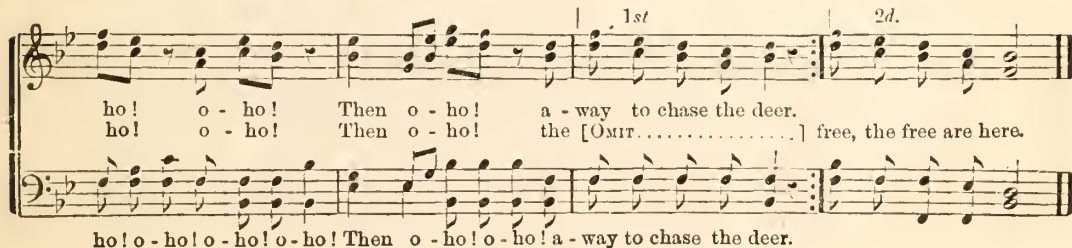


He leaps, as the blast resoundeth, In his flight the hun - ter scorning; And a - way, a -
He leaps, as the blast resoundeth, In his flight the hun - ter scorning; And a - way, a -



way he boundeth, As he hears the horn in the morning. Then o - ho! o -
way he boundeth, As he hears the horn in the morning. Then o - ho! o -

Then o - ho! o - ho! o -



ho! o - ho! Then o - ho! a - way to chase the deer.
ho! o - ho! Then o - ho! the [Omīr.....] free, the free are here.

ho! o - ho! o - ho! o - ho! Then o - ho! o - ho! a - way to chase the deer.

From the "SUNNYSIDE GLEE BOOK," by permission.

Lively.

1. The mel - low notes of the hunter's horn Over the hills sound clear, Its tones are on the
 2. Pursued with speed by his urg - ing foes, The deer now swiftly bounds: The hunter's heart with
 3. The deer now mounts o'er the hill so high, The horn sounds far be-low; Our steeds now o'er the

breezes borne, And the cry of the hounds I hear! Hark! hark! hark! O
 pleasure glows, While the horn in the distance sounds. Hark! &c.
 turf do fly, With mer-ri-est bound they go. Hark! &c,

In imitation of horns.

Tra, la... la, la... la, la, la, la, la, la, la... Tra, la... la, la... la, la, la, la, la, la, la

la. Tra, la, .. la, la, la, .. la, la, la, la, la, la, .. Tra, la, la, la, .. la, la, la, la, la, la, ..

Words by E. R. SILL.

With vigor.

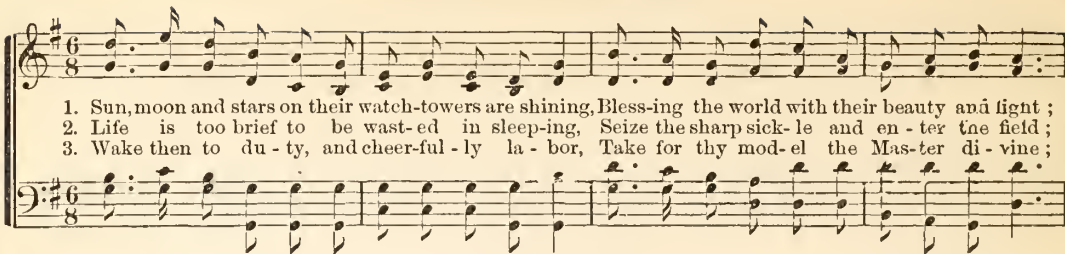
HELP IT ON.

Arr. from a popular Student's Song.

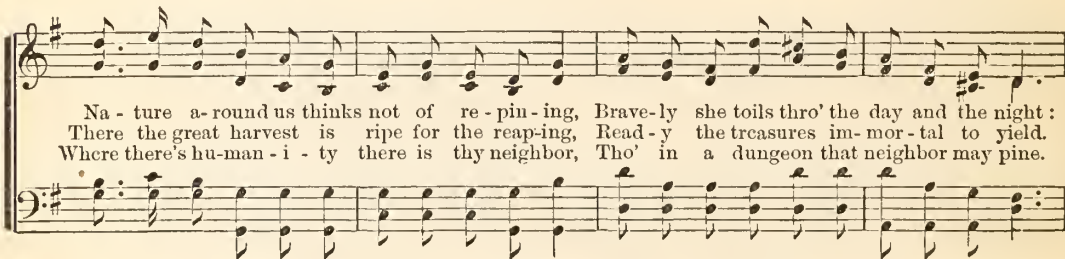
1. There's a good time coming, Help it on! There's a good time coming, Help it on! Every
 2. There's a future on the way, Help it on! There's a future on the way, Help it on! When the
 3. When you find a noble cause, Help it on! When you find a noble cause, Help it on! Never
 4. And when the right shall win, Help it on! And when the right shall win, Help it on! There will

Help it on, help it on! Help it on, Help it on!

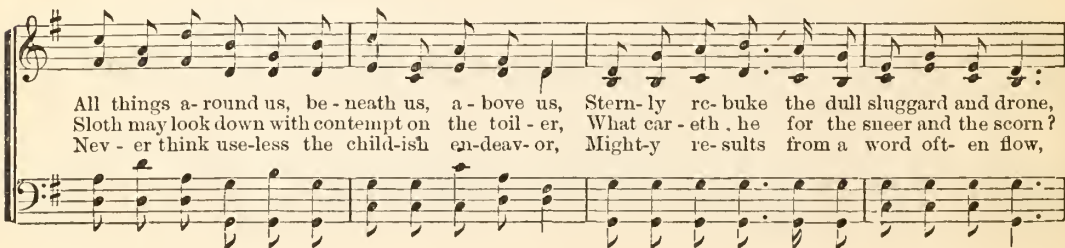
heart its tune is drumming, All the air with it is humming, Help it on, Help it on, Help it on, on, on!
 night shall turn to day, For the right shall have the way, Help it on, Help it on, Help it on, on, on!
 wait for man's applause, Nev-er count the cost, nor pause, Help it on, Help it on, Help it on, on, on!
 be no want nor sin, And the good time shall be - gin, Help it on, Help it on, Help it on, on, on!



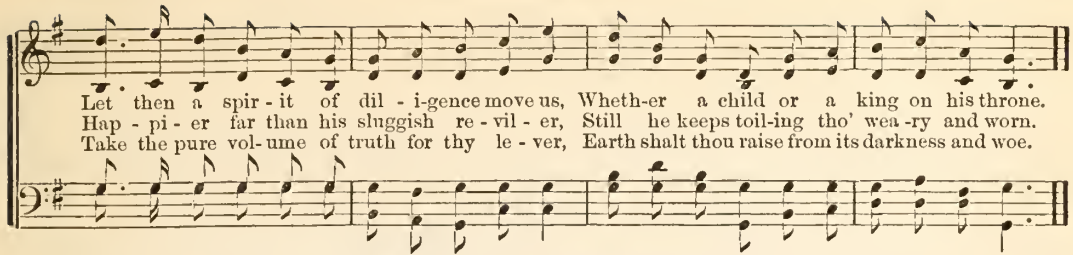
1. Sun, moon and stars on their watch-towers are shining, Bless-ing the world with their beauty and light ;
 2. Life is too brief to be wast-ed in sleep-ing, Seize the sharp sick-le and en - ter the field ;
 3. Wake then to du - ty, and cheer-ful - ly la - bor, Take for thy mod-el the Mas-ter di - vine ;



Na - ture a-round us thinks not of re - pin - ing, Brave-ly she toils thro' the day and the night :
 There the great harvest is ripe for the reap-ing, Read-y the treasures im-mor-tal to yield.
 Where there's hu-man - i - ty there is thy neighbor, Tho' in a dungeon that neighbor may pine.



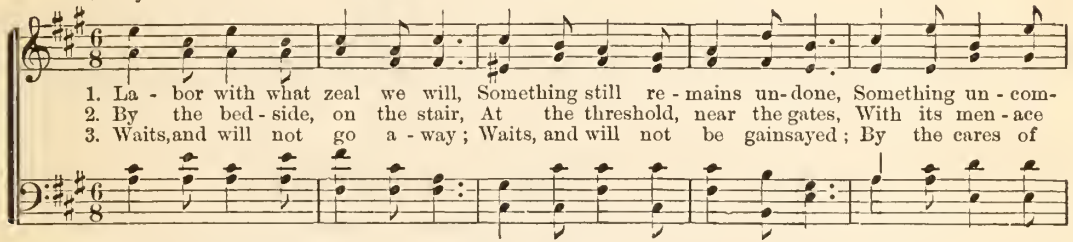
All things a-round us, be - neath us, a - bove us, Stern-ly re-buke the dull sluggard and drone,
 Sloth may look down with contempt on the toil - er, What car-eth he for the sneer and the scorn ?
 Nev - er think use-less the child-ish en-deav-or, Might-y re-sults from a word oft - en flow,



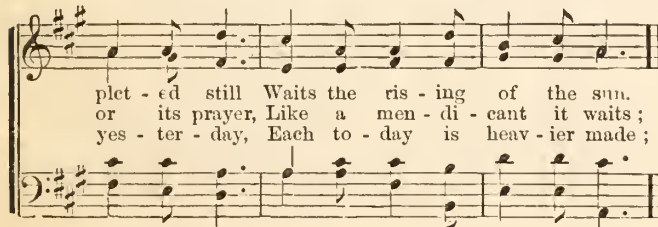
Let then a spir - it of dil - i - gence move us, Wheth - er a child or a king on his throne.
 Hap - pi - er far than his sluggish re - vil - er, Still he keeps toil - ing tho' wea - ry and worn.
 Take the pure vol - ume of truth for thy le - ver, Earth shalt thou raise from its darkness and woe.

Words by LONGFELLOW.

SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.



1. La - bor with what zeal we will, Something still re - mains un - done, Something un - com -
 2. By the bed - side, on the stair, At the threshold, near the gates, With its men - ace
 3. Waits, and will not go a - way; Waits, and will not be gainsayed; By the cares of



plet - ed still Waits the ris - ing of the sun.
 or its prayer, Like a men - di - cant it waits;
 yes - ter - day, Each to - day is heav - ier made;

- 4 Till at length the burden seems
 Greater than our strength can bear,
 Heavy as the weight of dreams
 Pressing on us everywhere.
- 5 And we stand from day to day,
 Like the dwarfs of time gone by,
 Who, as Northern legends say,
 On their shoulders held the sky.

THE WORKERS.

From the "SUNNY SIDE GLEE BOOK,"
by permission of T. F. SEWARD.

1, Clink, clank, go the hammers now, The stur-dy anvils ring; Clink, clank, go the hammers now, The

stur - dy an - vils ring; The bel-lows roar, and the hot flames pour Their rud-dy light far

o - ver the floor, The bel - lows roar, and the hot flames pour. And the brawny smiths they sing.

2 ||: Whir-r-r go the busy looms,
In the factories dark and high; ||
Where the tinted sunbeam softly falls,
Through the crusted panes on the black-
ened walls,
Where the tinted sunbeam softly falls,
From the pure and lovely sky.

3 ||: On, on speed the sharpened plows,
As they turn the heavy soil; ||
Where the sturdy farmer guides the share
Through the last year's furrows, gleam-
ing bare.
Where the sturdy farmer guides the share
With the honest hand of toil.

4 ||: These, these are the workers brave,
With hearts so strong and true; ||
From dawn till dark, through the whole
day's length,
Each gives with an earnest will his strength,
From dawn till dark, through the whole
day's length,
To the work he finds to do

1. Rise! for the day is passing, And you lie dreaming on ; The others have buckled their armor, And

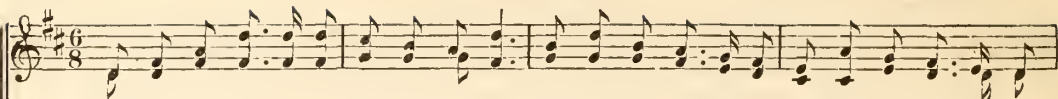
forth to the fight have gone. A place in the ranks awaits you, Each man has some part to play : The

Past and the Future are noth - ing, In the face of the stern To - day.

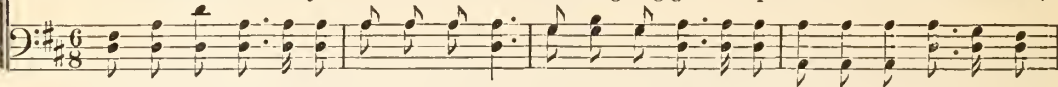
2 Rise from your dreams of the Future,
Of gaining some hard-fought field,
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield ;
Your Future has deeds of glory,
Of honor (God grant it may !)
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as To-day.

3 Rise ! if the Past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget ;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret ;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever,
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife To-day.

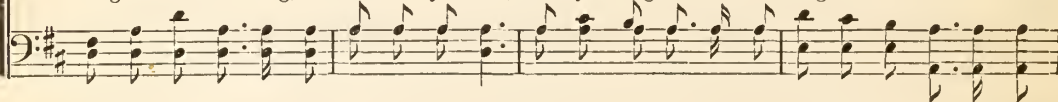
4 Rise ! for the day is passing,
The sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle :
Arise ! for the foe is here !
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When, from dreams of a coming battle,
You may wake to find it past !



1. "Laugh and grow fat" is a say-ing of old, Whether or not 'tis a cause of o - bes - i - ty;
2. "Tic-kled to death" is an-oth-er wise saw, Do not be-lieve it, 'tis not a re - al - i - ty;
3. Be not sus-pi-cious of in - no-cent mirth, Heart-i-ly join in the harmless hi-lar-i-ty;
4. Mirth should be timely, so do not be rash, Take laughing-gas, and proceed to ex - trem-i-ties;



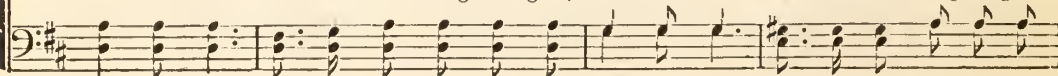
This I believe—that the phys-i-cal man Laughter demands as a kind of ne-ces-si-ty.
 Cheerfulness ev-er is health to the bones, Nursing our grief is the bane of vi-tal-i-ty.
 Let the heart leap in its gladness and glee, If you would have it the em-pire of char-i-ty.
 Laugh when 'tis fitting,—and let me just add, On-ly the good should indulge in such len-i-ties.



CHORUS.



Ha! ha! ha! Make the home ring a - gain, Ha! ha! ha! Make the home ring a - gain,



Ha! ha! ha! Care will take wing a - gain, Laugh-ter will drive him a - way.

This musical score is for the song 'LAUGHTER. Concluded.' It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'Ha! ha! ha! Care will take wing a - gain, Laugh-ter will drive him a - way.' The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Words by PERCIVAL.


SONS OF THE CHASE, AWAKE!

Spirited.

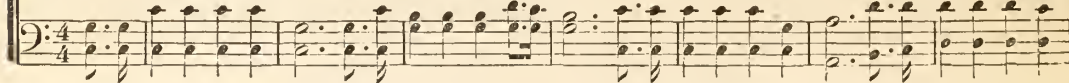
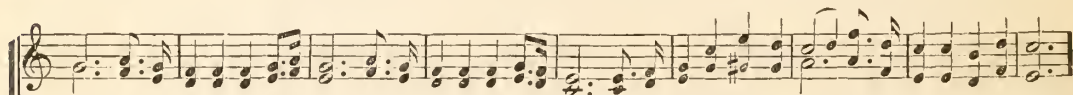
1. Sons of the chase, a - wake! Haste, see the morning break! Wake to the horn! Ere fades the
2. Hark to the bay of hound, Tossed from the mountains 'round! Hark to the horn! Mount, -mount and

morning star, Echoes, round crag and scar, Proud-ly its blast a - far, - Far rings the horn!
hark - a - way! Bright dawns the glorious day, -Soon we've the stag at bay: Loud wind the horn!


This musical score is for the song 'SONS OF THE CHASE, AWAKE!' It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The tempo is marked 'Spirited.' The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are divided into two parts, numbered 1 and 2. The piece concludes with a double bar line.



1. There is beauty on the land, There is splendor on the sea, Full of glo-ry is the heaven, And the earth is full of
 2. Tho' the sunshine sometimes fails, And the clouds sometimes appear, Up beyond the clouds the sun Ever shines in radiance
 3. Ev-en night with all her shade, Ev-en winter with his snow, Come in beauty to the earth, And in joy-ous music

glee: Every robin in the grass, Every lark on sun-ny wing, Warbles loud a song of joy, And shall we not al-so sing?
 clear; Tho' the daylight fades away In the shadows of the Even, 'Tis that stars may shine and tell That the earth is hung in heaven!
 go: Every snowflake is a gem, Sparkling to the sun a - far, And each shadow of the night Has a shining silver star.



CHORUS.



Then lift the song on high, And fill the arching sky, Till every heart shall catch the strain, And ring the echo



back again: Good bye, De - spair! Away, dull care! A - way, a - way, away, a - way.

The musical score consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Words by Miss PROCTER.

ONE BY ONE.

1. One by one the sands are flow-ing, One by one the moments fall; Some are com-ing,
 2. One by one thy du - ties wait thee, Let thy whole strength go to each, Let no fu - ture
 3. Ev - ery hour that fleets so slow - ly Has its task to do or bear; Lum-i - nous the

The musical score is in 6/8 time and consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff is simple and accompanimental, with the lyrics written below it. The bass staff provides a steady harmonic support.

some are go - ing; Do not strive to grasp them all.
 dreams e - late thee, Learn thou first what these can teach.
 crown, and ho - ly, When each gem is set with care.

This block continues the musical score from the previous section. It maintains the same 6/8 time signature and instrumental arrangement, with the treble staff carrying the melody and the bass staff providing accompaniment.

4 Do not linger with regretting,
 Or for passing hours despond;
 Nor the daily toil forgetting,
 Look too eagerly beyond.

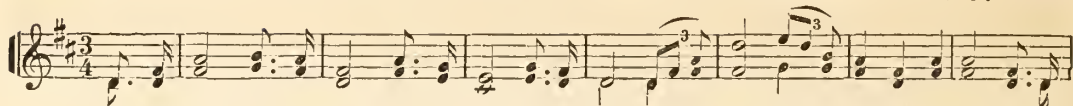
5 Hours are golden links, God's token,
 Reaching heaven; but one by one
 Take them, lest the chain be broken
 Ere the pilgrimage be done.

FOR THE TRUTH, FOR THE RIGHT!

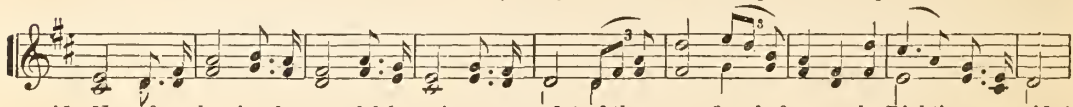
REV. R. LOWRY.

Words by E. R. SILL

From "HAPPY VOICES," by permission.



1. For the truth, for the right, gath-er all in our band, With our hearts firm and faithful, whatever be-
2. For the dear Father-land, for the land that we love, For the flag of our country, each stripe and each
3. Not in blood, not in woe, is our vic-tory won, But in love pure and deep as the beauti-ful

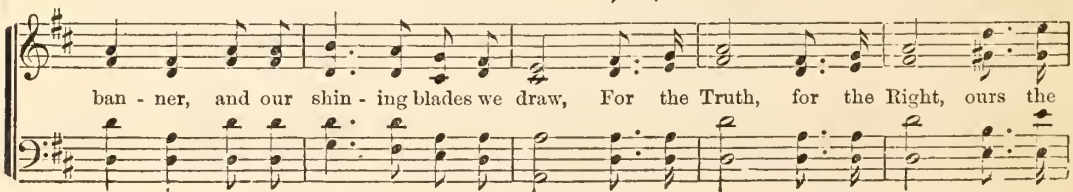


tide, Not a face showing fear, youthful warriors we stand, And the wrong flees before us, the Right's on our side!
 star, Traitor hands strove in vain, still 'tis streaming above, Crowned with glory and honor, and gleaming afar!
 sky, All the clouds scatter fast, ever shineth the sun, Right is king, Right is victor, and throned upon high!

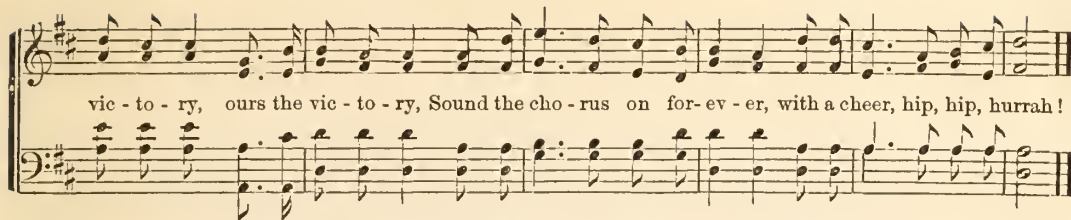
CHORUS.



For the Truth, for the Right, singing joy-ful-ly, singing joy-ful-ly, As we lift our star-ry

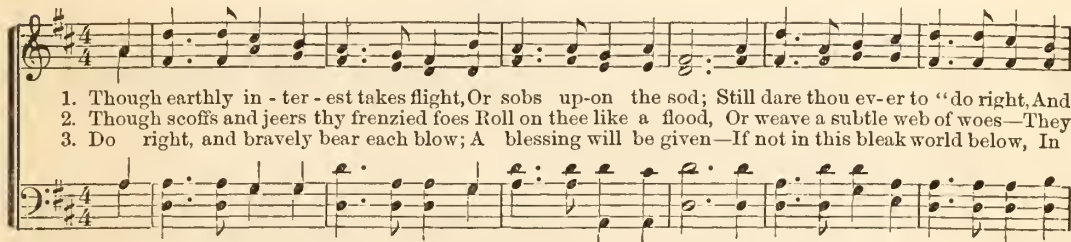


ban-ner, and our shin-ing blades we draw, For the Truth, for the Right, ours the

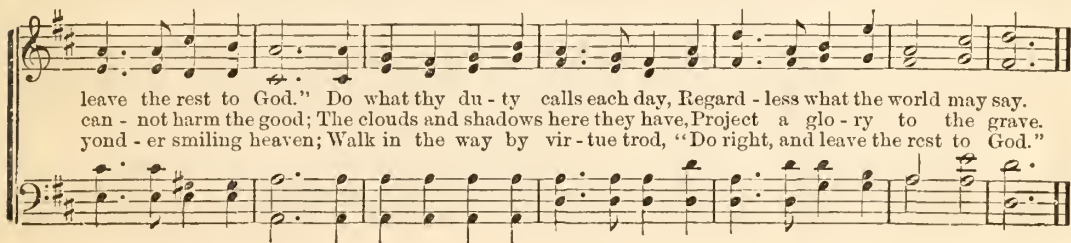


vic - to - ry, ours the vic - to - ry, Sound the cho - rus on for - ev - er, with a cheer, hip, hip, hurrah!

DO RIGHT.



1. Though earthly in - ter - est takes flight, Or sobs up - on the sod; Still dare thou ev - er to "do right, And
2. Though scoffs and jeers thy frenzied foes Roll on thee like a flood, Or weave a subtle web of woes—They
3. Do right, and bravely bear each blow; A blessing will be given—If not in this bleak world below, In



leave the rest to God." Do what thy du - ty calls each day, Regard - less what the world may say.
can - not harm the good; The clouds and shadows here they have, Project a glo - ry to the grave.
yond - er smiling heaven; Walk in the way by vir - tue trod, "Do right, and leave the rest to God."

1. Remember a boy is a boy, not a man, Don't frown when your patience he tries; But bear with his follies as
 2. The eye that so often is kindled with joy, At sorrow will melt into tears; For tender and warm is the
 3. Disorder may wait on the frolic and fun, And quietude fly at his noise; But give not your mandates from
 4. And deck with attractions the family fold, Allurements which virtue approves; For never despair tho' he's
 5. And teach him betimes the good part to secure, Not pleasure nor glittering pelf; And point him the way to the

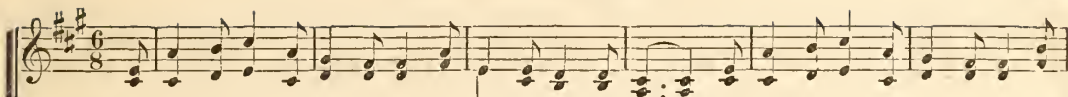
CHORUS.

well as you can, And hope he will learn to be wise. Yes, a boy is a boy, and a boy let him be, For the
 heart of a boy, Tho' homely the coat that it wears.
 tyranny's throne, But govern with kindness the boys.
 careless and bold, If home is the spot that he loves.
 realms of the pure. By being a pilgrim yourself.

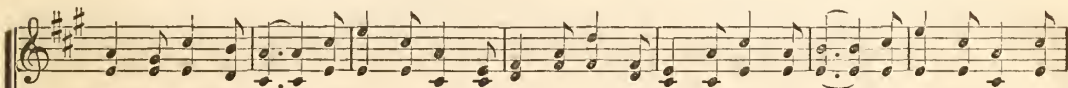
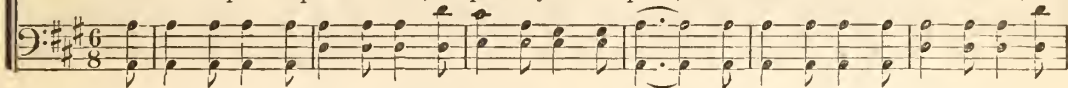
season of boyhood's a span; And the heart that now leaps in its gladness and glee, Soon will ache with the cares of the man.

THE TRUE HERO.

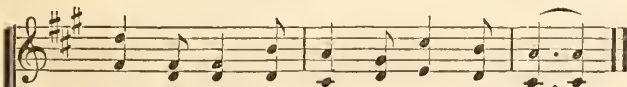
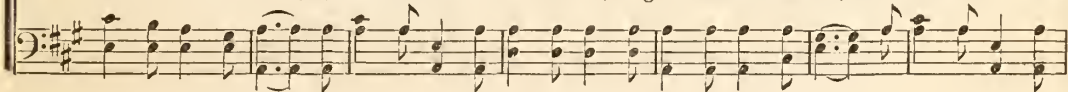
A. A. G. 55



1. Who is the he - ro? not the man Who on the go - ry field Hath battles fought and vict'ries won, And
2. He may sit on a kingly throne, And sway a sceptre there, Or by the world unsung, unknown, A
- 3 To chain imperious passion down, To put a yoke on pride, The vile affec - tion to dethrone, The



forced the foe to yield: Go strew with flowers the victor's path, His brow with wreaths entwine, But earth a greater peasant's garb may wear: No matter whether bond or free, Or poor, or blest with wealth, The hero tru - ly bit - ter word to chide; O, he who thus devotes his life, Of greater deeds can tell, Then he who braves the

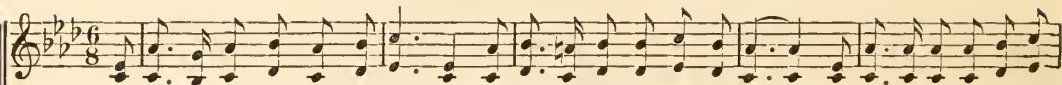


he - ro hath, And nob - ler far than thine.
great, is he Who ov - er - comes him - self.
bat - tle strife, Or storms a cit - a - del.

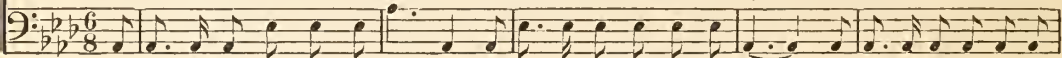


4.

To face the foe, to wield the sword,
'Tis well for feeble age;
'Tis well when manhood's soul is stirred,
The holy war to wage;
But O, 'tis nobler for the youth,
When summoned to the fight,
Clad in the panoply of truth,
To strike for God and right.



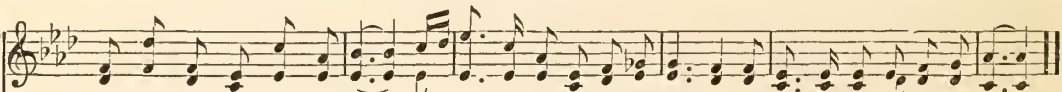
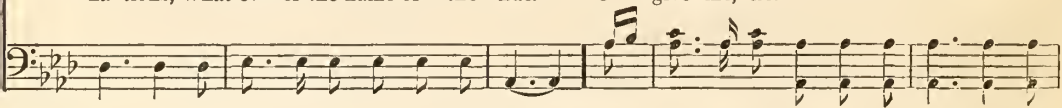
1. O give me the heart that is ten-der, That melts at the pleading of grief; That spurns not the humble of-
2. It dries up the fountain of sor-row, It lightens the spirit oppressed; It speaks of a brighter to-
3. It nev-er grows weary of waiting, For fol-ly to turn and a-mend; But follows with gentle en-
4. It knows neither par-ty nor station, It shelters no privileged few; It offers a home to all



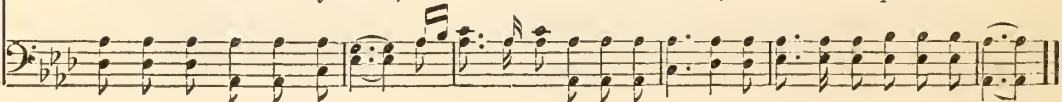
CHORUS.



fend - er, Withholds not the needed re - lief.	O give me the heart that is ten - der, And
morrow, And hope springs anew in the breast.	O give me, &c.
treating, And loves and hopes on to the end.	O give me, &c.
na-tions, What-ev - er the name or the hue.	O give me, &c.



ev - er with char - i - ty warm; It nev-er shall want a defend-er, A shield in the pi - ti - less storm.

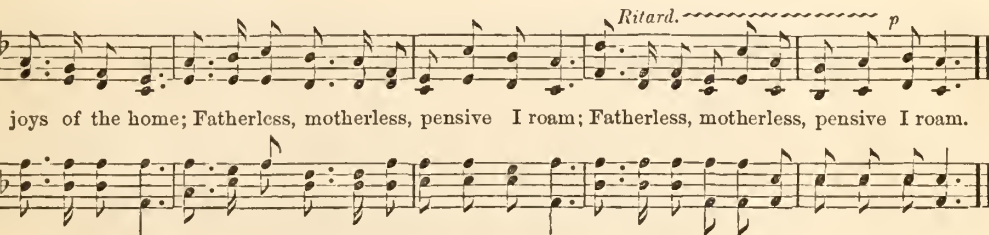
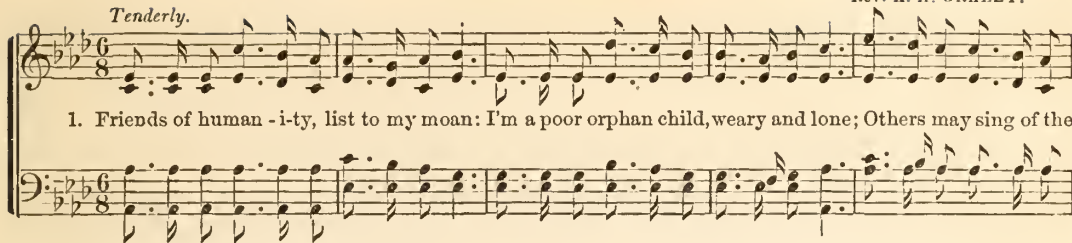


THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

57

REV. A. A. GRALEY.

Tenderly.



2.

Closed are the eyes that once beamed upon me,
Cold is the breast where my home used to be,
Hushed is the voice which my sorrows beguiled,
Hid in the grave are the friends of a child.

3.

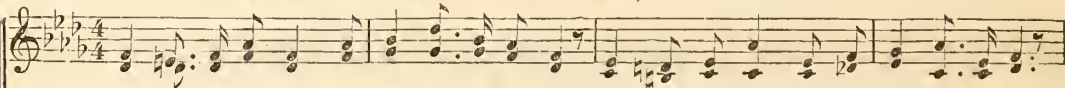
While on the world's troubled bosom I weep,
Dear ones, no sorrow disturbs your sweet sleep;
Fain would I bid to this region adieu,
Share your cold pillow, and slumber with you.

4.

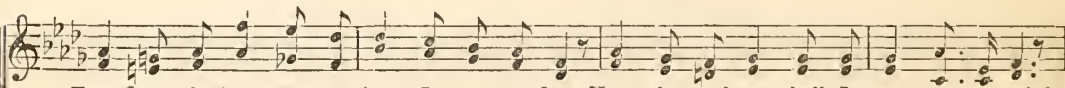
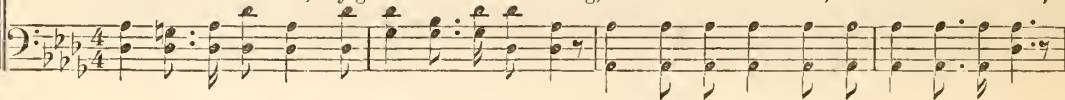
Pity me, children of gladness and glee;
Sunshine and flowers may your heritage be;
But there are joys that shall ever endure,
Throned in the heart of the friend of the poor.

5.

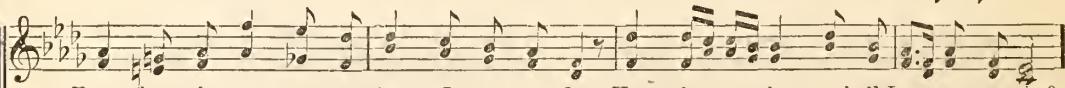
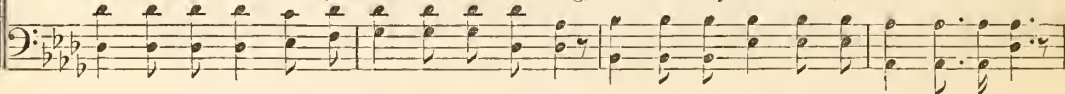
God of the fatherless, motherless child,
Temper the storm beating coldly and wild;
Thou who regardest an orphan's complaint,
Heal the young heart that is bleeding and faint.



1. Home of the lov - ing, the gen - tle, the ten - der, Spare ye one link from your sil - ver - y chain;
2. When the heart trembles with happy e - mo - tion, Round thee af - fec - tion shall ev - er entwine;
3. What tho' my pathway be scattered with treasures, Home that I love, bet - ter riches are thine;
4. Home of the Father, my guide from life's morning, Home of the Moth - er, so ten - der and true,



Fast flow the tears as your joys I surren - der, Home, happy home shall I see you a - gain?
 Toss'd on the bil - lows of life's troubled ocean, Thou like a star in the darkness shall shine.
 What tho' my cup be o'er-flow - ing with pleasures, Still for the joys of my home will I pine.
 Home of the loved ones, the fireside a - dorn - ing, Home of my childhood, I bid thee adieu.



Fast flow the tears as your joys I surren - der, Home, hap - py home, shall I see you again?
 Toss'd on the bil - lows of life's troubled ocean, Thou like a star in the darkness shall shine.
 What tho' my cup be o'er-flow - ing with pleasures, Still for the joys of my home will I pine.
 Home of the loved ones, the fireside adorn - ing, Home of my childhood, I bid thee adieu.



HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD. Concluded.

59

CHORUS.

Home of my childhood, happy, hap - py home, Home of my childhood, happy, happy home, farewell.

Words by E. R. SILL.

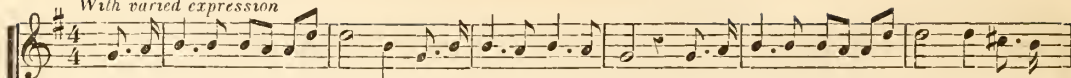
THE STREAM OF LIFE.

Arranged.

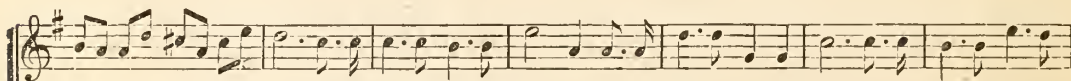
1. O childhood! fresh fountain in sunlight upspringing, All round us thy music and radiance flinging, Dance
2. O boyhood! bright brook that leaps on thro' the meadow, Loud laughing, deep quaffing the sunlight and shadow, Flow
3. O manhood! ma - jes - tic and beautiful riv - er, Flow broader and deeper and mightier ev - er, With

on in thy pure and mel - o - di - ous play, And sing with thy joy all earth's sadness a - way.
on with thy current so crys - tal - line clear, That the blue heaven shall stoop in thy breast to appear.
strong waves of effort and is - lands of rest, And banks which thy bounty for - ev - er hath blest.

- 4 Old age! quiet bay where the deep-bosomed river,
Lies calmly at rest after life-long endeavor,
Still bright with heaven's starlight serenely draw nigh
The infinite ocean whose shore is the sky.
- 5 O mortal! keep spotless the current thou bearest!
The fountain that's purest will make the brook fairest;
The clear brook a beautiful river will be:
The broader the river, the grander the sea.

With varied expression

1. Where I am, the halls are gilded, Stored with pictures bright and rare; Strains of deep, melodious music Float up-
 2. Where I am, the sun is shining, And the purple windows glow, Till their rich armorial shadows Stain the
 3. Where I am, the days are passing O'er a pathway strewn with flowers; Song, and joy, and starry pleasures Crown the
 4. Where I am, all think me happy, For so well I play my part, None can guess, who smile around me, How far



on the perfumed air:—Nothing stirs the dreary silence Save the melancholy sea, Near the poor and humble
 marble floor below:—Faded autumn leaves are trembling On the withered jas'mine tree, Creeping round the little
 happy, smiling hours:—Slowly, heavily, and sadly, Time with weary wings must flee, Marked by pain, and toil, and
 dis-tant is my heart,—Far away, in a poor cottage, Listening to the dreary sea, Where the treasures of my



cot-tage, Where I fain would be! Where I fain would be! Where I fain would be!
 casement, Where I fain would be! &c.
 sor-row, Where I fain would be! &c.
 life are, Where I fain would be! &c.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment, with the middle staff using a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and the bottom staff using a bass clef. The music is in a simple, homophonic style.

Words by E. R. SILL.

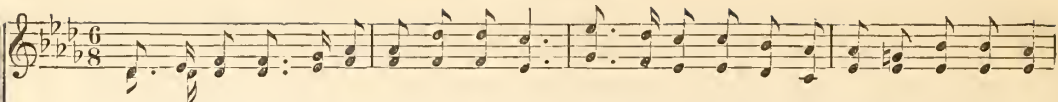
SUNBEAMS.

Arranged.

Brightly.

1. Sunbeams, sunbeams, golden stair! Angels descending, Mortals defending, -Sunbeams, sunbeams everywhere!
 2. Shining, shining pure and fair, Banishing sadness, Pouring its gladness, Shining, shining everywhere!
 3. Sparkling, sparkling rich and rare, Where the dews quiver, On the bright river, Sparkling, sparkling everywhere!
 4. Cheering, cheering want and care, In the close city Smiling in pity, Cheering, cheering everywhere!
 5. Blessing, blessing earth and air, Buds in the meadow, Hearts in the shadow, Blessing, blessing everywhere
 6. Beauty, beauty—world so fair, Light in all places, Love in all faces, Beauty, beauty everywhere!

The musical score is in 3/4 time and G major. It features a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The music is characterized by a bright, cheerful melody with many eighth and sixteenth notes, and a simple harmonic accompaniment.



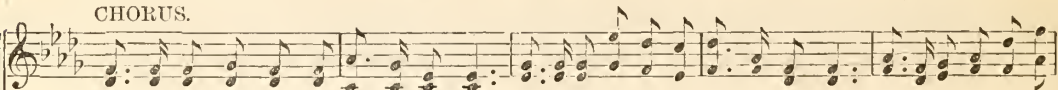
1. Home, happy home, to thy portals I fly, Drawn by the ties that no absence can sev-er;
2. When thro' the mansions of greatness I've strayed, Fashioned in beauty, and garnished with treasure;
3. No gaudy pleasures em-blaz-on thy halls, Humble art thou as the flower of the wildwood;
4. Loved ones, the sea-son of absence is o'er, When the low spi-rit complained in its sadness,



Dim with the tear-drops of joy is the eye, Gazing up-on thee as fond-ly as ev-er.
 Sad-ly I've turned from the pride and parade, Longed for my home and its in-nocent pleasure.
 But there's a charm which my spirit enthalls, Here in the dear hap-py home of my childhood.
 'Round the dear hearth let us meet as of yore, Blending to-gether our griefs and our sadness.



CHORUS.



Home of my childhood no longer I roam, Home of my childhood no longer I roam; Home of my childhood my

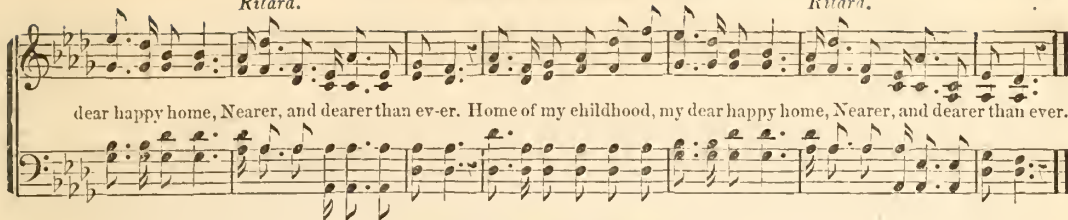


HOME AGAIN. Concluded.

63

Ritard.

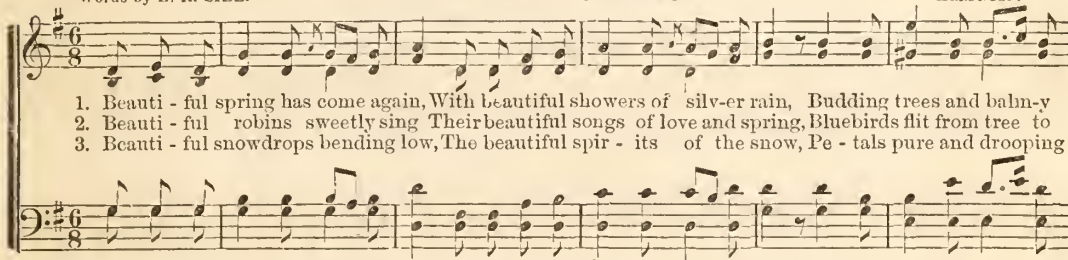
Ritard.



Words by E. R. SILL.

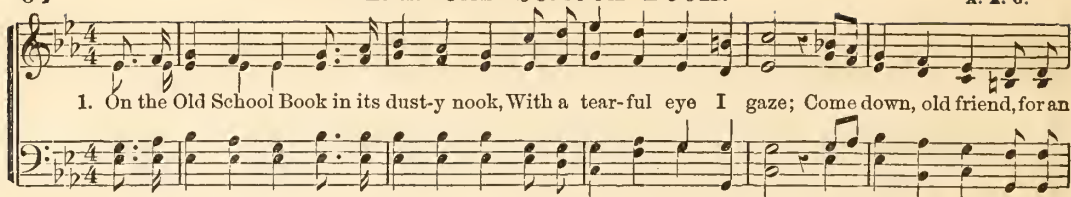
BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

ARRANGED.

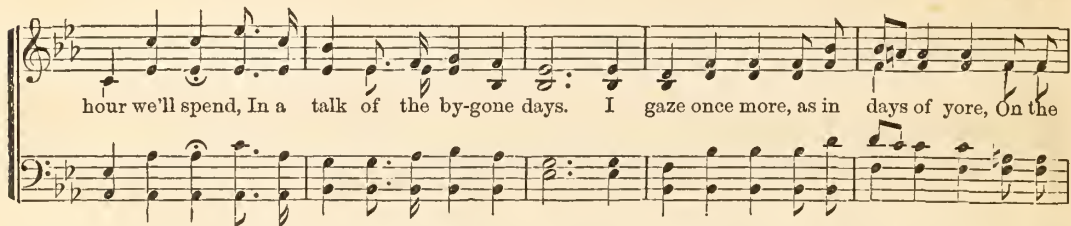


4.
Beautiful violets' perfect hue,
With beautiful eyes of heaven's own blue,
Yellow crocus-cups so sweet,
That kiss the print of April's feet.

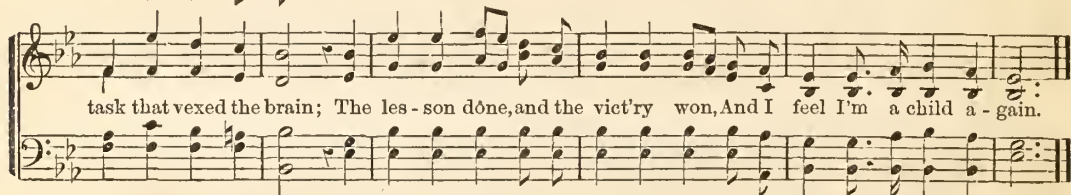
5
Beautiful spring! to hearts of men,
Thy beautiful smile gives hope again,
Life and love, that slept in gloom,
Now wake, and bud, and brightly bloom.



1. On the Old School Book in its dust-y nook, With a tear-ful eye I gaze; Come down, old friend, for an



hour we'll spend, In a talk of the by-gone days. I gaze once more, as in days of yore, On the



task that vexed the brain; The les-son done, and the vict'ry won, And I feel I'm a child a-gain.

2 And I seem to stand with the youthful band

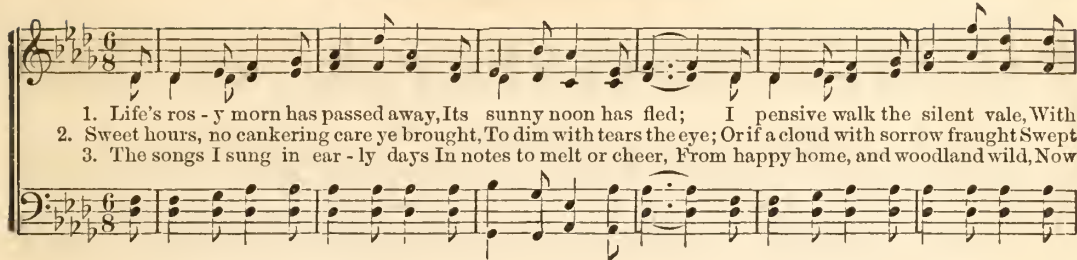
In the old house on the green;
I hear the fun ere the school begun,
And I join in the gladsome scene;
I take my place with a sober face,
O'er the well-carved desk I bend;
And hourly pore o'er the learned lore
Of thy wonderful page, old friend.

3 Then our cares were few, and our friends were true,

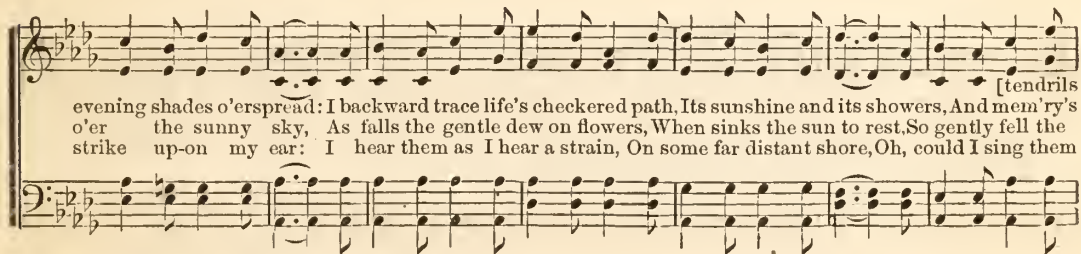
And our griefs were rare and light;
The world was naught (so we fondly
But a region of pure delight. [thought,]
But time has sped, and our path has led
Through the dark and tearful scene;
And passed away are the good and gay,
Like the old house upon the green.

4 But we'll sing no more of the days of yore,

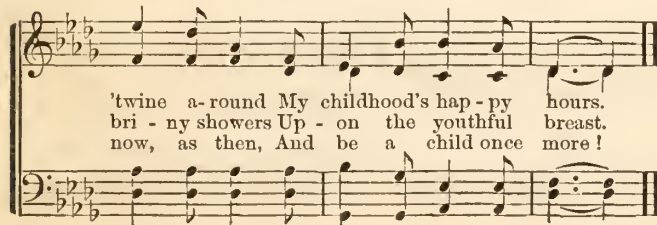
For the tear-drop dims the eye;
Sleep on, old book, in thy dusty nook,
As in years that have glided by;
No gilt we trace in thy honest face,
But a mine of gold within
Enriched the youth, as they sought for
truth
In the old house upon the green.



1. Life's ros - y morn has passed away, Its sunny noon has fled; I pensive walk the silent vale, With
 2. Sweet hours, no cankering care ye brought, To dim with tears the eye; Or if a cloud with sorrow fraught Swept
 3. The songs I sung in ear - ly days In notes to melt or cheer, From happy home, and woodland wild, Now



evening shades o'erspread: I backward trace life's checkered path, Its sunshine and its showers, And mem'ry's
 o'er the sunny sky, As falls the gentle dew on flowers, When sinks the sun to rest, So gently fell the
 strike up-on my ear: I hear them as I hear a strain, On some far distant shore, Oh, could I sing them

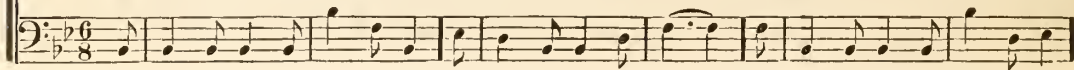


'twine a-round My childhood's hap - py hours.
 bri - ny showers Up - on the youthful breast.
 now, as then, And be a child once more!

4.
 So pass away earth's choicest sweets
 Before the march of time;
 So let them pass, for faith discerns
 A fairer, purer clime:
 Friends of my youth, we'll meet again
 In Eden's fadeless bowers,
 And sing in louder, sweeter strain
 The joys of childhood's hours.



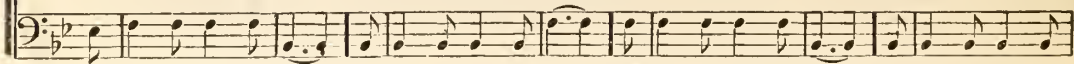
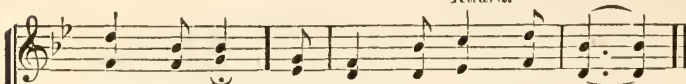
1. I'm but a pilgrim here below, I have no portion here: And this is not my rest I know,
2. What fond endearments round me 'twine, But ah! how brief their stay; I gaze, but while I call them mine,
3. There's danger lurking in the bliss, To which we fondly turn; As flowers tho' robed in love-li-ness,



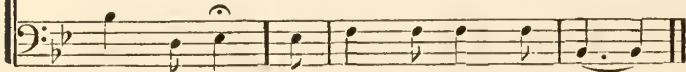
CHORUS.



Then welcome toil and care. But there's a rest for me, But there's a rest for me: On Jesus' breast the
 They fade, and pass a - way. But there's a rest for me, &c.
 Se-crete the rankling thorn. But there's a rest for me, &c.

*Ritard.*

wea - ry rest, And there's a rest for me...



- 4 Sweet rest, eternal rest to come,
 Thy foretastes cheer me here;
 They lure me upward to my home,
 And for that home prepare. *Cho.*
- 5 This earth is not my resting place,
 It hinders and defiles;
 I'll take my staff and onward press,
 Thro' darkness, tears and toils. *Cho*

REST IN TOIL.

67

A. A. G.

1. There's rest for the weary in E - den I know, But is there no rest for the weary be - low? Shall
 2. O live for the welfare of children of woe, Be angels of mer - cy wherev - er you go, And

sor - row and tears all the her - i - tage be, Of those who are bound to the land of the free? Of
 you may re - joice in a val - ley of tears, And cheerful - ly bat - tle with foes and with fears, And

those who are bound to the land of the free?
 cheer - ful - ly bat - tle with foes and with fears.

3.
 Go forth in the desert, and hopefully cast
 Thy bread on the stream that is hurrying past,
 A blessing shall come from the Father above,
 And thou shalt rejoice in thy labor of love.

4.
 O yes, for the weary there's rest here below,
 The rest is in toiling as onward you go;
 From life's rosy dawn, to its sober decline,
 Keep toiling, and rest for the weary is thine.

THERE'S REST UP ABOVE.

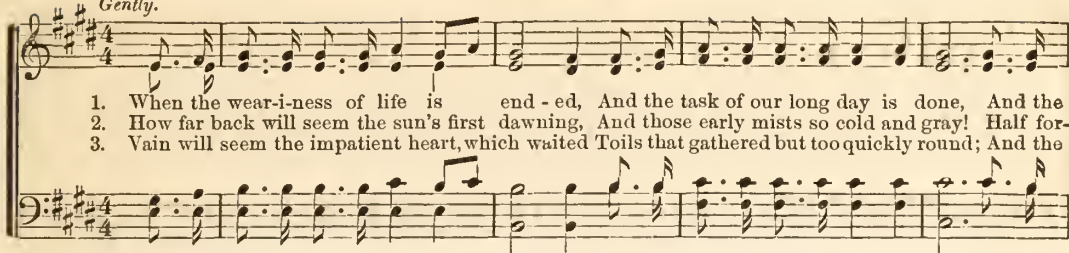
A. A. G.

1. A lesson to learn and a burden to bear, A sorrow to meet and a virtue to prove, O such is hn -
 2. The sun will not shine all the way to the grave, Life's river not always will placidly move; For clouds will a-
 3. If bitter the cup that is pressed to your lip, Remember the Father who holds it is Love; He'll pardon the
 4. When might conquers right, and the wicked rejoice, Don't sigh for escape like a tremulous dove; For God and hu-
 5. Then bear ev'ry cross, ev'ry duty perform, Constrained by the power of unspeakable Love; Press onward and

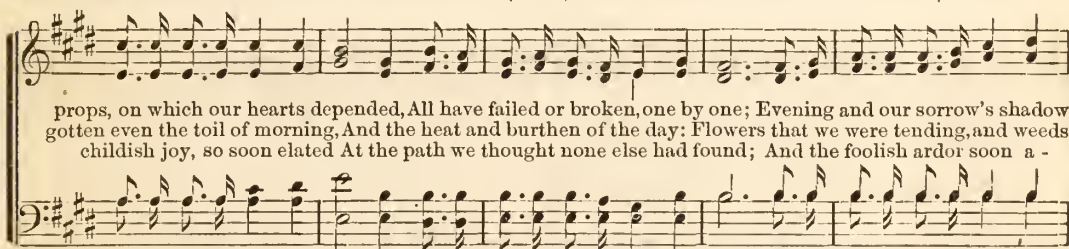
f *p* *Ritard.* *f* CHORUS.

man - i - ty's work ev - ery where; But never despond, for there's rest up a - bove. Nev - er despond,
 rise, and the storm lash the wave, But never despond, for there's rest up a - bove.
 tear-drop, for na - ture will weep, But never despond, for there's rest up a - bove.
 man - i - ty lift up the voice, But never despond, for there's rest up a - bove.
 upward thro' sunshine and storm, But never despond, for there's rest up a - bove.

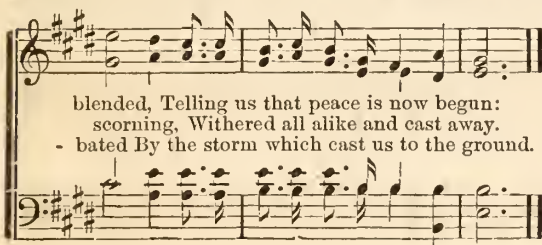
never despond, for there's rest, rest up above. Rest, rest, sweet rest, Never despond, for there's rest, rest up above.

Gently.


1. When the wear-i-ness of life is end-ed, And the task of our long day is done, And the
 2. How far back will seem the sun's first dawning, And those early mists so cold and gray! Half for-
 3. Vain will seem the impatient heart, which waited Toils that gathered but too quickly round; And the

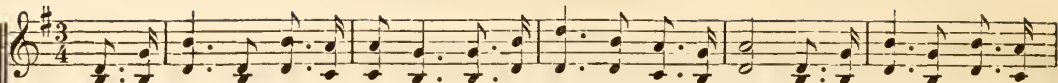


props, on which our hearts depended, All have failed or broken, one by one; Evening and our sorrow's shadow
 gotten even the toil of morning, And the heat and burthen of the day: Flowers that we were tending, and weeds
 childish joy, so soon elated At the path we thought none else had found; And the foolish ardor soon a -

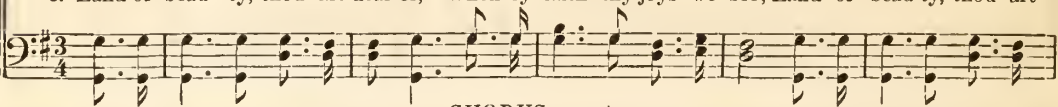


blended, Telling us that peace is now begun:
 scorning, Withered all alike and cast away.
 - bated By the storm which cast us to the ground.

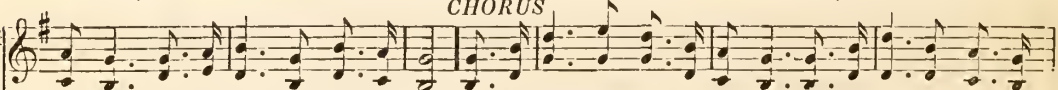
4. Vain those pauses on the road, each seeming
 As our final home and resting-place;
 And the leaving them while tears were streaming
 Of eternal sorrow down our face;
 And the hands we held, fond folly dreaming
 That no future could their touch efface.
5. All will then be faded:—night will borrow
 Stars of light to crown our perfect rest;
 And the dim vague memory of faint sorrow
 Just remain to show us all was best,
 Then melt into a divine to-morrow:—
 O how poor a day to be so blest!



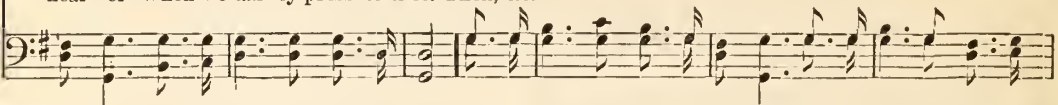
1. When we meet be - side the ri - ver, With its bright and gen - tle flow; Ne - ver more our hearts shall
 2. There the verdant vales and mountains Never sickly blast shall know; There the flowers, and sil - ver
 3. *Here's* the cross, and we will bear it, Thro' the sunshine and the gloom; *There's* the crown, and we shall
 4. *Here* our songs and tears are blended, And each pleasure has its sting, *There* we'll reign (by grace be -
 5. Land of beau - ty, thou art dear - er, When by faith thy joys we see; Land of beau - ty, thou art



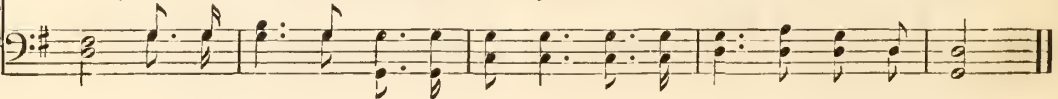
CHORUS



qui - ver, With the har - mo - nies of woe. Then we'll walk the path of duty, Whether strewn with thorns or
 fountains Ev - er bloom, and ev - er flow. Then, &c.
 wear it, When we've safe arrived at home. Then, &c.
 friended) In the ci - ty of our King. Then, &c.
 near - er When we dai - ly press to thee. Then, &c.

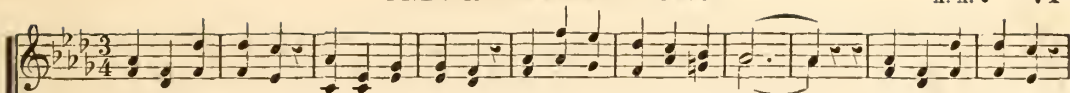


flowers, Till we reach the land of beau - ty, Where no storm of sor - row lowers.



UNDER THE WILLOW.

A. A. G 71



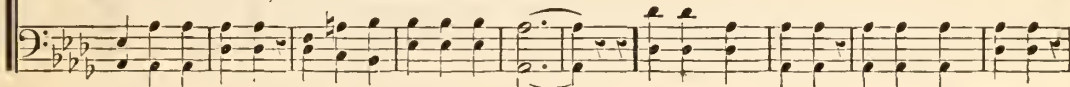
- | | | |
|--|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Under the willow, Earth for her pillow, | Sadly we've laid her to rest;... | While we are weeping, |
| 2. Soft be thy pillow, Un - der the willow, | Shading in pi - ty thy tomb;.. | Soft fall the showers |
| 3. Tossed on life's billow, Oft to the willow, | Pensive at twilight we'll rove;.. | Long to embrace thee, |
| 4. Rest on thy pillow, Un - der the willow, | What tho' thy beauty departs;.. | Tend - er af - fec - tions, |



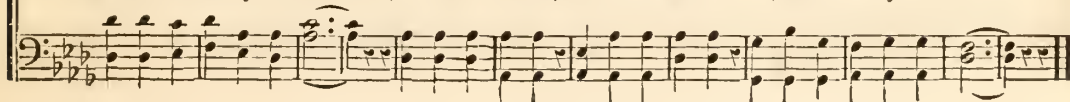
CHORUS.



Sweetly she's sleeping, Calm is the once troubled breast. But we will meet thee, Once more will greet thee,
On the bright flowers, Yielding their fragrant perfume.
Once more replace thee In the dear circle of love.
Sweet recollections, We will enshrine in our hearts.



Perfect in beauty and love; Yes, we'll behold thee, To our hearts fold thee, When we rejoin thee above.



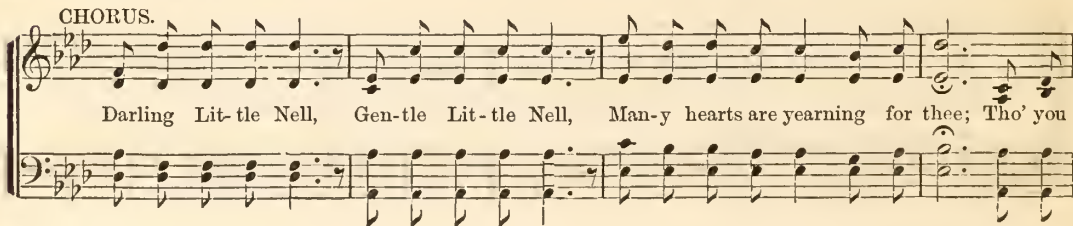


1. Did you ev-er know our dear Little Nell? She was fair-est of the fair, Lit-tle Nell; There was
 2. O, our soul you oft-en stirred, Little Nell, When you caroled like a bird, Lit-tle Nell; And our
 3. But they wanted thee above, Little Nell, So the Father who is love, Lit-tle Nell; Sent an
 4. So we laid thee in the grave, Little Nell, Where the grass shall gently wave, Little Nell; And the



sunshine in her face, For it bore not sorrow's trace, As she moved with winsome grace, Lit-tle Nell.
 sorrows would take wing, When your merry laugh would ring Like a harp of tuneful string, Lit-tle Nell.
 angel form so bright, As we watched thee in the night, And thy spir-it took its flight, Lit-tle Nell.
 flowers shall brightly bloom, And shall breathe a sweet perfume, Round thy snowy marble tomb, Little Nell.

CHORUS.



Darling Lit-tle Nell, Gen-tle Lit-tle Nell, Man-y hearts are yearning for thee; Tho' you

walk the streets of gold, By the prophets sung of old, O, we miss thee from our fold, Little Nell.

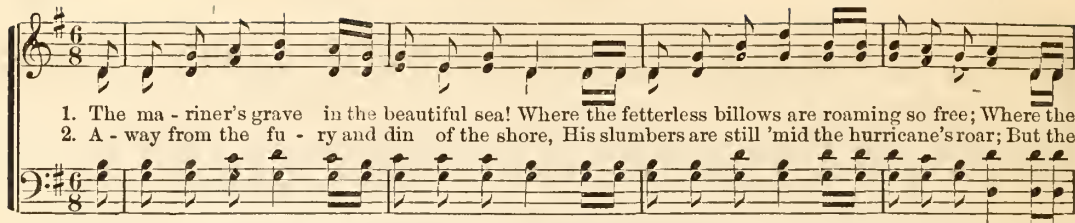
Words by PERCIVAL.

THE SPRING IS COMING.

H. K.

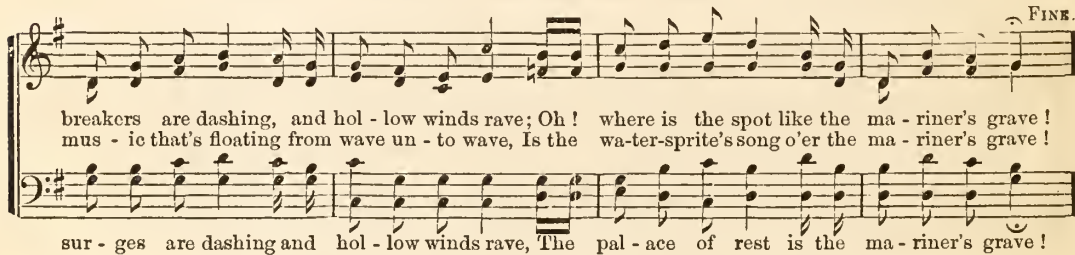
1. The spring, the spring is coming, The birds are merri - ly sing - ing; The spring, the spring is coming, We
2. The yellow buds are breaking, The flowers in meadow are blooming, And gentle winds are play - ing A -
3. The spring, the spring is with us, And light the swallow is flit - ting; The spring, the spring is with us, — It

hear the night-in - gale, — In shade of rose, at evening, We hear the night-in - gale.
 long the grass - y vale, A - round the air - y mountain, And down the grass - y vale.
 brings the night-in - gale, — In cool of shad - y evening, It brings the night-in - gale.



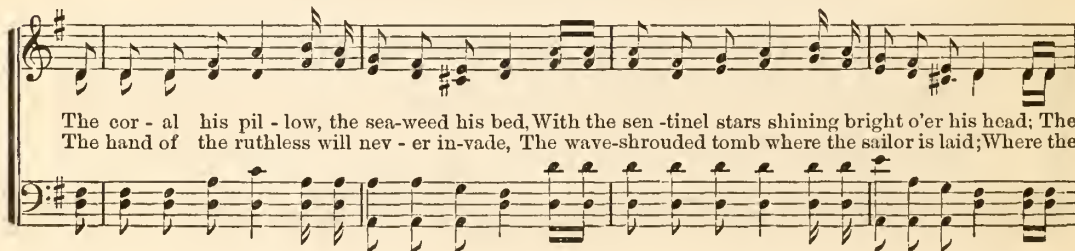
1. The ma - riner's grave in the beautiful sea! Where the fetterless billows are roaming so free; Where the
 2. A - way from the fu - ry and din of the shore, His slumbers are still 'mid the hurricane's roar; But the

CHO. The ma - riner's grave! The ma - riner's grave! The billows are guard-ing the mariner's grave: Tho'



breakers are dashing, and hol - low winds rave; Oh! where is the spot like the ma - riner's grave!
 mus - ic that's floating from wave un - to wave, Is the wa-ter-sprite's song o'er the ma - riner's grave!

sur - ges are dashing and hol - low winds rave, The pal - ace of rest is the ma - riner's grave!



The cor - al his pil - low, the sea-weed his bed, With the sen - tinel stars shining bright o'er his head; The
 The hand of the ruthless will nev - er in-vade, The wave-shrouded tomb where the sailor is laid; Where the

THE MARINER'S GRAVE. Concluded.

75
D. C.

foaming white sur - ges his se-pul-chre lave, And the mountains are high 'round the ma - riner's grave.
pal - ings of tim-ber and steel can - not save, The spray will leap high 'round the ma - riner's grave.

Words by PERCIVAL.
Gently.

THE NIGHT IS STILL.

H. K.

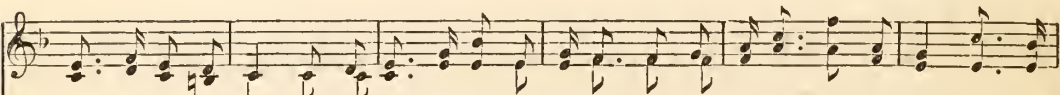
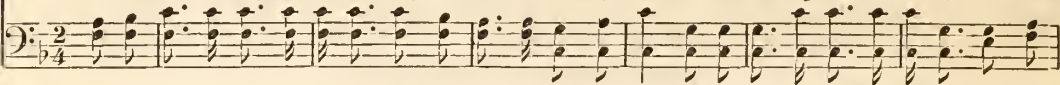
1. The night is still: on meadow and silvery fountain The moon-beam sleeps, like innocence cradled in love: With
2. A cloudsails by, with lightest and easiest motion, Now bossed with pearl, now shining with purple and gold; It

softened smile, it rests on the snow of the mountain, And tints the sky, like wing of ethe-re-al dove.
glides a - way, like vessel a-far on the ocean, And spirits of bliss seem borne on its sil-ver-y fold.

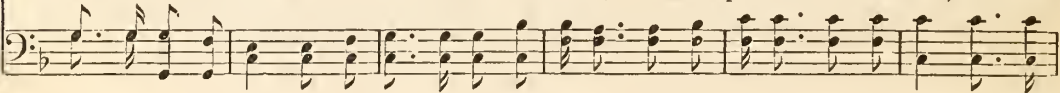
- 3 A gentle wind, with fragrance of jessamine laden,
Steals faintly on, as longing for calm and repose,
And with it steals the lingering song of the maiden,
Whose lonely heart is lightened by song of its woes.
- 4 O, list the song! - if beauty and innocence ever [strain,
Have touched thy soul, thy heart will respond to the
The voice of love, of sorrow, and longing, will never,
In soothing tones, be lost to thy spirit again.



1. We were crowded in the cabin, Not a soul did dare to sleep: It was midnight on the waters, And a
2. So we shuddered there in silence, For the stoutest held his breath, While the hungry sea was roaring, And the
3. But his little daughter whispered, As she took his i-cy hand, "Is not God upon the ocean, Just the



storm was on the deep. 'Tis a fear-ful thing in winter, To be shattered in the blast, And to breakers talked with Death. As we sad-ly sat in darkness, Each one busy at his prayers, "We are same as on the land!" Then we kissed the lit-tle maiden, And we spoke in bet-ter cheer, And we

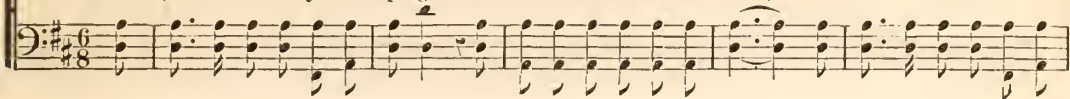


hear the rattling trumpet thunder, "Cut away the mast," And to hear the rattling trumpet thunder, "Cut a-way the mast!" lost!" the captain shouted, As he staggered down the stairs, "We are lost!" the captain shouted, As he staggered down the stairs, anchored safe in harbor, When the morn was shining clear, And we anchored safe in harbor, When the morn was shining clear.

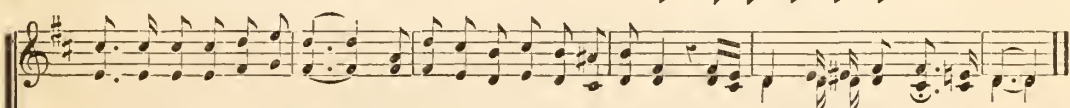




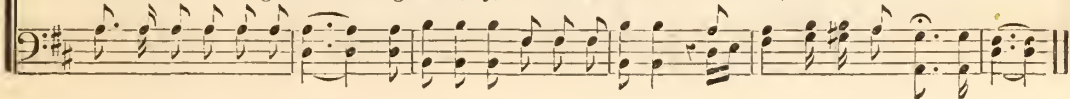
1. Come, bring me wild pinks from the valleys, A-blaze with the fire of the sun; No poor lit-tle pi-ti-ful
2. Choose tunes with a lul-la- by flowing, And sing thro' the watches you keep; Be soft with your coming and
3. Be low, O be low with your weeping! Your sobs would be sorrow to her; I tremble lest while she is



li - lies That speak of a life that is done. And op - en the windows to lighten This
go - ing— Be soft! she is fall - ing a - sleep. Ah, what would my life be without her! Pray
sleeping A rose on her pil-low should stir. Sing slow - er, sing soft-er and low - er! Her



wearisome chamber of pain—The eyes of my darling will brighten To see the green hill-tops a - gain.
God that I never may know! Dear friends, as you gather about her, Be low with your weeping—be low.
sweet cheek is losing its red— Sing lower, ay, —lower and lower— Be still, O be still! She is dead.



1. Birds are sing - ing, Sun - shine flinging Warmth and radiance all around ; Flowers are blooming,
 2. Ceased the snowing, Streams are flowing Free as bird up - on the wing ; From the fountain
 3. No more coldness, Nor with boldness Shall the Storm King rule and reign ; Ope the door now,
 4. Pluck the flow - ers, Deck the bow - ers, Round the brow the wreath entwine ; Raise your voi - ces,

CHORUS.

And per - fum - ing, Ver - dant freshness decks the ground. Hap - py spring-time, hap - py spring-time,
 Down the mountain, 'Tis the mer - ry time of spring.
 Win - ter's o'er now, Balm - y spring re - turns a - gain.
 Earth re - joi - ces, Beau - ti - fied by love di - vine.

Emblem of our ear - ly youth, Happy childhood, happy childhood, When adorned with love and truth.

Gently.

1. Ah! my heart is wear-y waiting, Wait-ing for the May— Wait-ing for the pleasant rambles,
 2. Ah! my heart is sick with longing, Longing for the May— Long-ing to es-cape from stu-dy,
 3. Ah! my heart is sore with sighing, Sigh-ing for the May— Sigh-ing for their sure re-turn-ing,
 4. Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing, Throb-bing for the May— Throb-bing for the sea-side bil-lows,

When the fragrant hawthorn brambles With the woodbine al - ter - nat-ing, Scent the dew - y way.
 To the young face fair and rud-dy, And the thousand charms belonging To the summer's day.
 When the summer beams are burning, Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying, All the win - ter lay.
 Or the wa - ter-woo - ing willows; Where in laughing and in sobbing, Glide the streams away.

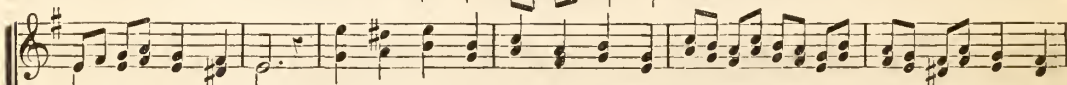
Ah! my heart is wear-y waiting, Wait-ing for the May.
 Ah! my heart is sick with longing, Longing for the May.
 Ah! my heart is sore with sighing, Sigh-ing for the May.
 Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing, Throb-bing for the May.

5.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
 Waiting for the May:—
 Spring goes by with wasted warnings—
 Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings—
 Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
 Life still ebbs away;
 Man is ever weary, weary,
 Waiting for the May!

Plaintively.

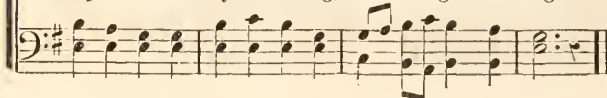
1. Now the growing year is o-ver, And the shepherd's tinkling bell Faintly from its winter cov-er
2. Now the mist is on the mountains, Reddening in the ris-ing sun; Now the flowers around the fountains
3. Now the torrent brook is stealing Faintly down the furrowed glade,—Not as when in win-ter pealing
4. Darkly blue the mist is hovering Round the clifted rock's bare height, All the bordering mountains covering



Rings a low farewell:— Now the birds of Autumn shiver, Where the withered beech-leaves quiver,
Per-ish one by one:— Not a spire of grass is growing, But the leaves that late were glowing
Such a din it made, That the sound of cataracts falling Gave no ech-o so ap-pall-ing,
With a dim uncertain light:—Now a fresh-er wind pre-vail-ing, Wide its heav-y bur-den sail-ing,

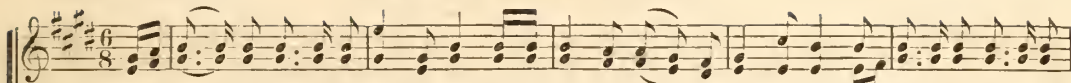


O'er the dark and lazy river, In the rocky dell.
Now its blighted green are strowing With a mantle dun.
As its hoarse and heavy brawling In the pine's black shade.
Deepens as the day is failing, Fast the gloom of night.

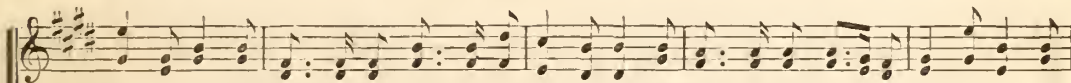


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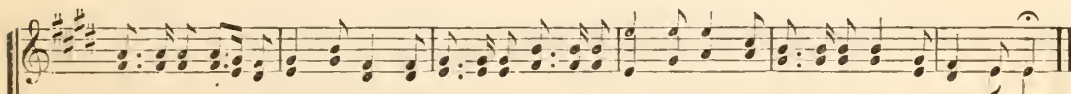
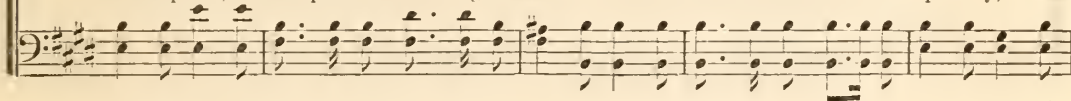
Slow the blood-stained moon is riding
Through the still and hazy air,
Like a sheeted spectre gliding
In a torch's glare:—
Few the hours her light is given,—
Mingling clouds of tempest driven
O'er the mourning face of heaven,
All is blackness there.



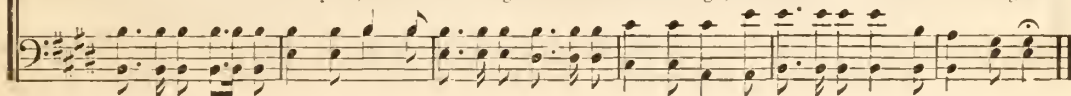
1. The mountains are blue in the morning air, And the woods are sparkling with dewy light; The winds, as they wind thro' the
2. The pure blue sky is in calm repose; The pil-low-y clouds are sleeping there; So still-y the brook in its
3. Pure and beautiful thoughts, at this early hour, Go off to the home of the bright and blest; They steal on the heart with an

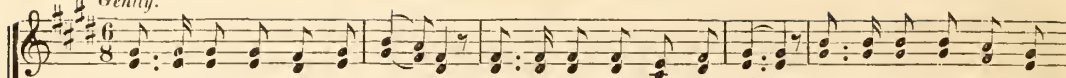


bol-lows, bear The breath of the blossoms that wake by night. Wide ov - er the bend-ing meadows roll The
 cov - ert flows, You would think its mur-mur a breath of air. The wa - ter that floats in the glass - y pool, Half
 unseen power, And its passionate throbblings are laid at rest: O. who would not catch from the quiet sky, And the



mists like a lightly moving sea: The sun is not ris-en,---and o'er the whole There hovers a si - lent mys-ter-y.
 hid by the willows that line its brink. In its deep recess has a look so cool, One would worship its nymph, as he bent to drink.
 mountains that soar in the hazy air, When his harbinger tells that the sun is nigh, The visions of bliss that are floating there.

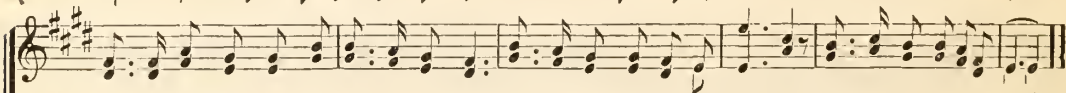
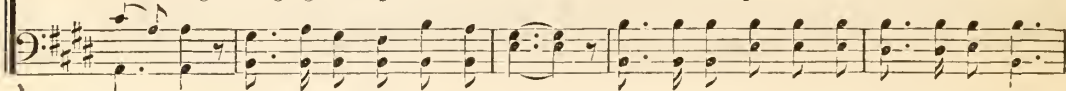


Gently.

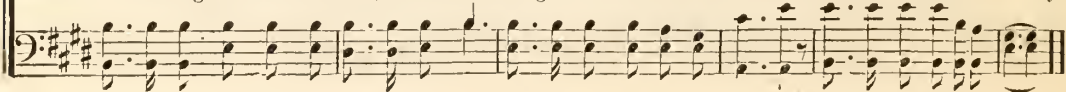
1. When the dim twilight comes creeping O - ver the earth and the sky, When every blossom is
2. When the day's la - bor is end - ed, And the last beams of the sun Low in the West have de -
3. When on the broad southern o - cean, Leagues from the sight of the land, Calmed is the bil - low's com -
4. Sweet to the child that is grieving, Homeless, no comfort - er nigh, Comes the still an - gel of



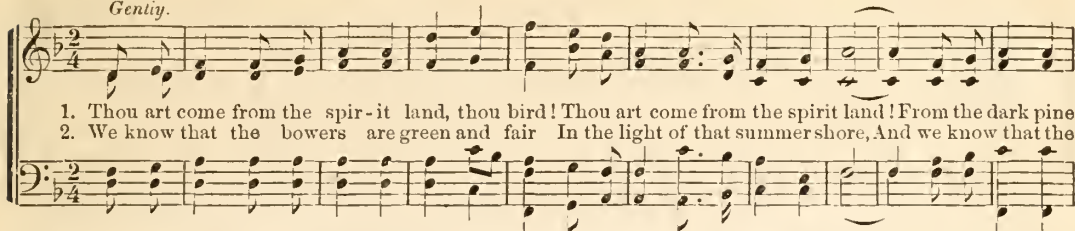
sleep - ing, Dreaming of star - flow'rs on high ; While the rose - flushes fade out of the West,
 scend - ed, And the fair night has be - gun ; Then to the wan - der - er mem - o - ries come,
 mo - tion, As the deep night is at hand ; Then as he watches the brightening star,
 eye - ning, Bringing down peace from on high ; So to our spir - its, lost children of heaven,



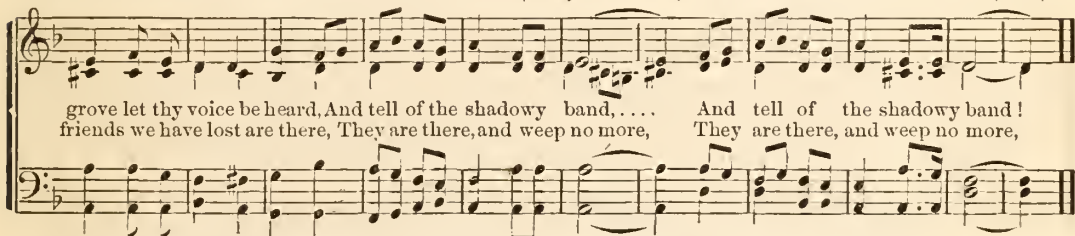
While the bird nestles to sleep in his nest, Then recollections come thronging, Echoes of moments gone by.
 Dreams of dear hearts that await him at home, Twilight brings back the old faces, Bright as of yore every one.
 Muses the sail - or of loved ones a - far, Gather their forms with the shadows, Howsoe'er distant they stand.
 Sweet is the coming of beautiful Even, When like the lights of home - windows, Stars beckon down from the sky.



(Some of the native Brazilians pay great veneration to a certain bird that sings mournfully in the night-time. They say it is a messenger, which their deceased friends have sent, and that it brings news from the other world.—Piccart's Ceremonies and Religions.)
Gently.



1. Thou art come from the spir-it land, thou bird! Thou art come from the spirit land! From the dark pine
2. We know that the bowers are green and fair In the light of that summershore, And we know that the



- grove let thy voice be heard, And tell of the shadowy band, . . . And tell of the shadowy band!
friends we have lost are there, They are there, and weep no more, They are there, and weep no more,

- 3 And we know they have quenched their fever's thirst
In the fountain of youth* ere now;
For there must the stream in its freshness burst,
Which none may find below.

- 4 And we know that they will not be lured to earth
From the land of deathless flowers,
By the feast, or the dance, or the song of mirth,
Though their hearts were one with ours.

- 5 Though they sat with us by the night-fire's blaze,
And bent with us the bow,
And heard the tales of our father's days,
Which are told to others now.

- 6 But tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain,
Can those who have loved, forget?
We call, and they answer not again,—
Do they love—do they love us yet?

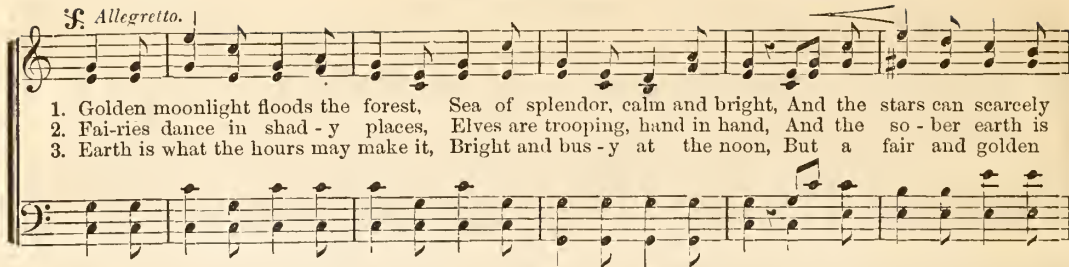
- 7 Doth the warrior think of his brother there,
And the father of his child?
And the chieftain of those who were wont to share
His wanderings through the wild?

- 8 We call them far through the silent night,
But they speak not from cave or hill;
And we know, thou bird, that their land is bright,—
But say, do they love there still?

* (An expedition was actually undertaken by Juan Ponce de Leon, in the 16th century, with the view of discovering a wonderful fountain: believed by the natives of Puerto Rico to spring in one of the Lucay Isles, and to possess the virtue of restoring youth to all who bathed in its waters.)

MOONLIGHT.

ARRANGED.

F. Allegretto.


1. Golden moonlight floods the forest, Sea of splendor, calm and bright, And the stars can scarcely
 2. Fai-ries dance in shad - y places, Elves are trooping, hand in hand, And the so - ber earth is
 3. Earth is what the hours may make it, Bright and bus - y at the noon, But a fair and golden



FINE. *SOPRANO p* *pp*
 rip - ple Its repose with trembling light. All the sounds of earth are silent, Hushed in sleep its voices
 brightened In - to wondrous fai - ry - land. In the heart, so dim with shadow, Falls the moonlight's tender
 elf-land 'Neath the magic of the moon. Life is what the heart may make it, Friendship is a sun - ny



ALTO *Ritard.* *p*
 lie, Save the faint and fit - ful mu - sic Of the breeze that murmurs by. All the sounds of earth are
 smile, Dreamy musings, wand'ring fancies Half its weariness be - guile. In the heart, so dim with
 light, Love is like a tide of glory, Turning all things heavenly bright. Life is what the heart may

pp *Ritard.* *D. C.*

silent, Hushed in sleep its voices lie, Save the faint and fit - ful mu - sic Of the breeze that murmurs by.
shadow, Falls the moonlight's tender smile, Dreamy musings, wand'ring fancies Half its weariness be - guile.
make it, Friendship is a sunny light, Love is like a tide of glo - ry, Turning all things heavenly bright.

THE WINDS.

Arranged.

Words by E. R. SILL.
With varied expression.

1. On the wings of win - ter winds, Harshly o'er me blow - ing, Once a heed - less word I threw,
2. To the breath of summer air, Balm a - bout me throw - ing, I a scorn - ful answer cast,
3. In the springtime's gentle breeze, Soft - ly round me flow - ing, Songs of hope I mingled fair,
4. To the wailing autumn wind, Past our footsteps blow - ing, Faithful love I flung aside,

More slowly.

All its sting unknowing. Winds of winter, can ye tell Where that word so bit - ter fell?
All its hurt unknowing. Breath of summer, wilt thou say If its pain can pass a - way?
Fu - ture hours unknowing. Lisp it not, O breeze of spring, Why those songs no more I sing!
All its grace unknowing. Wind of autumn, haste away, Find the love I lost that day!

THE SPIRIT'S LULLABY.

H. K.

1. When the night is still, On the moonlit hill We sink in soft re - pose: While the cool winds sigh, And the rivulet
2. Hushed to slumber deep, Softly then we sleep, And happy is our dream; Forms of beauty rare, Float a-long the

faster.

nigh In mellow music flows. Then, as in dreams we float in light along, Sweet round us breathes from heaven a cradle song:
air; Their eyes how kindly beam. Then, as we listen, harps around us play, Gentlest of voices bid us come a-way:

primo tempo.

Slumber! Slumber! Angels watch you nigh! Slumber! Slumber! Spirits, gathering by, Sing their lul-la - by.
Hith - er! hith - er! where the heavens are bright, Hither! hith - er! To this world of light, Hither take your flight.

Pathetically.

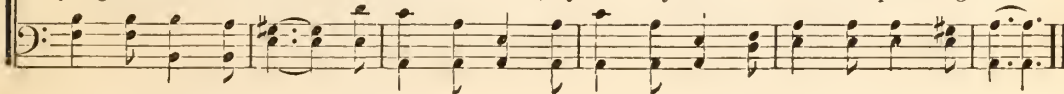
1. Mourn-ful - ly! O, mourn-ful - ly This midnight wind doth sigh, Like some sweet plaintive
 2. Mourn-ful - ly! O, mourn-ful - ly This midnight wind doth moan! It stirs the chord of
 3. Mourn-ful - ly! O, mourn-ful - ly This midnight wind doth swell With its quaint, pen-sive



mel - o - dy Of a - ges long gone by! It speaks a tale of oth - er years,—Of
 mem - o - ry In each dull, heav - y tone; The voi - ces of the much-loved dead Seem
 min-strel-sy,—Hope's pas-sion - ate fare - well To the dream-y joys of ear - ly years, Ere

*Ritard.*

hopes that bloomed to die,— Of sun - ny smiles that set in tears, And loves that mouldering lie!
 float-ing there - up - on,— All, all my fond heart cher - ish-ed Ere death had made it lone.
 yet grief's can - ker fell On the heart's bloom,—ay! well may tears Start at that part - ing knell!



NATURE'S CALL.

Arr.

Gently. mf *pp* *p*

1. Nature's voices, hear them singing, "Come, oh come!" Like sweet bells of silver ringing, "Come, oh come!"
 2. Sings the brooklet in the meadow, "Come, oh come!" Loud or low in sun or shadow, "Come, oh come!"

ff *f* *pp*

From the busy crowd retreating, Seek we now the wildwood's greeting, "Welcome, welcome home! Welcome, welcome home!"
 In its waves our troubles flinging, Follow its soft ripples singing, "Welcome, welcome home! Welcome, welcome home!"

3. Whispers from the woods entreat us
 "Come, oh come!"
 Warbling birds fly forth to meet us,
 "Come, oh come!"
 Earth, and air, and sunlight falling
 Claim us as their children, calling,
 "Welcome, welcome home!"

4. Breezes call us, swelling, dying,
 "Come, oh come!"
 Down the distance sinking, sighing,
 "Come, oh come!"
 Scatter on their wings our sorrow,
 From that tone new courage borrow,
 "Welcome, welcome home!"

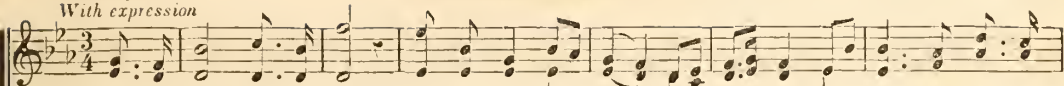
5. Softly sings the placid river,
 "Come, oh come!"
 From our cares it beckons ever,
 "Come, oh come!"
 From life's selfish fret and fever
 Sweet the murmur of the river,
 "Welcome, welcome home!"

6. Balm and beauty without measure,
 "Come, oh come!"
 Rest, and peace, and purest pleasure,
 "Come, oh come!"
 Unto nature's bosom clinging,
 Hear her voice so softly singing,
 "Welcome, welcome home!"

Words by Miss PROCTER.
With expression

GOLDEN DAYS.

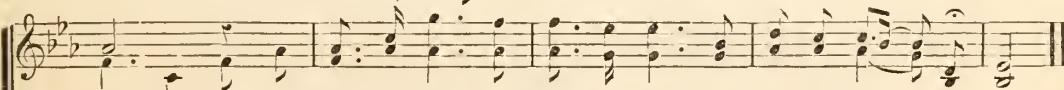
Arranged from GOUNOD'S Faust. 89



1. Golden days—where are they? Pilgrims east and west Cry; if we could find them. We would
2. Golden days—where are they? Ask of childhood's years, Still untouched by sor - row, Still un -
3. Golden days—where are they? Has Love learnt the spell, That will charm them hith - er, Near our
4. Golden days—where are they? Far - ther up the hill, I can hear the ech - o Faintly



pause and rest: We would pause and rest a lit - tle From our long and wea - ry
dimmed by tears: Ah, they seek a phan - tom Fu - ture, Crowned with bright - er, star - ry
heart - to dwell? In - se - cure are all her treasures, Rest - less is her anx - ious
call - ing still: Faint - ly call - ing, faint - ly dy - ing, In a far - off mist - y



ways:—Where are they, Where are they, then, where are they, where are they—Gold - en days?
rays:—Where are they, Where are they, then, where are they, where are they—Gold - en days?
gaze:—Where are they, &c.
haze:—Where are they, &c.



Lively.

1. The wa - ter! the wa - ter! The joy - ous brook for me, That tun-eth thro' the qui - et night Its
 2. The wa - ter! the wa - ter! The gen - tle stream for me, That gush-es from the old gray stone, Be-
 3. The wa - ter! the wa - ter! The dear and bless-ed thing, That all day fed the lit-tle flowers On

ev - er - liv - ing glee. The wa - ter! the wa - ter! That sleepless, merry heart, Which gurgles on un-
 side the al - der tree. The wa - ter! the wa - ter! That ev - er - bubbling spring I loved and looked on
 its banks blossoming. The wa - ter! the wa - ter! That murmured in my ear Hymns of a saint-like

stint - ed - ly, And lov - eth to im - part, To all a-round it, some small measure
 while a child, In deep - est won - der - ing, — And ask - ed it whence it came and went,
 pur - i - ty, That an - gels well might hear, And whis - per in the gates of heav - en,

Of its own most per-fect pleasure. The wa - ter! the wa - ter! The joy - ous brook for me!
 And when its treasure would be spent. The wa - ter! the wa - ter! The gen - tle stream for me!
 How meek a pilgrim had been shriven. The wa - ter! the wa - ter! The dear and bless-ed thing!

Words by MISS PROCTER.

IN THE WOOD.

H. K.

1. In the wood where shadows are deepest From the branches overhead, Where the wild wood-strawberries clus-
 ter, And the soft-est moss is spread, I met to-day with a fai - ry, And I followed her where she led.

2 Some magical words she uttered,
 I alone could understand,
 For the sky grew bluer and brighter;
 While there rose on either hand
 The cloudy walls of a palace,
 That was built in Fairy-land.

3 And I stood in a strange enchantment;
 I had known it all before:
 In my heart of hearts was the magic
 Of days that will come no more,
 The magic of joy departed,
 That Time can never restore.

4 That never, ah! never, never,
 Never again can be:—
 Shall I tell you what powerful fairy
 Built up this palace for me?
 It was only a little white violet
 I found at the root of a tree.

1. Twilight shadows fell around me, Bright eyed stars shone from above, As an August evening found me
 2. Fancy spread her mantle o'er me, Memory's pencil sketched the scene, And on magic wings they bore me
 3. Once a - gain the birds were singing On the trees about the door, And the busy bees were bringing

Near the spot I dear-ly love. And I listened to the murmur Of the bright and laughing rill,
 Thro' the mazes of the dream; And a form comes forth to meet me, Ah! methinks I see it still!
 Home their treasured winter store. Hark! I hear a kind voice speaking (Ay! a voice that death has still'd)

4.
 Night her mantle drew around me,
 Moon and stars like silver shone,
 Yet a mystic spell still bound me
 As I stood a weary wanderer, By the Old House on the Hill.
 And I hear a voice that greets me At the Old House on the Hill. To my childhood's happy home.
 As we clasped our hands in greeting At the Old House on the Hill. Not a sound disturbed the wildwood
 On that evening calm and still,
 As I dreamed of home and childhood
 By the Old House on the Hill.

BUGLE SONG.

1. The splendor falls on cas - tle - walls And snow - y summits old in sto - ry ; The
2. O hark ! O hear ! how thin and clear, And thin - ner, clear - er, far - ther go - ing ! O
3. O love, they die in yon rich sky ; They faint on hill, or field, or riv - er ; Our

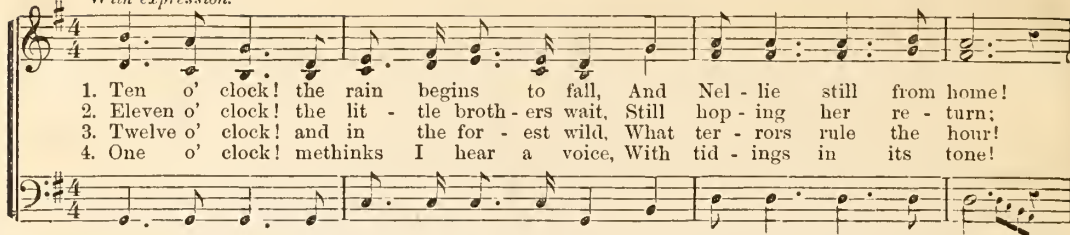
long light shakes a - cross the lakes, And the wild cataract leaps in glo - ry. *ff* Blow, bu - gle,
sweet and far, from cliff and scar, The horns of Elf - land faint - ly blow - ing ! Blow, let us
ech - oes roll from soul to soul, And grow for - ev - er and for - ev - er. Blow, bu - gle,

ritard
blow ! set the wild echoes flying : *ff* Blow, bugle ; *pp* answer echoes, — *f* dy - ing, dy - ing, *pp* dy - ing !
hear the pur - ple glens replying : Blow, bugle ; answer echoes, — *f* dy - ing, dy - ing, *pp* dy - ing !
blow ! set the wild echoes flying, And answer, ech - oes answer, — *f* dy - ing, dy - ing, *pp* dy - ing !

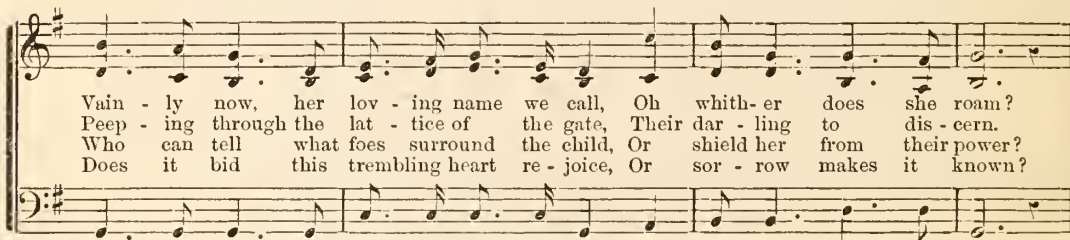
NELLIE LOST AND FOUND.

HENRY C. WORK.

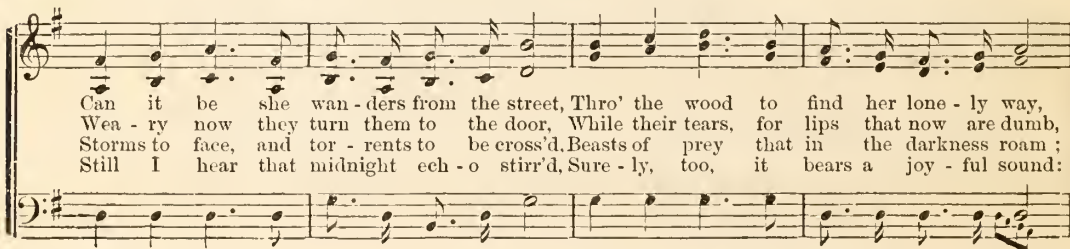
From "SILVER LUTE." by permission of ROOT & Cady.

With expression.


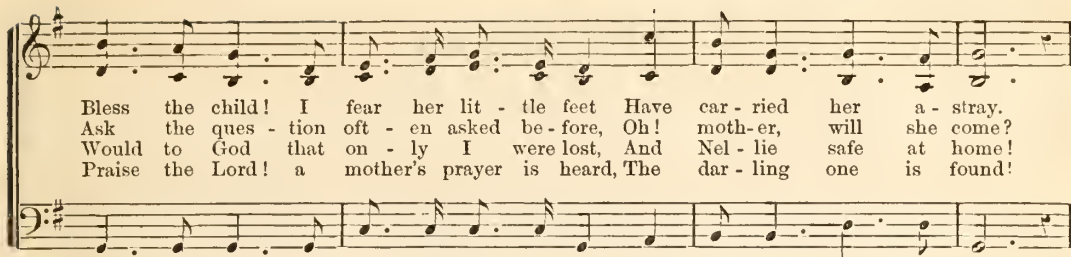
1. Ten o' clock! the rain begins to fall, And Nel - lie still from home!
 2. Eleven o' clock! the lit - tle broth - ers wait, Still hop - ing her re - turn;
 3. Twelve o' clock! and in the for - est wild, What ter - rors rule the hour!
 4. One o' clock! methinks I hear a voice, With tid - ings in its tone!



Vain - ly now, her lov - ing name we call, Oh whith - er does she roam?
 Peep - ing through the lat - tice of the gate, Their dar - ling to dis - cern?
 Who can tell what foes surround the child, Or shield her from their power?
 Does it bid this trembling heart re - joice, Or sor - row makes it known?

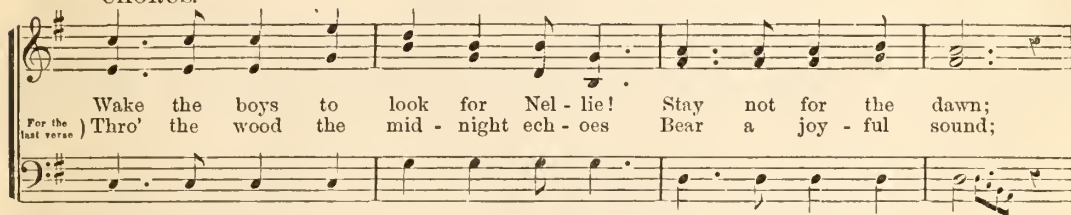


Can it be she wan - ders from the street, Thro' the wood to find her lone - ly way,
 Wea - ry now they turn them to the door, While their tears, for lips that now are dumb,
 Storms to face, and tor - rents to be cross'd, Beasts of prey that in the darkness roam;
 Still I hear that midnight ech - o stirr'd, Sure - ly, too, it bears a joy - ful sound:



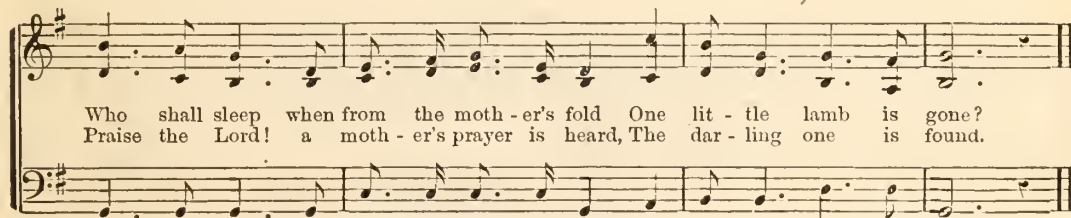
Bless the child! I fear her lit - tle feet Have car - ried her a - stray.
 Ask the ques - tion oft - en asked be - fore, Oh! moth - er, will she come?
 Would to God that on - ly I were lost, And Nel - lie safe at home!
 Praise the Lord! a mother's prayer is heard, The dar - ling one is found!

CHORUS.



Wake the boys to look for Nel - lie! Stay not for the dawn;
 Thro' the wood the mid - night ech - oes Bear a joy - ful sound;

For the last verse



Who shall sleep when from the moth - er's fold One lit - tle lamb is gone?
 Praise the Lord! a moth - er's prayer is heard, The dar - ling one is found.

1. God's world is bathed in beauty, God's world is steeped in light; It is the self-same glo - ry That
 2. Hid in earth's mines of sil - ver, Floating in clouds a - bove,— Ringing in Autumn's tempest, Mur-

makes the day so bright, Which thrills the earth with mu - sic, Or hangs the stars in night.
 mured by ev - ery dove,— One thought fills God's cre - a - tion, His own great name of Love

3 In God's world Strength is lovely,
 And so is Beauty strong,
 And Light—God's glorious shadow—
 To both great gifts belong;
 And they all melt into sweetness,
 And fill the earth with song.

4 Above God's world bends Heaven.
 With day's kiss pure and bright,
 Or folds her still more fondly
 In the tender shade of night;
 And she casts back heaven's sweetness
 In fragrant love and light.

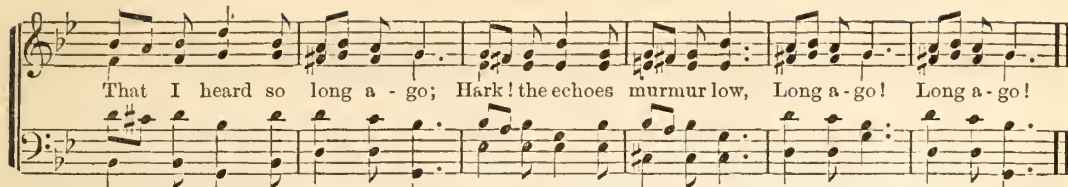
5 God's world has one great echo;
 Whether calu blue mists are curled,
 Or lingering dew-drops quiver,
 Or red storms are unfurled;
 The same deep love is throbbing
 Thro' the great heart of God's world.

ECHOES.

H. K.

Gently. Words by Miss PROCTER.

1. Still the an - gel stars are shining, Still the rippling waters flow, But the an - gel voice is silent



2 Still the wood is dim and lonely,
Still the plashing fountains play,
But the past and all its beauty,
Whither has it fled away?
Hark! the mournful echoes say,
Fled away!

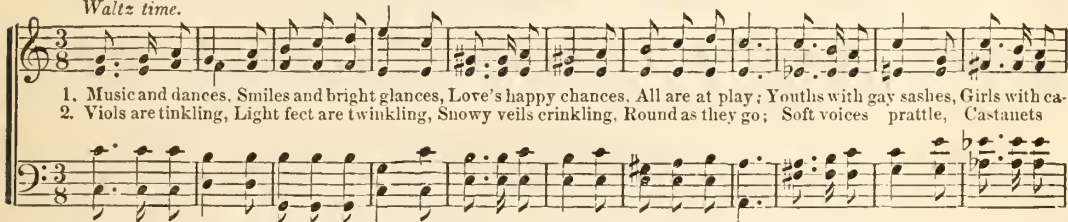
3 Still the bird of night complaineth
(Now indeed her song is pain,)
Visions of my happy hours,
Do I call, and call in vain?
Hark! the echoes cry again,
All in vain!

4 Cease, O echoes, mournful echoes!
Once I loved your voices well;
Now my heart is sick and weary—
Days of old a long farewell!
Hark! the echoes sad and dreary
Cry farewell, farewell!

Words by PERCIVAL.
Waltz time.

MUSIC AND DANCES.

H. K.

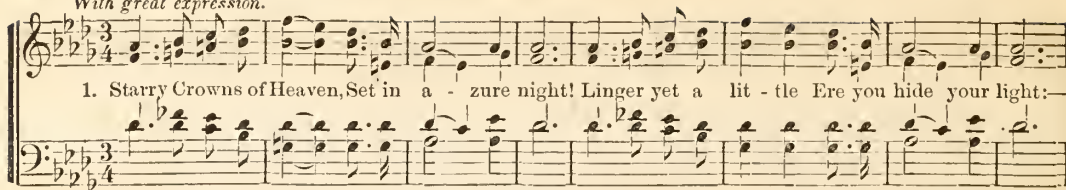


3.

Now the dance closes,—
Baskets of roses,
Woven in posies,
Gaily they twine.
Goblets are clashing,
Amber lights flashing,
Young lovers dashing
Beauty in view.

4.

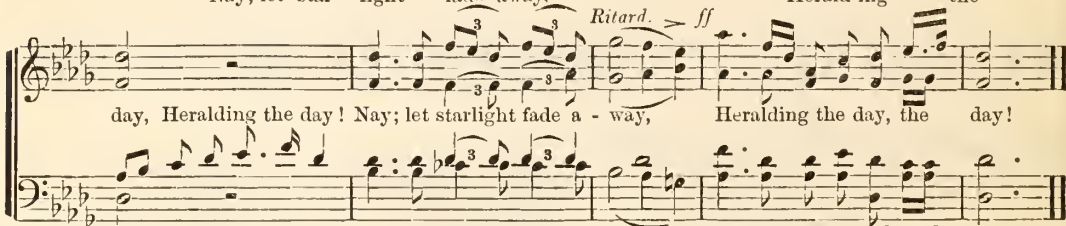
All now is over,—
White mantles hover,
Each with a lover,
Back to the town.
None of them misses
Sweetest of blisses,
Dewy wet kisses,—
That is love's crown.

With great expression.


1. Starry Crowns of Heaven, Set in a - zure night! Linger yet a lit - tle Ere you hide your light:—



Nay; let starlight fade away, Her - ald - ing the
Her - ald - ing the
Nay; let star - light fade a - way, Let starlight fade away, Her - ald - ing the



Nay; let starlight fade away, Herald - ing the
Herald - ing the
day, Herald - ing the day! Nay; let starlight fade a - way, Herald - ing the day, the day!

2. Snow-flakes pure and spotless,
Still, O, still remain,
Binding dreary winter
In your silver chain:—
Nay; but melt at once and bring
Radiant sunny Spring!

3. Blossoms, gentle blossoms,
Do not wither yet;
Still for you the sun shines,
Still the dews are wet:—
Nay; but fade and wither fast,
Fruit must come at last!

4. Joy, so true and tender,
Dare you not abide?
Will you spread your pinions,
Must you leave our side? —
Nay; an Angel's shining grace
Waits to fill our place!

Gently.

1. { Soft - ly sweet the song is steal - ing, soft - ly thro' the night a - far;
Faint and low the bell is peal - ing; dim thro' haze, the light of star;

Hushed and still is all a - round me; cold and still my brood - ing heart;

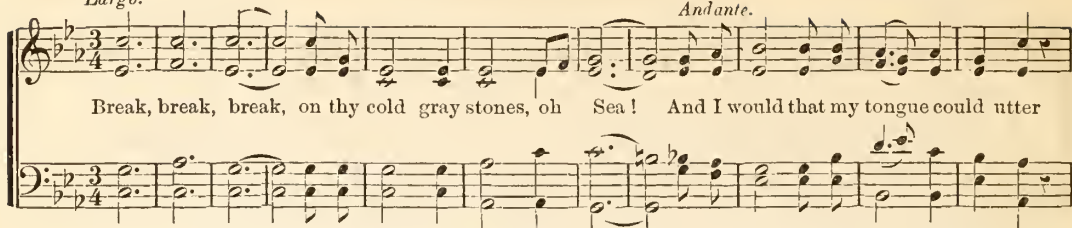
Sure some mag - ic spell hath bound me, — bid, O, bid the spell de - part!

2. O, that song, so softly breathing, how it flows into my soul!
Memory then her twine unwreathing, tears of young emotion
roll:
And, as far the knell is tolling, how my spirit floats away,
Over years, like billows, rolling, to the scenes where youth
was gav !
3. But the night, so hushed around me, and the sky so dim above,
In a lonely trance have bound me, trance of mingled grief and
love,
Still an early fondness dwelling, faded bloom of vernal years;
All I hear, the sigh faint swelling; all I feel, my trickling
tears.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

H. KINGSBURY.

Andante.



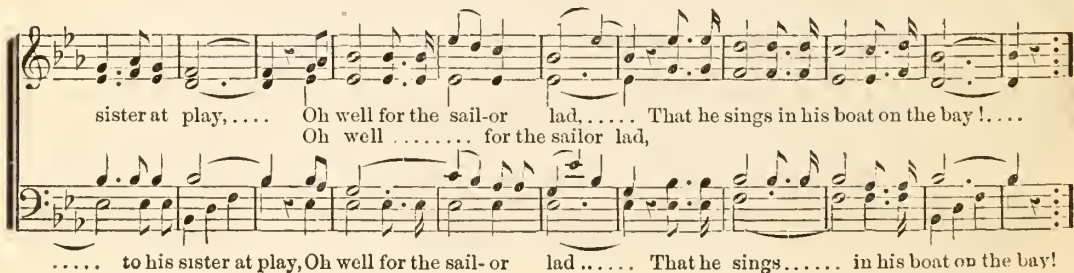
Break, break, break, on thy cold gray stones, oh Sea! And I would that my tongue could utter

Allegro.



The thoughts that arise in me. Oh well for the fisherman's boy That he shouts to his
Oh well for the fisherman's boy

Oh well for the fisherman's boy That he shouts . . .



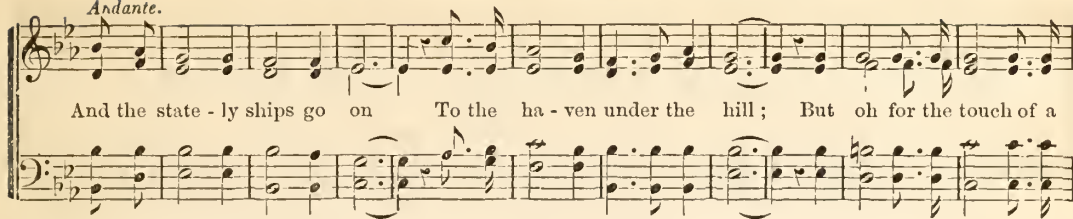
sister at play, Oh well for the sail-or lad, That he sings in his boat on the bay !
Oh well for the sailor lad,

. to his sister at play, Oh well for the sail-or lad That he sings in his boat on the bay!

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK. Concluded.


101

Andante.

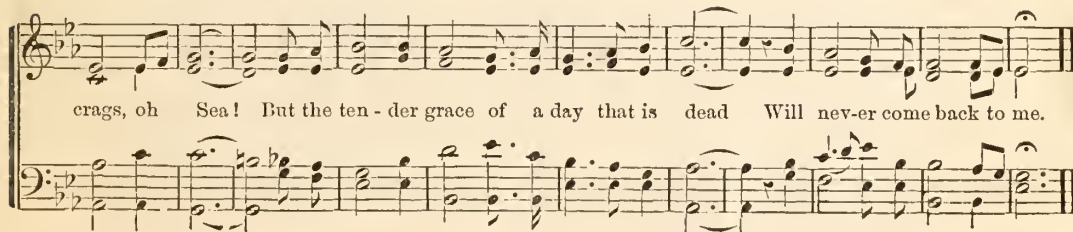


And the state - ly ships go on To the ha - ven under the hill ; But oh for the touch of a

largo



vanished hand, And the sound of a voice that is still ! Break, break, break, At the foot of thy



crag, oh Sea ! But the ten - der grace of a day that is dead Will nev - er come back to me.

Allegretto.

1. As o - ver the earth I wand'ring go, With kind - ness conquering wrong, Still in my
 2. O strange the power that kindness brings, All creatures it can move, And they're the
 3. How sweet in wood and field to know, That countless friends are near, And feel that,
 4. No fear in the woods when I go by, No terror my face to meet. But bright-eyed

ear is humming low, This verse of ol - den song : "He pray - eth best who lov - eth
 tru - est queens and kings, Who rule the world by love. "He, &c.
 where - so - e'er we go, All na - ture holds us dear. "He, &c.
 wood-birds near-er fly, To flutter a - bout my feet. "He, &c.

p Ritard.
 best All things both great and small. For the dear God that lov - eth us, He made and lov-eth all."

5.

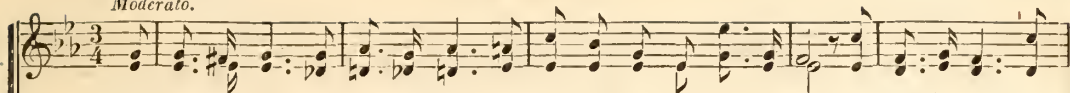
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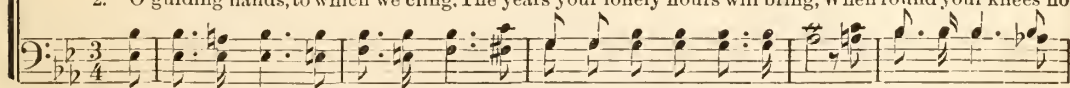
The squirrel that lives in the old oak-tree,
 And chatters from morn to night,
 Sits dropping his nutshells down to me,
 With never a thought of flight. "He, &c."

The sparrow that twitters from limb to limb
 Throws mischievous looks at me,
 Right well he knows that I love him,
 And bonnie good friends are we. "He, &c."

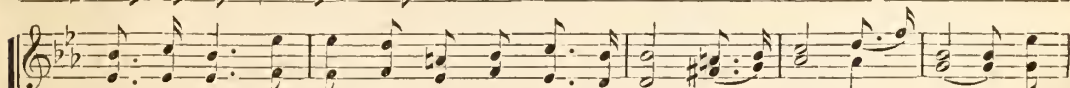
O shame on the murderous snare and gun,
 And the cruel hands that kill,
 Long life to the songsters every one,
 That the woods with music fill! "He, &c."



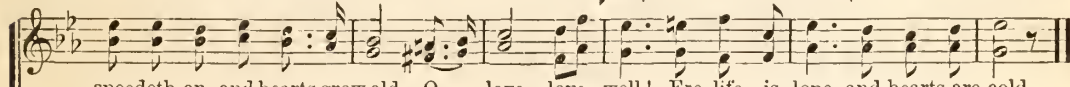
1. O loving friends, with whom we've led This joyous life so quickly sped, Soon from these walls will
2. O guiding hands, to which we cling, The years your lonely hours will bring, When round your knees no



each be gone, To wan - der in the world a - lone. O love, love well, Time
more will beat The foot - falls of the children's feet. O love, love well! Ere



speedeth on, and hearts grow old, O love, love well! Ere life is lone, and hearts are cold.
come the years ye can-not know, O love, love well! Make sweet the moments as they go!



3. O gentle hearts, still day by day,
We tread the wisely pointed way,
But soon our wand'ring steps shall fare,
Unguided by this tender care.
O love, love well!
Ere 'tis too late our thanks to prove,
O love, love well!
Love asks no recompense but love!

4. So, mindful of the parting hour,
Each field and forest, brook and flower,
Yea, even the fair old earth, to all
Seem sadly, tenderly to call,
O love, love well!
Whatever fairer future come,
O love, love well!
Old friends, old memories, and home!

Allegretto.

1. Fairest grace our souls in-her-it, Truth! O be thy presence near, Like a fountain in the
spir-it, Springing ev-er fresh and clear. Truth, O let us clasp thee ev-er, Till thy
sway each thought control; Stain of falsehood, nev-er, nev-er, Dim the crys-tal of the soul.

2 'Tis the lily of the garden,
Spotless in its petals white;
'Tis the purest star of Even,
Burning on the azure night.
Clear as snow, and calm as summer,
Dewy fresh as morning light,
Is the heart where truth, the angel,
Sitteth clothed in beauty bright.

3 Hast thou erred? confess it frankly!
Wronged thy friend? O hide it not!
Dark concealment moulds and cankers,
Sunny truth will cleanse the spot:
Storms may come, and clouds may gather,
Till our troubles fall like rain,
Truth, the bright and sunny weather
Makes the world all fair again.

4 Flowers but wither in the darkness,
There all shapes of evil hide,
Give the soul Truth's air and sunshine
With her windows standing wide!
Love can never bud and blossom,
Friendship never perfect be,
Till each heart to each is open
As the starlight to the sea!

1. I met him in the cars, Where resigned-ly he sat; His hair was full of dust, And
2. The conductor touched his arm, And awoke him from a nap; When he gave the feeding flies Anad-

The first system of musical notation for 'The Rail'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with two verses of text.

so was his cra - vat; He was furth - er - more embellished By a ticket in his hat.
mon - i - to - ry slap. And his tick - et to the man In the yellow - lettered cap.

The second system of musical notation for 'The Rail'. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, continuing the story.

3 The heads of many men
Were bobbing as in sleep,
And many babies lifted
Their voices up to weep;
While the coal-dust darkly fell
On the bonnets in a heap.

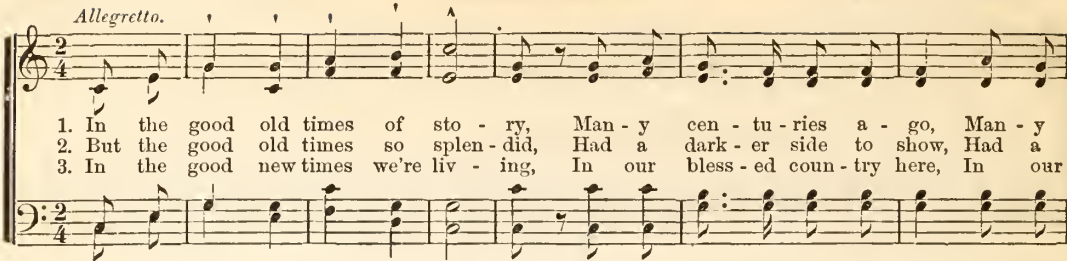
4 When suddenly a jar,
And a thrice repeated bump,
Made the people in alarm
From their easy cushions jump;
For they deemed the sounds to be
The inevitable trump.

5 A splintering crash below,
A doom-foreboding twitch.
As the tender gave a lurch
Beyond the flying switch—
And a mangled mass of men
Lay writhing in the ditch.

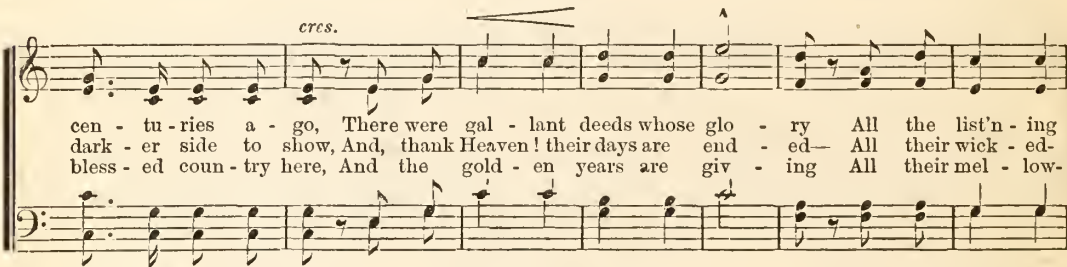
6 With a palpitating heart
My friend essayed to rise;
There were bruises on his limbs,
And stars before his eyes,
And his face was of the hue
Of the dolphin when it dies.

7 I was very well content
In escaping with my life;
But my mutilated friend
Commenced a legal strife—
Being thereunto incited
By his lawyer and his wife.

8 And he writes me the result
In his quiet way as follows:
That his case came up before
A bench of legal scholars,
Who awarded him his claim
Of \$1500.

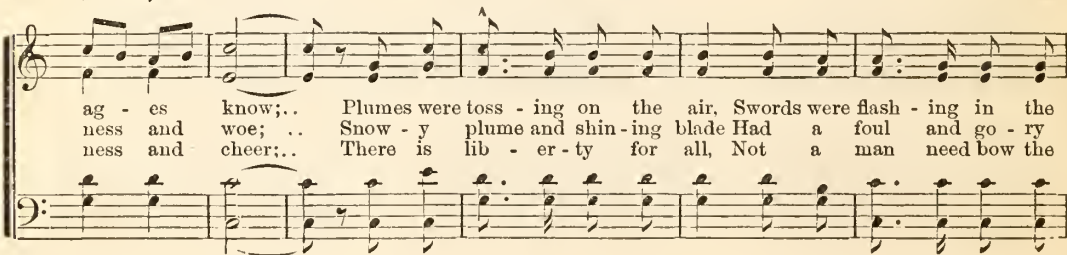
Allegretto.


1. In the good old times of sto - ry, Man - y cen - tu - ries a - go, Man - y
 2. But the good old times so splen - did, Had a dark - er side to show, Had a
 3. In the good new times we're liv - ing, In our bless - ed coun - try here, In our



cres.

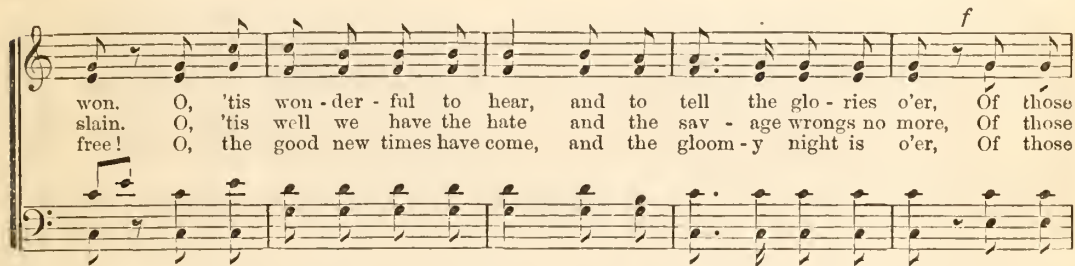
cen - tu - ries a - go, There were gal - lant deeds whose glo - ry All the list'n - ing
 dark - er side to show, And, thank Heaven! their days are end - ed— All their wick - ed -
 bless - ed coun - try here, And the gold - en years are giv - ing All their mel - low -



ag - es know;.. Plumes were toss - ing on the air, Swords were flash - ing in the
 ness and woe; .. Snow - y plume and shin - ing blade Had a foul and go - ry
 ness and cheer;.. There is lib - er - ty for all, Not a man need bow the



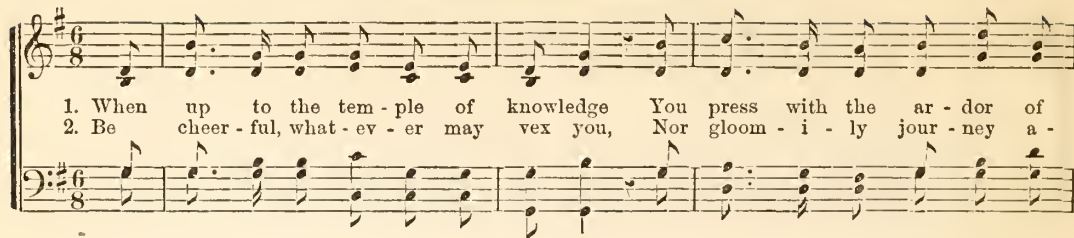
sun, Knights in gold - en ar - mor fair, Stream - ing pen - nons lost and
 stain, And 'twas cru - el work they made, Heaps of men like ti - gers
 knee, Fled are ty - ran - ny and thrall, Ev - ery hu - man soul is



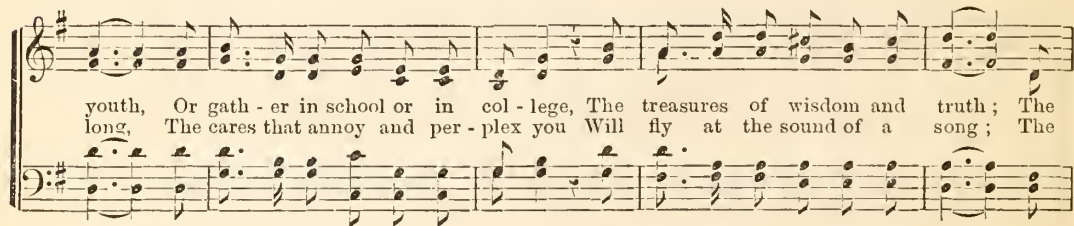
won. O, 'tis won - der - ful to hear, and to tell the glo - ries o'er, Of those
 slain. O, 'tis well we have the hate and the sav - age wrongs no more, Of those
 free! O, the good new times have come, and the gloom - y night is o'er, Of those



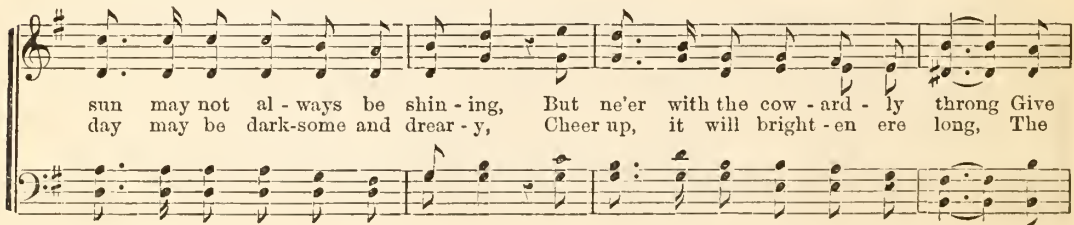
brave old days of yore,..... Of those brave old days of yore!
 fierce old days of yore,..... Of those fierce old days of yore!
 dark old days of yore,..... Of those dark old days of yore!



1. When up to the tem - ple of knowledge You press with the ar - dor of
 2. Be cheer - ful, what - ev - er may vex you, Nor gloom - i - ly jour - ney a -



youth, Or gath - er in school or in col - lege, The treasures of wisdom and truth ; The
 long, The cares that annoy and per - plex you Will fly at the sound of a song ; The



sun may not al - ways be shin - ing, But ne'er with the cow - ard - ly throng Give
 day may be dark - some and drear - y, Cheer up, it will bright - en ere long, The

way to a spir - it re - pin - ing, But sweet - en your toil with a song.
heart and the hand may be wea - ry, But sweet - en your toil with a song.

3.
Believe it, that sighing and sadness
Are weights that encumber at best,
But songs, and a season of gladness
Are wings to the spirit oppressed :
The youth who to honor have risen
Ne'er needed the spur and the thong,
As though they were bound to a prison,
But sweetened their toil with a song.

4.
Away then with frowning and pouting,
Like heroes press on to the goal ;
Be hopeful—for fearing and doubting
Are clogs to the wings of the soul :
Be patiently daring and doing,
Success will reward you ere long,
The good and the true be pursuing,
And sweeten your toil with a song.

Words by PERCIVAL.

A VISION.

1. "Whence dost thou come to me, Sweetest of vis - ions, Filling my slumbers with ho - li - est joy?"

2. "Kindly I bring to thee
Feelings of childhood,
That in thy dreams thou be happy awhile." 3. "Why dost thou steal from me—
Ever as slumber
Flies, and reality chills me again?" 4. "Life thou must struggle thro' :
Strive,—and in slumber [soul]."
Sweetly again I will steal to thy

THE MONEY-KING.

1. In this land of milk and ho - ney, Fair - est land beneath the sky; "Money, money,

give us mo - ney," Is the constant cry. Ev - er toil - ing, planning, scheming,

By the Mo - ney - King controlled, Ev - en on the pillow dreaming Of the i - dol, gold.

2 To the shrine of mammon pressing,
 Countless devotees behold;
 Never heeding, hardly guessing
 What's the price of gold.
 Health, and strength, and reputation,
 Body, soul, and all are sold
 By the universal nation,
 To secure the gold.

3 But the soul of man, immortal,
 Thirsts for knowledge, truth and love;
 Sighs for wealth within the portal
 Of the home above.
 Offer gold in untold measure
 To the soul of noble birth,
 Still it yearns for purer treasure
 Than the dust of earth.

4 He is wise, who, freely using
 Wealth to lessen human ill,
 Learns its worth,—and by diffusing,
 Daily prospers still;
 Never in his heart enthrones it,
 There to worship and adore;
 Consecrates to Him who owns it,
 All his golden store.

Gently.

1. { Deep in the for-est's heart a voice, Is call - ing all day long; }
 { No bird you see on an - y tree, But still you hear that song: } As onward through the

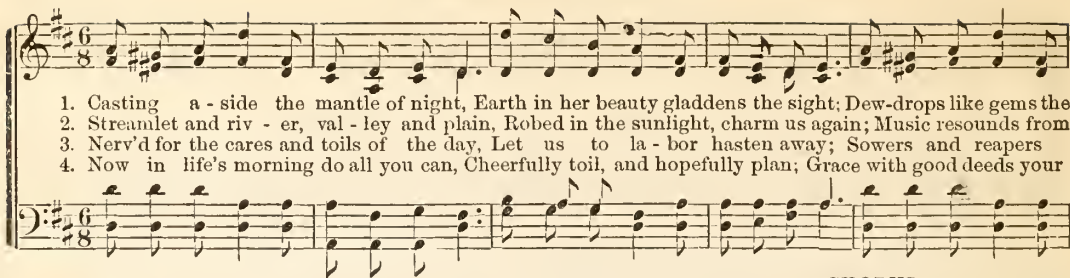
woods you go, It leads you, singing soft and low, Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo.

2 At morn the forest dells are bright,
 With slanted beams of gold,
 At eve the dim and dewy air
 The growing shades enfold:
 But morn and eve, repeated slow,
 The voice is calling, soft and low,
 Cuckoo, &c.

3 The pine is fragrant under foot,
 And sweet the spicy air,
 But still that distant voice allures
 To seek it everywhere;
 Now louder, then far-off and low,
 What means it, ever calling so,
 Cuckoo, &c.

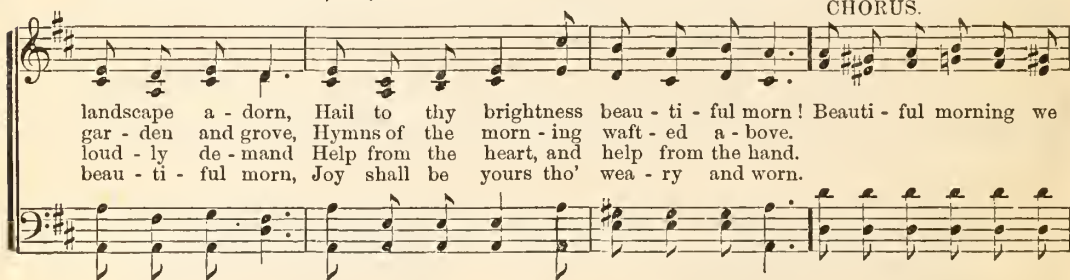
4 Still distant and unseen, the voice
 Some happy spirit seems,
 That beckons us to fairy-land,
 Whose realms we see in dreams,
 Where never mortal steps may go,
 Unless it leads them, calling so,
 Cuckoo, &c.

5 It is the spirit of the woods,
 That sings, in happy rest,
 Such quiet and contented notes,
 As suit the forest best:
 Its peaceful shades no sound should know,
 But that sweet song so soft and low,
 Cuckoo, &c.



1. Casting a - side the mantle of night, Earth in her beauty gladdens the sight; Dew-drops like gems the
 2. Streamlet and riv - er, val - ley and plain, Robed in the sunlight, charm us again; Music resounds from
 3. Nerv'd for the cares and toils of the day, Let us to la - bor hasten away; Sowers and reapers
 4. Now in life's morning do all you can, Cheerfully toil, and hopefully plan; Grace with good deeds your

CHORUS.



landscape a - dorn, Hail to thy brightness beau - ti - ful morn! Beauti - ful morning we
 gar - den and grove, Hymns of the morn - ing waft - ed a - bove.
 loud - ly de - mand Help from the heart, and help from the hand.
 beau - ti - ful morn, Joy shall be yours tho' wea - ry and worn.



welcome thee, welcome thee, welcome thee, Beautiful morning we welcome thee, Beauti - ful, beauti - ful

BEAUTIFUL MORNING. Concluded.

113

morn - ing : Beau-ti - ful morning we wel - come thee, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful morn.

The musical score for 'Beautiful Morning' is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Words by PERCIVAL.
With varied expression.

'TIS DAWN.

1. 'Tis dawn : the ro - sy light is breaking ; To song the birds are waking ; And star - ry beads are
2. 'Tis noon : Blue rise the hills be - fore me ; Pure swells the a - zure o'er me ; And radiant blossoms

The musical score for ''Tis Dawn' is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

shaking A - long the gras - sy lawn.
pour me The balm - y breath of June.

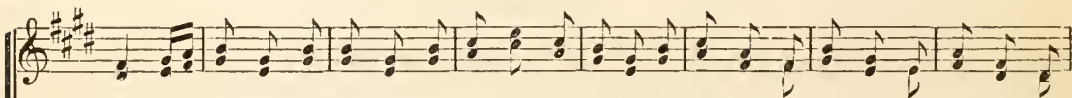
The musical score for ''Tis Dawn (continued)' is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

3 'Tis even :
Gay clouds, like curtains, lie
Athwart the golden sky ;
The wind goes whispering by,
Like soothing voice from heaven.

4 'Tis night :
The world how hushed and still !
Dim towers the shadowy hill ;
Earth's guardian spirits fill
Their urns with holy light.



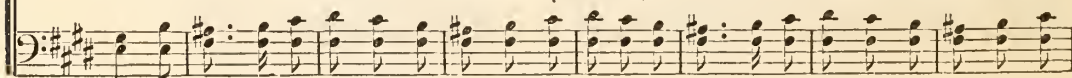
1. The morning, the bright and the beau-ti - ful morning Is up, and the sunshine is all on the
2. And we too a - wake, for our heaven - ly Father, Who soothed us so gent ly to sleep on his
3. Then away to the school in the sweet summer morning, God's blessing up - on us, his light on our



wing, With its fresh flush of gladness the landscape adorning—A gladness which nothing but morning can
breast, And made the soft stillness of evening to gather Around us, now calls us a - gain from our
road, And let all the les-sons we're hap-pi - ly learning, Be on - ly to bring us more surely to



bring. The earth is a - wak-ing, the sky and the ocean, The riv - er and for-est, the mountain and
rest. But ere to our studies and du - ties re-turning, We hast-en to give him the praise that is
God. Oh now let us haste to our heaven - ly Father, And ere the fair skies of life's dawning be



MORNING HYMN. Concluded.

115

plain; The cit - y is stirring its living commotion, And the pulse of the world is reviving a - gain.
meet, And in solemn devotion the first hours of morning, Our freest and freshest, we lay at his feet.
dim, Let us come with glad hearts, let us come altogether, And the morn of our youth let us hallow to him.

E. R. SILL.

GOOD MORNING.

Viracc. *Ritard.* *cres.*

1. Good morning ! good morning ! Another golden day ! Darkness and shadows flee a - way : The merry birds are singing, the
dewdrops sparkle clear, wel - come, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful morning, beau - ti - ful morning, welcome, welcome here.

morn - ing,

2 Good morning ! good morning ! the night was long and dim, 3 Good morning ! good morning ! our hearts are glad and gay,
Silent and lonely, dark and grim ; Kind night has dreamed their hurts away,
But now we come together with songs of merry cheer, With love to one another, and trust without a fear,
Welcome, beautiful morning ! welcome, welcome here. Welcome, beautiful morning, welcome, welcome here !

1. A - way to the woods, a - way, A - way to the woods, a - way; All na-ture is smil-ing, Our

CHORUS.

young hearts beguiling, Oh we will be hap-py to - day. A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, A -

A - way to the woods, a - way to the woods, A -

way to the woods, a - way, A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way; A - way to the woods, a - way.

way to the woods, a - way; A - way to the woods, a - way to the woods, A - way to the woods, a - way.

2. ||: Our flag to the breezes fling, ||
And as it waves o'er us,
We'll join in the chorus,
Till woodland and valley shall ring.

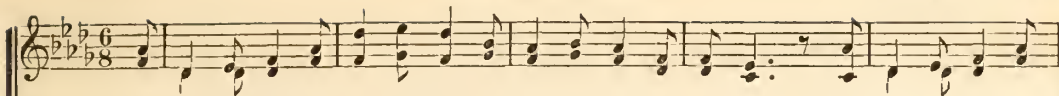
CHO.—Away, away, away, away,
Away to the woods, away;
Away, away, away, away;
Away to the woods, away.

3. ||: Oh this is our festal day.:||
Sweet flowerets are springing,
Sweet songsters are singing,
And we will be happy and gay.

EVENING SONG.

A. A. G.

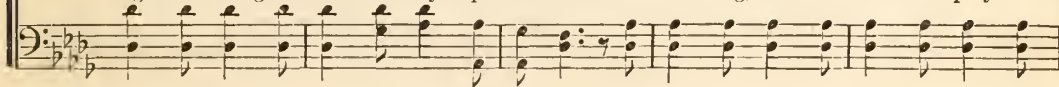
117



1. The cares and burdens of the day, No more oppress and wound me; For even-ing in her
2. The bleating flock, the low-ing herd The sheltered fold en - clos - es; While on her nest, the
3. My Father, 'neath thy sheltering wing Se - cure from mo - les - ta - tion, I'll rest 'till morning

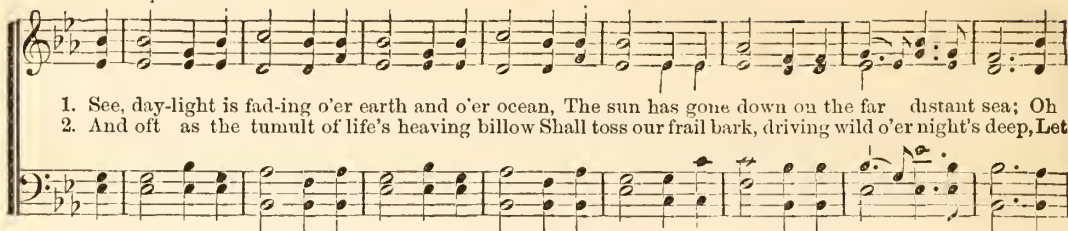


so - ber grey, Her man - tle wraps a-round me. The bus - y hum of earth is o'er, I
tune - ful bird With fold - ed wing re - pos - es. The wear - y spir - it finds re - lief From
light shall bring An - oth - er day's pro - ba - tion: Then ris - ing, heart and hand em - ploy In

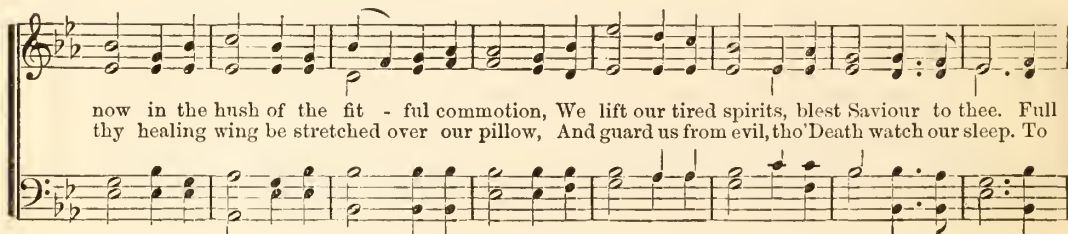


hear its wild com - mo - tion As gen - tle waves up - on the shore Of some far dis - tant o - cean.
burdens that en - cum - ber, E'en sorrow dries the tear of grief, And sol - ace finds in slumber.
ev - 'ry high en - deav - or, And through the new - born day enjoy The sunshine of thy fav - or.

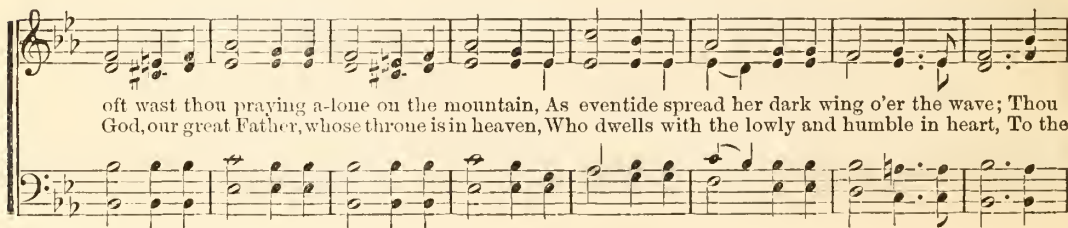


With expression.


1. See, day-light is fad-ing o'er earth and o'er ocean, The sun has gone down on the far distant sea; Oh
2. And off as the tumult of life's heaving billow Shall toss our frail bark, driving wild o'er night's deep, Let



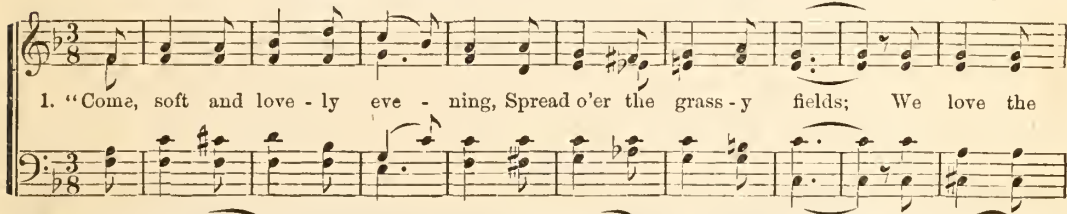
now in the hush of the fit - ful commotion, We lift our tired spirits, blest Saviour to thee. Full
thy healing wing be stretched over our pillow, And guard us from evil, tho' Death watch our sleep. To



oft wast thou praying a-lone on the mountain, As eventide spread her dark wing o'er the wave; Thou
God, our great Father, whose throne is in heaven, Who dwells with the lowly and humble in heart, To the



Son of the Highest, and life's endless Fountain, Be with us, we pray thee, to bless and to save.
Son and the Spir - it all glo - ry be giv - en; One God, ev - er bless - ed and prais - ed, thou art.

COME, SOFT AND LOVELY EVENING. Arr from E. WIEBE.


1. "Come, soft and love - ly eve - ning, Spread o'er the grass - y fields; We love the



peace - ful feel - ing, Thy si - lent com - ing yields, Thy si - lent com - ing yields."

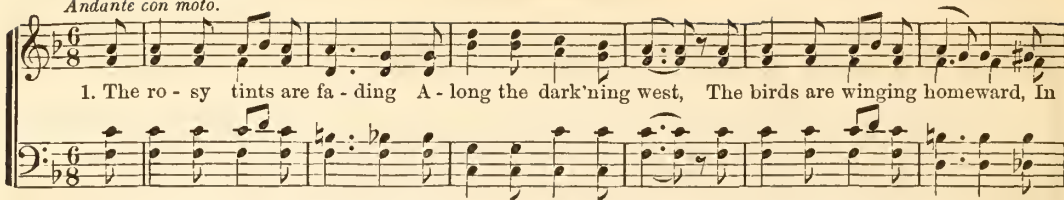
2. "See, how the clouds are weaving
A rich and golden chain,
See, how the darkened shadows
Extend along the plain"

3. "All nature now is silent,
Except the passing breeze,
And birds their night-song warbling
Among the dewy trees."

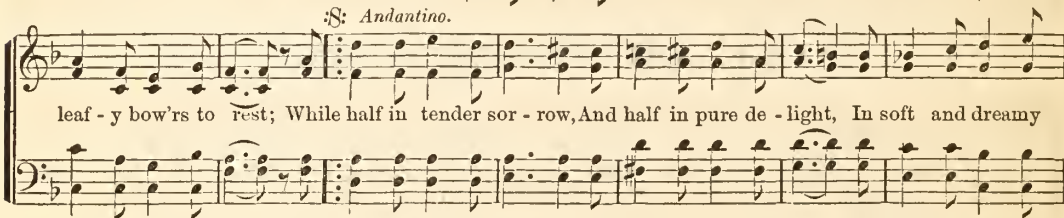
4. "Sweet Evening, thou art with us,
So tranquil, mild, and still,
Thou dost our thankful bosoms
With humble praises fill."

GOOD NIGHT.

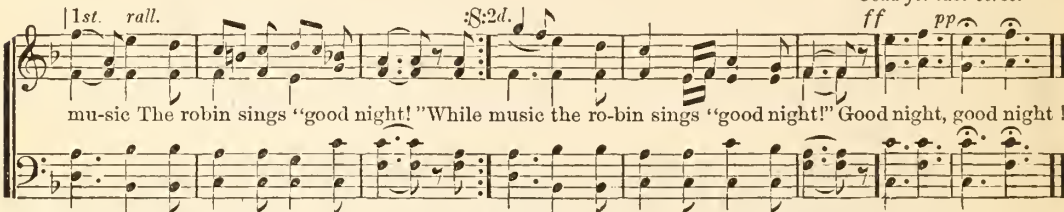
Arr. from GRABEN HOFFMAN.

Andante con moto.


1. The ro - sy tints are fa - ding A - long the dark'ning west, The birds are winging homeward, In

:S: Andantino.


leaf - y bow'rs to rest; While half in tender sor - row, And half in pure de - light, In soft and dreamy


Coda for last verse.


mu-sic The robin sings "good night!" While music the ro-bin sings "good night!" Good night, good night !


2 Day shuts its sunny petals,
When dewy night comes on,
But in its bud is folded
The blossom of a dawn;
To every evening's shadow
There comes a morrow bright,
Soon will it be "Good morning,"
Where now we say "Good night!"

3 O sweet, when toil is ended,
And labor all is done,
The quiet hour that bringeth
Rest for each weary one;
And sweet to watch the heavens,
Where all the stars are bright,
And thro' the hush and shadow
To hear the soft "Good night!"

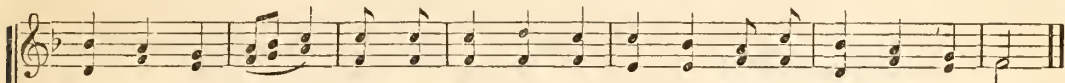
4 While over us is brooding
The gentle wing of sleep,
Fair angels round about us
Their kindly watch shall keep;
And still our peaceful slumber
Shall be with visions bright,
For in our dreams will echo
The sweet "Good night, good night."




ALTO Hap - py greet, happy, mer - ry meet we. ALTO. Laughing light, laughing, beaming
1. Hap - py greet we, mer - ry meet we, In the freshness of morning, Laughing light-ly, beaming




bright-ly,
brightly, As we gath - er here to - day; And the hours float on mu - sic, As they

has - ten a - way, And the hours float on mu - sic, As they has - ten a - way.



2 Cheery hearts and smiling faces
Are the glory of living,
Ever trusting, ever hoping,
Make the darkest moment gay;
||: Till the days are all sunshine,
As they hasten away! :||

3 Patient working, ne'er despairing,
Brings the wisdom we're seeking,
Golden sheaves and richer fruitage,
At our feet the moments lay;
||: And the years gather harvest,
As they hasten away! :||

4 Thro' the sun and silver starlight,
Floweth onward Life's river,
Gentle thoughts and kind affections
On its banks like angels stray;
||: And the river runs sparkling,
As it hastens away! :||

PARTING SONG.

Arranged.

*Andantino.**p*

1. Parting, as the day is fad - ing, Voices soft their sad - ness tell, Music's ling'ring strains re-

FINE

peating, Friends and home, sweet home, farewell! Heart to heart is soft - ly speak - ing

speak - ing, Love, regret, forgive - ness, cheer; Half "I loved thee," half "God speed thee," Eager for the future
Love, regret, forgiveness, cheer, Half "I loved thee," half "God speed thee," Eager for the future

D. C. al segno.

near, Heart to heart is soft - ly speak - ing, Love, regret, for - give - ness, cheer.

2 Sadly, as we gaze behind us,
 Dream we of the pleasures past,
 Sunny Morn and quiet Even,—
 Joyous hours, ye fled too fast!
 Not for us, but still for others
 Buds will brighten into flowers,
 Clouds will shade, and stars will glitter,
 Mirth and music speed the hours.

3 Gaily now we meet the future,
 As the wings of time sweep by,
 Fields as fair are spread before us,
 Stars as bright are in the sky.
 Many a gleam, and many a glory
 Whispering hopes prophetic tell,
 Joys may fade, but love shall linger
 Faithful, though we say farewell!

MEMORY.

H. K.

From the "NEW SONGS OF ZION," by permission.

1. When shall we meet a - gain— Meet ne'er to sever? When shall peace wreath her chain Round us forever?

Our hearts will ne'er repose, Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark world of woes—Never, no, never.

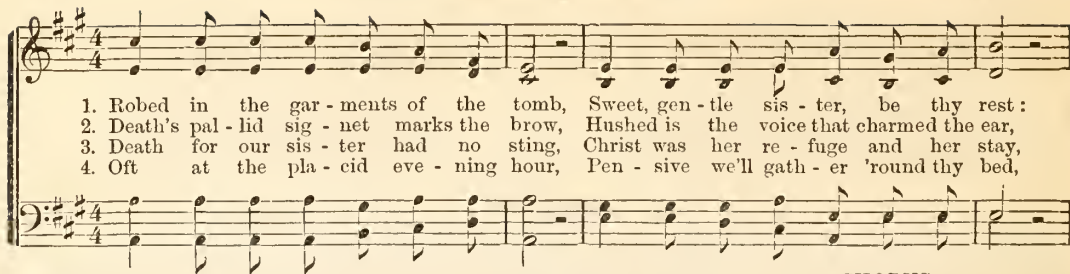
2 When shall love freely flow,
 Pure as life's river?
 When shall sweet friendship glow
 Changeless for ever?
 Where joys celestial thrill,
 Where bliss each heart shall fill,
 And fears of parting chill—
 Never—no, never.

3 Up to that world of light
 Take us, dear Saviour;
 May we all there unite,
 Happy for ever;
 Where kindred spirits dwell,
 There may our music swell,
 And time our joys dispel—
 Never—no, never.

4 Soon shall we meet again—
 Meet, ne'er to sever;
 Soon will peace wreath her chain
 Round us forever:
 Our hearts will then repose
 Secure from worldly foes;
 Our songs of praise shall close—
 Never—no, never.

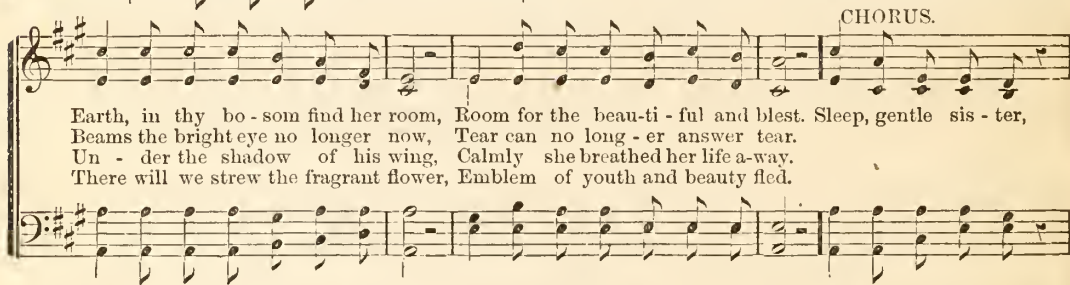
SLEEP, GENTLE SISTER.

A. A. G.

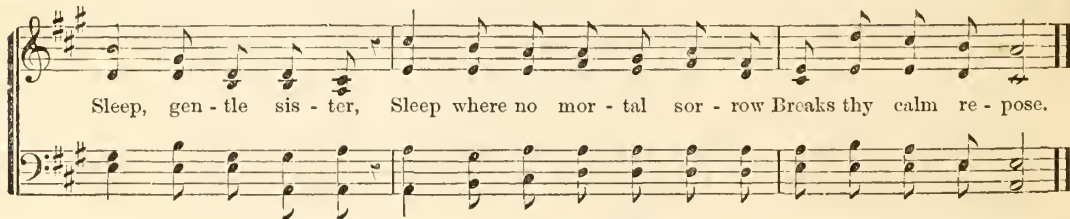


1. Robed in the gar - ments of the tomb, Sweet, gen - tle sis - ter, be thy rest :
 2. Death's pal - lid sig - net marks the brow, Hushed is the voice that charmed the ear,
 3. Death for our sis - ter had no sting, Christ was her re - fuge and her stay,
 4. Oft at the pla - cid eve - ning hour, Pen - sive we'll gath - er 'round thy bed,

CHORUS.



Earth, in thy bo - som find her room, Room for the beau - ti - ful and blest. Sleep, gentle sis - ter,
 Beams the bright eye no longer now, Tear can no long - er answer tear.
 Un - der the shadow of his wing, Calmly she breathed her life a-way.
 There will we strew the fragrant flower, Emblem of youth and beauty fled.



Sleep, gen - tle sis - ter, Sleep where no mor - tal sor - row Breaks thy calm re - pose.

OUR FESTAL DAY.

A. A. G. 125

1. Gay and blooming childhood, Like the summer flowers. Now for grove and wildwood, And the happy hours; Come and take your
 2. Birds are gaily singing, And the woods resound, Blooming flowers are flinging Fragrance all a - round. Silver rills are

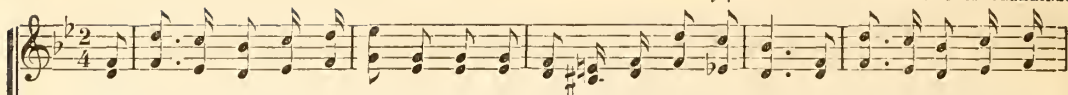
CHORUS.

pla - ces, Clad in neat ar - ray, Come with sunny faces, 'Tis our fes - tal day. Hail then, hail the happy, happy day,
 danc - ing Thro' the meadows green, Nature all en - trancing Smiles upon the scene.

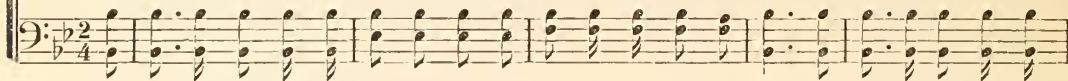
Hail then, hail the happy, happy day, Hail then, hail the happy, happy day. To the grove and wildwood, come O come away

3 Discontent and sadness, Your departure take,
 Raise the song of gladness, Till the echoes wake,
 Sing, O happy childhood, Lift the voice on high,
 Shout till hill and wildwood Merrily reply. *Cho.*

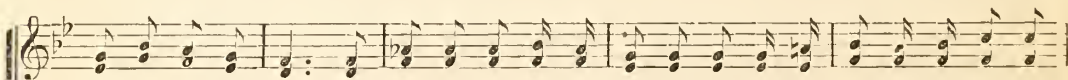
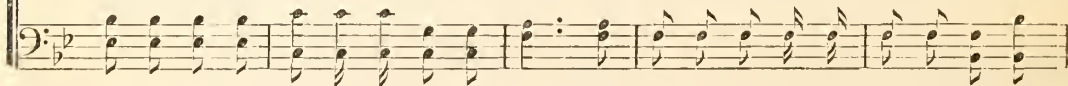
4 Praise the heavenly Father, Praise him for the school,
 Where the children gather, Bright and beautiful,
 Praise him for each blessing, Given us in love,
 And be onward pressing To the School above. *Cho*



1. Of all the trees in the woods and fields, There's none like the Christmas tree: Tho' rich and rare is the
2. When wintry winds thro' the forests sweep, And snow robes the leafless limb; When cold and still is the
3. There's golden fruit on the Christmas tree, And gems for the fair and gay, The lettered page for the



fruit he yields, The strangest of trees is he: Some drink their fill from the shower or rill, No
 ice-bound deep, O this is the time for him. Be - neath the dome of the sun - ny home, He
 mind bears he, And robes for the win - try day: And there are toys for the girls and boys; And



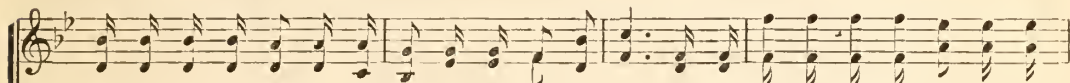
cooling draught needs he; Some bend and break, when the storms awake, But they reach not the Christmas
 stands with all his charms; 'Mid laugh and song from the youthful throng As they gaze on his fruit - ful
 eyes that years be - dim Grow strangely bright with a youthful light, As they pluck from the pendant



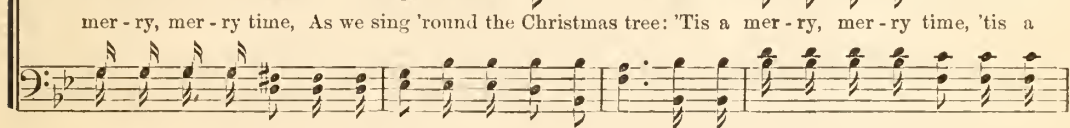
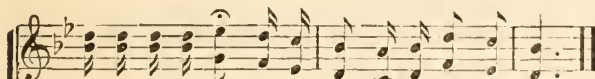
CHORUS.



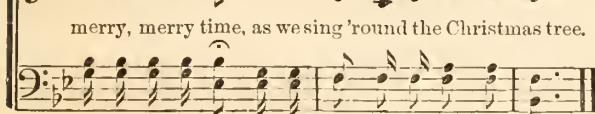
tree, But they reach not the Christmas tree. 'Tis a mer-ry, mer-ry time, 'tis a
 arms, As they gaze on his fruit-ful arms.
 limb, As they pluck from the pend-ant limb.

mer-ry, mer-ry time, As we sing 'round the Christmas tree: 'Tis a mer-ry, mer-ry time, 'tis a

merry, merry time, as we sing 'round the Christmas tree.



4.
 Let others sing of the deep blue sea,
 Or choose for their theme the land;
 We'll sing the praise of the Christmas tree,
 The joy of the household band:
 When summer's fled, and the year is dead,
 Our hearts shall fondly cling,
 From care set free 'round the Christmas tree,
 While the home with his praise shall ring. *Cho.*

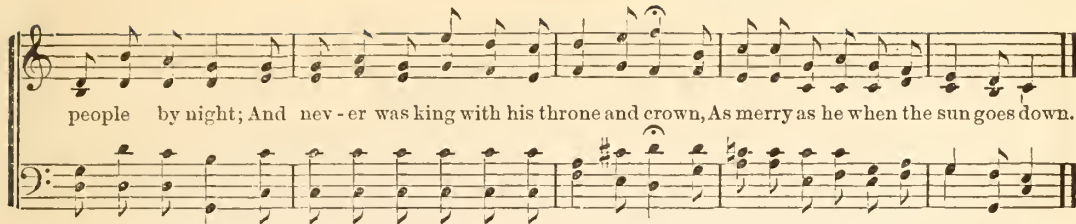
By permission of the publisher C. M. TREMAINE, 481 Broadway, New York.

1. Old San - ta Claus ceas - es to urge a - long His fleet - foot - ed steeds with the
 2. At midnight, when childhood in slum - ber seems To gath - er sweet flowers from the
 3. On tip - toe he stands on the peace - ful spot, Where childhood re - pos - es in

voice and thong; Well lad - en with treasures from store and shop, He hitches his team to the
 land of dreams; Then on to the roof of the house he'll hop, And sly - ly descend from the
 crib or cot; He fills up the stocking, he crams the sock, With candies and toys for the

CHORUS.

chim - ney - top. O, San - ta Claus is a clever old sprite, He comes to the dear lit - tle
 chim - ney - top,
 household flock.



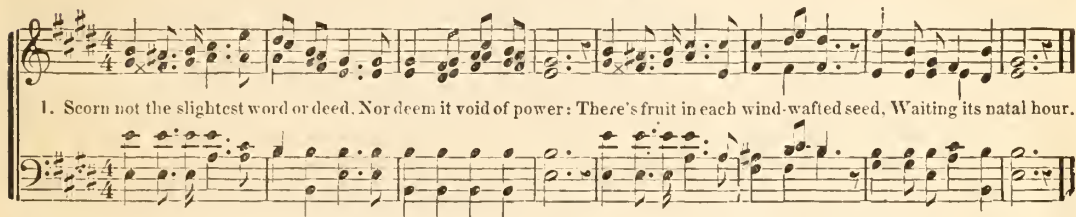
4 His favors all scattered, he hastens back
The way that he came, —up the sooty track;
And never his mission of love shall stop,
While there is a home with a chimney top. *Cho.*

5 Now, busy as bees in their honied hives,
The little folks gather when morn arrives;

The merry eye sparkles, the sweet voice rings,
As stockings are searched for the wondrous things. *Cho.*

6 They wonder, when bringing his dainty freight,
He never comes in by the door or gate;
And hope he will never be forced to stop,
And die in the smoke of the chimney top.

LITTLE THINGS.



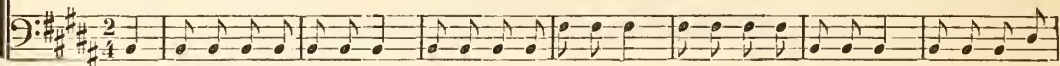
1. Scorn not the slightest word or deed, Nor deem it void of power: There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed, Waiting its natal hour.

2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

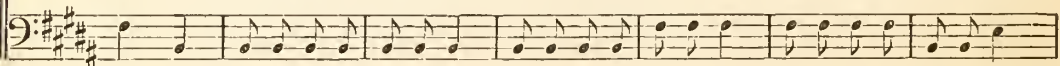
3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be:
Nor what results enfolded dwell
Within it silently.



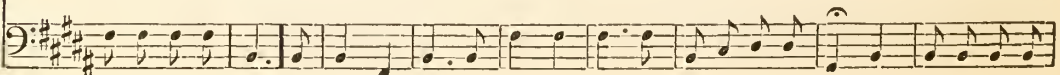
1. The midnight bells are trowling, The wintry winds are howling, The cliff-beat surge is growling In thunders far a -
2. Heap up the fire more cheerly—We'll hail the New Year early, The old one has gone fairly— A right good year and
3. Here comes the New Year duly, We'll give him welcome truly, Come mark the score up newly—Time flies apace a -

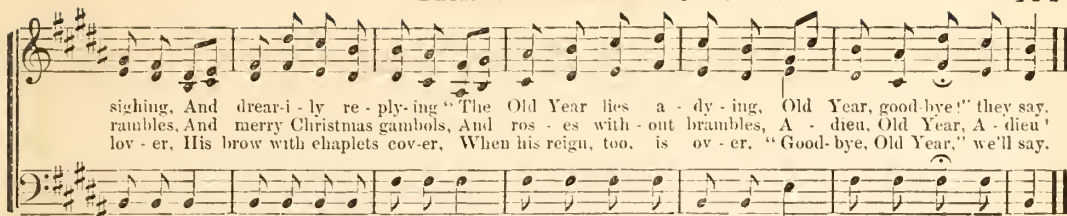


way ; And heaven and earth are sighing, And drear - i - ly re - ply - ing, "The Old Year lies a - dy - ing, Old true! We've had some pleasant rambles, And mer-ry Christmas gambols, And ros - es without brambles, A - way! Let's meet him like a lov - er, His brow with chaplets cover— When his reign, too, is o - ver, "Good-



Year, good-bye!" they say. Old Year, good-bye, Old Year, good-bye, Old Year, good-bye they say. And heaven and earth are dieu, Old Year, A - dien! A - dieu, Old Year, A - dieu, Old Year, A - dieu, Old Year, A - dieu! We've had some pleasant bye, Old Year," we'll say. "Good-bye, Old Year, Good-bye, Old Year, Good-bye, Old Year," we'll say. Let's meet him like a

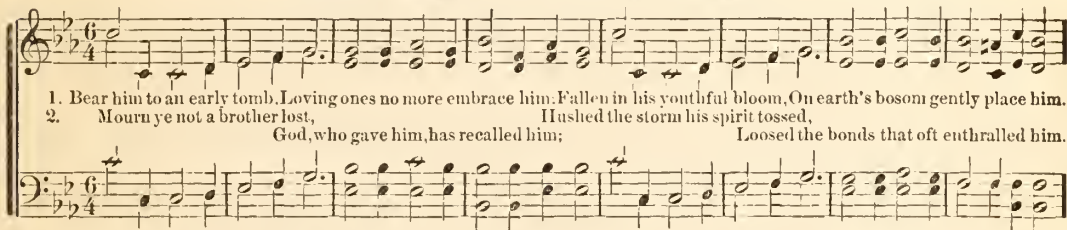




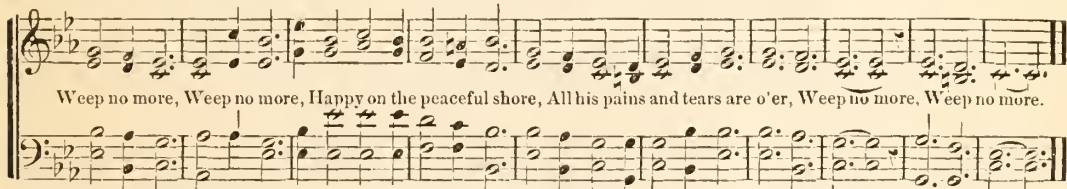
sighing, And drear-i - ly re - ply-ing "The Old Year lies a - dy - ing, Old Year, good-bye!" they say.
 rambles, And merry Christmas gambols, And ros - es with - out brambles, A - dieu, Old Year, A - dieu!
 lov - er, His brow with chaplets cov-er, When his reign, too, is ov - er. "Good-bye, Old Year," we'll say.

BEAR HIM TO AN EARLY TOMB.

Rev. A. A. GRALEY.

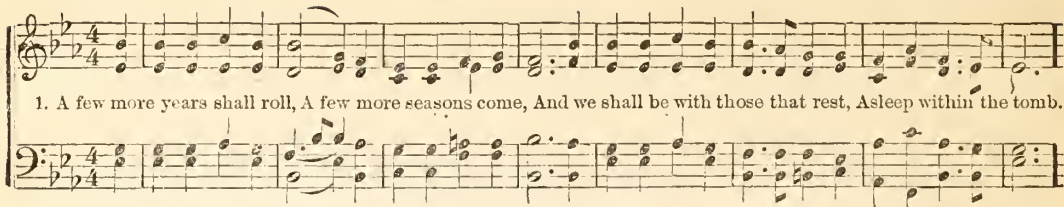


1. Bear him to an early tomb. Loving ones no more embrace him. Fallen in his youthful bloom, On earth's bosom gently place him.
 2. Mourn ye not a brother lost, Hushed the storm his spirit tossed,
 God, who gave him, has recalled him; Loosed the bonds that oft enthralled him.

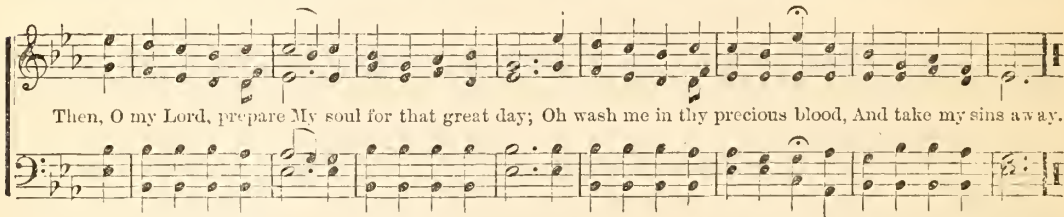


Weep no more, Weep no more, Happy on the peaceful shore, All his pains and tears are o'er, Weep no more, Weep no more.

3. Brief life's battle-field he trod,
 Brief the conflict raged around him;
 Fighting in the cause of God
 There, death sought, and ready found
 him. *Cho.*
4. In the better life he lives,
 Lives forever and forever;
 Perfect is the love he gives,
 Perfect is each high endeavor. *Cho.*
5. Bear him to his earthy bed,
 Spread the grassy mantle o'er him;
 Leave him sleeping there, not dead,
 Sleeping 'till the morn restore him. *Cho*



1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And we shall be with those that rest, Asleep within the tomb.



Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that great day; Oh wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins away.

2. A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time;
And we shall be where suns are
not,

A far serener clime.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

3. A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests
cease,
And surges swell no more.

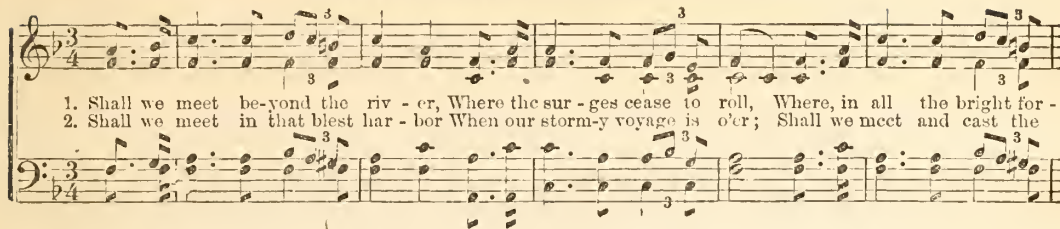
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
Oh wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

4. A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

5. A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way;

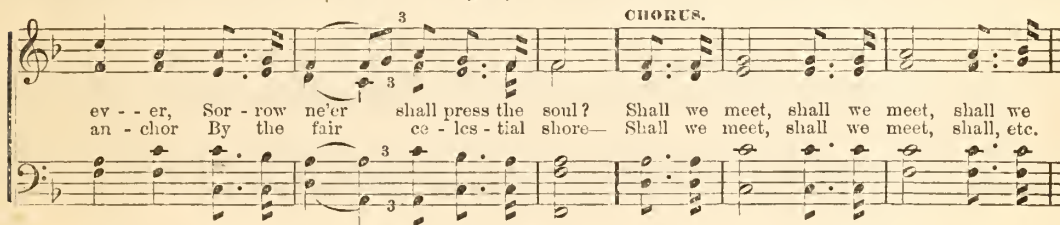
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
Oh wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

6. 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who **lives**
That we with Him may reign.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
Oh wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.



1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll, Where, in all the bright for -
 2. Shall we meet in that blest har - bor When our storm-y voyage is o'er; Shall we meet and cast the

CHORUS.



ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul? Shall we meet, shall we meet, shall we
 an - chor By the fair ce - les - tial shore— Shall we meet, shall we meet, shall, etc.



meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?

3. Where the music of the ransomed
 Rolls in harmony around,
 And creation swells the chorus
 With its sweet melodious sound?
4. Shall we meet with many a loved one,
 Torn on earth from our embrace?
 Shall we listen to their voices,
 And behold them face to face?
5. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour
 When he comes to claim his own?
 Shall we hear him bid us welcome,
 And sit down upon his throne?

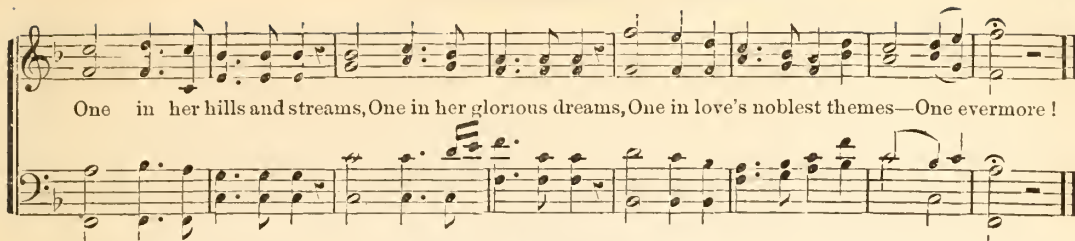
Maestoso.

1. God save our Fatherland! from shore to shore, God save our Fatherland, one ev - er - more.
 2. Strong in the hearts of men, Love is thy throne; Un - ion and Lib - er - ty crown thee a - lone;
 3. Ride on, proud Ship of State, tho' tempests lower; Ride on in ma - jes - ty, glorious in power;

No hand shall per - il it, No strife shall sever it, East, West, and North, and South! One evermore!
 Nations have sighed for thee, Our sires have died for thee, We'll all be true to thee—All are thine own.
 Tho' fierce the blast may be, No wreck shall shatter thee—Storms shall but bring to thee Sunshine oncemore!

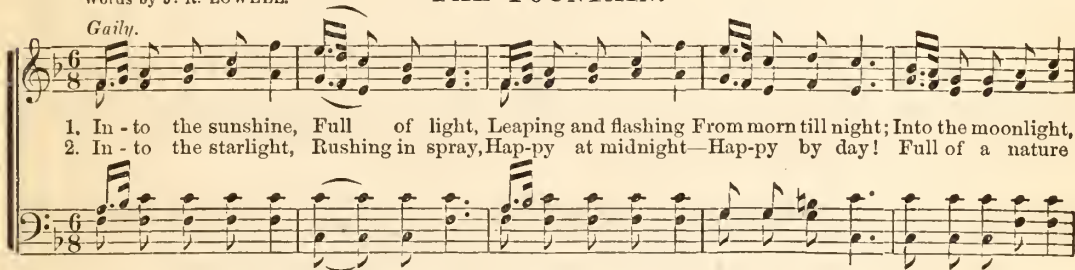
CHORUS.

God save our Fatherland! true home of Freedom! God save our Fatherland, one ev - er - more.



Words by J. R. LOWELL.

THE FOUNTAIN.

Gaily.

3.

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;
Glorious fountain,
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!



1. No jeweled crown is on our head, No scep-tre in our hand, No fawning vassals guard our throne, And
2. Your coat may be of tex - ture fine, While mine's of coarser thread; Or you may wield a potent pen, While



bow at our command: But, think it not an i - dle boast, We yield the palm to none, For here in Freedom's
I wield but a spade; And you may bask in fortune's smile, While I must bear hard knocks, But we are sov'reigns



wide domain, We're sov'reigns every one. For here in Freedom's wide domain, We're sov'reigns eve - ry one.
ev - ery one When at the bal - lot box. But we are sov'reigns ev - ery one When at the bal - lot box.



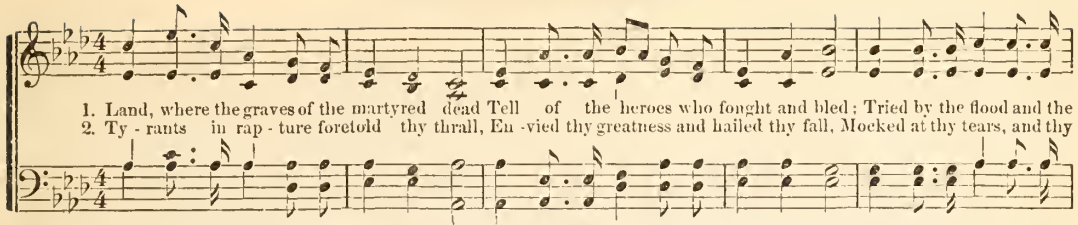
3 The goodly land we rule is ours,
For every field and flood
Was purchased by our noble sires
With toils, and tears, and blood:
'Tis ours to give away, or sell,
'Tis ours to plough and sow,
And with its teeming harvests feed
This hungry world below. :||

4 No church is here combined with State
To rule with iron rule;
We boast a better union far,
And purer—Church and School.
And should rebellion lift its hand
To steal our queenly crown,
Then with a right good royal will,
We'll put the traitor down. :||

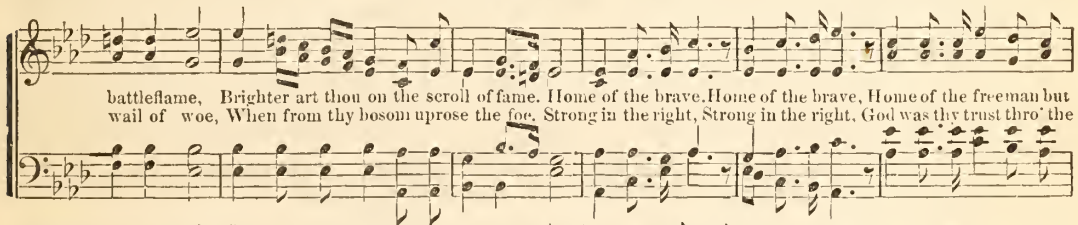
5 But freemen let us rise above
The sordid and the base,
For noble thoughts, and noble deeds
Become a kingly race:
We'll purge the land from every wrong
That weakens while it stings,
Till we shall rule the fairest realm,
And reign the purest kings. :||

HOME OF THE BRAVE.

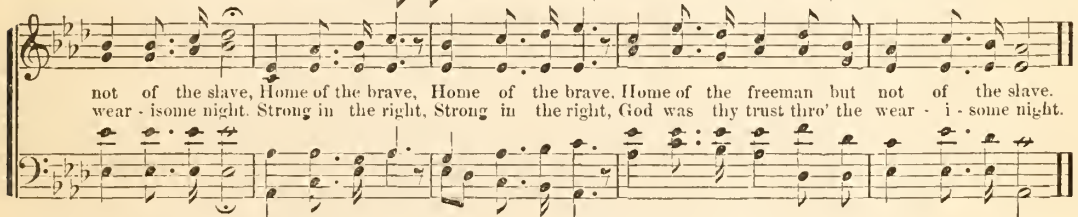
A. A. G. 137



1. Land, where the graves of the martyred dead Tell of the heroes who fought and bled; Tried by the flood and the
 2. Ty - rants in rap - ture foretold thy thrall, En - vied thy greatness and hailed thy fall, Mocked at thy tears, and thy



battlefame, Brighter art thou on the scroll of fame. Home of the brave, Home of the brave, Home of the freeman but
 wail of woe, When from thy bosom arose the foe, Strong in the right, Strong in the right, God was thy trust thro' the



not of the slave, Home of the brave, Home of the brave, Home of the freeman but not of the slave.
 wear - isome night. Strong in the right, Strong in the right, God was thy trust thro' the wear - i - some night.

3 Shout, freemen shout, for the strife is o'er,
 Fond hearts have bled, but shall bleed no more;
 Tears cease to flow o'er the patriot dead,
 Treason is crushed, and the traitor fled.
 Peace, gentle peace, Peace, gentle peace,
 Gives to the grief-stricken mourner release.

4 Brighter and purer thy name shall be,
 Greatness and goodness shall dwell with thee,
 Gone are the wrongs that obscured thy fame,
 Perished and gone in the battle-flame.
 Rise then and shine, Rise then and shine,
 Chastened, but spared by the Father divine.

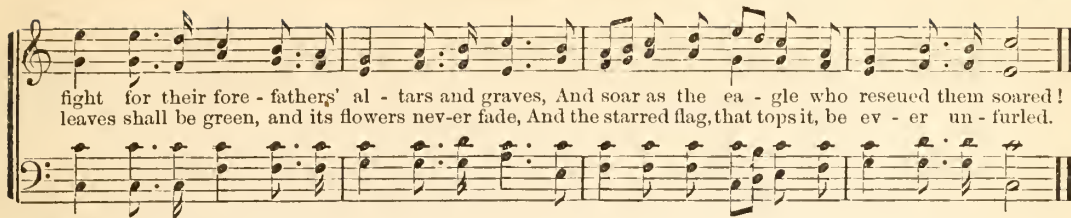
HAIL TO THE LAND!

Majestically.

1. Hail to the land of the free and the bold, Where honor and justice have planted their throne, Where the
 2. Hail to the land we have cherished so long, The soil where the bright tree of li-berty grows! May its

hearts of the meanest can nev - er be sold, But or - der and lib - er - ty reign there a - lone!
 root deep - er sink, and its branches be strong, While the wave of the o - cean in ma - jes - ty flows!

Hail to the souls that can nev - er be slaves, Who boast of the rights they have won by the sword, Who
 Long may we meet and be glad in its shade, Se - cure from the tempests that madden the world; Its



fight for their fore - fathers' al - tars and graves, And soar as the ea - gle who reseeded them soared!
leaves shall be green, and its flowers nev - er fade, And the starred flag, that tops it, be ev - er un - furled.

3.

Hail to the cradle where liberty drew

The pure air that freemen alone can inhale!

Here the crowd never toiled for the gain of the few,

And the palace ne'er shadowed the cot in the vale;

We swore on our swords and our hearts to unite,

Till the chain should be broken, the slave should be free,

And the hands that are daring in battle for right,

To welcome as brothers, wherever they be!

4.

Hail to the nations, who wake from the sleep

Of a long night of darkness, like giants from wine,

To the heroes who rouse in their greatness, and leap

To gather the laurels on liberty's shrine!

Their fetters are broken, their tyrants are fled,

And the hands of the North and the South shall unite

To raise, o'er the tombs of the glorious dead,

A temple of honor, and crown it with light.

Words by PERCIVAL.

With swelling expression.

HARK! THE SONG.

Ritard.

Musical score for 'Hark! The Song.' featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major, 6/4 time, and consists of 16 measures. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1. Hark! the song Floats along, Clear-ly swelling, soft - ly dy-ing, Soft as wind in ros - es sigh-ing.
2. O'er the plain Sweeps again Sudden burst of hope and gladness, Trembles then the trill of sad-ness.
3. Rock and hill Give it still Bright and clear, the sweet emotion, Deep and full, the heart's devotion.
4. Shad-ows fall,—Voie-es eall Fondly home the truant, straying Down the brook in eddies playing.
5. Daylight flies,—Amber skies, O'er the shadowy mountain glowing Dark-en; yet the song is flowing.

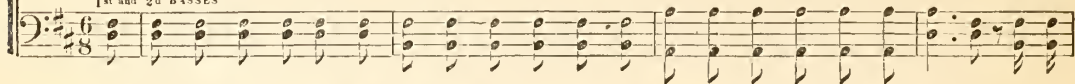
Vivace.

1st and 2d TENORS

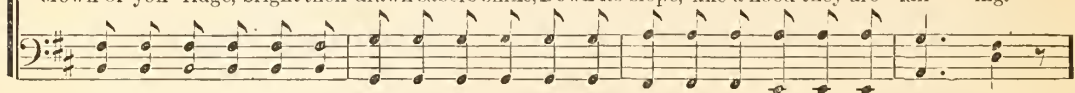


1. The horn and the trumpet are ring-ing a - far, As the summons to bat - tle is sounding; And the
 2. We leap to our saddles, we range us in line, As the voice of the trumpet is call - ing; O'er the

1st and 2d BASSES



stead, as he catches the sig - nal of war, In the pride of his spir - it is bound - ing.
 crown of yon ridge, bright their drawn sabers shine, Down its slope, like a flood they are fall - ing.

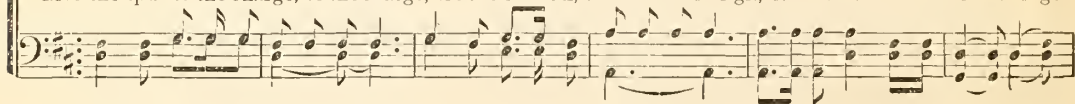


Shrill it echoes a - far..... O - ver hill and o'er plain,
 " Give the spur.... to the charge Ere the foeman is nigh,.....

re -



Shrill it echoes, it echoes a-far, o - ver hill, o'er hill and o'er plain, And the wide distant mountains re-
 " Give the spur to the charge, to the charge, ere the foeman, the foeman is nigh, Rush amain as the forest rings



Shrill it echoes a - far..... O - ver hill and o'er plain,.....
 " Give the spur.... to the charge Ere the foeman is nigh.....

re -

peat it a - gain,.....
loud with your cry,.....

peat, repeat, re - peat it a - gain. And the shout of the war - rior, and near - er the song,
loud, loud, loud with your cry. Speed on to the shock, in his mid - way ca - reer, -

peat it a - gain,.....
loud with your cry,.....

Peal a - loud as the glittering bands are hurry - ing a - long. As on, on, on, on,
For our sires were first in fight, they nev - er thought of fear." So on, on, on, on,

pours the tide of fight, Still a - loft floats the toss - ing flag, Still a - loft floats the
o'er the sounding plain, To the wild con - flict, fierce we rush, To the wild con - flict,

THE CHARGE. Concluded.

tossing flag, In the glance of morning's light. As on, on, on, on, pours the tide of fight,
fierce we rush, And to - gether dash a - main. So on, on, on, on, o'er the sounding plain,

Still aloft floats the tossing flag, Still aloft floats the tossing flag, In the glance of morning's light.
To the wild conflict, fierce we rush, To the wild conflict, fierce we rush, And together dash a - main.

Words by PERCIVAL.

Cheerfully.

JOY! JOY!

1. Joy! Joy! the long, dark night is past; The weary way is done: Bright o'er the mountain, fast Ascends the cheering sun.

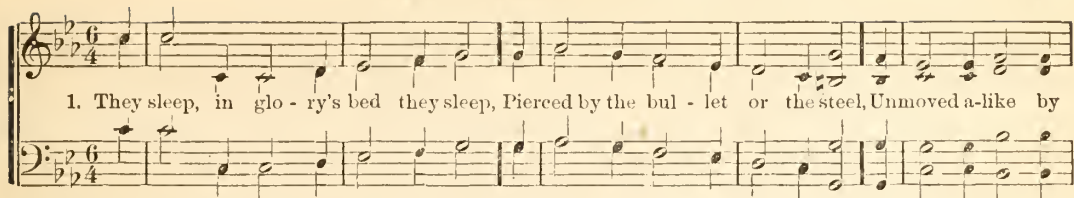
2 See! See!
The well-known hill is nigh;
The spiry poplars rise:
The brook is winding by;
There still my cottage lies.

3 Hark! Hark!
What welcome sounds of home!
I know their meaning well:
Far, far my foot may roam,
Yet deep and strong the spell.

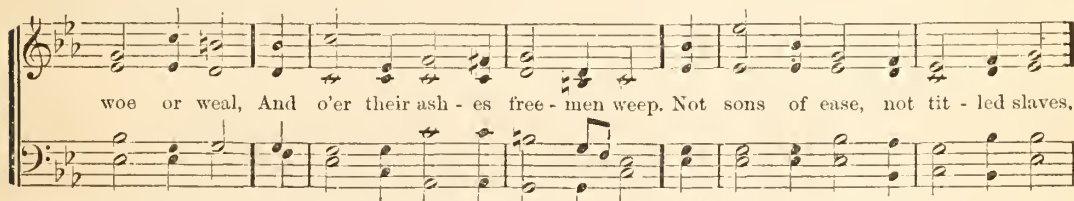
4 Shout! Shout!
The goal, the goal is nigh;
My love is at the door;
We run, we leap, we fly -
We meet to part no more!

THE PATRIOT DEAD AT GETTYSBURG.

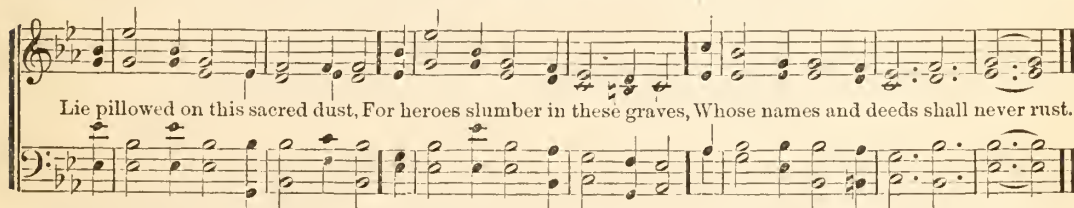
A. A. G. 143



1. They sleep, in glo - ry's bed they sleep, Pierced by the bul - let or the steel, Unmoved a-like by



woe or weal, And o'er their ash - es free - men weep. Not sons of ease, not tit - led slaves,



Lie pillowed on this sacred dust, For heroes slumber in these graves, Whose names and deeds shall never rust.

2 The stalwart arm that dealt the blow,
Or freedom's starry banner bore,
Shall wield the battle blade no more,
Nor grapple with the frenzied foe:
The heart is still that never quailed
At traitor's threat, or foe-man's ire;
The eye is lustreless and veiled,
That flashed with patriotic fire.

3 Here in this consecrated spot
No cares disturb, no anguish stings;
The battle cry of freedom rings,
The strife goes on;—*they* heed it not:
While mourning robes the household band,
While bleeds the heart bereaved and lone,
While sire and matron loud demand
The loved and lost;—*they* slumber on.

4 Here, if you will the marble raise,
Here plant the willow, strew the flower;
But in the nation's heart shall tower
The monument that speaks their praise.
Sleep, soldiers, sleep, your rich bequest
Shall Freedom's gratitude inflame;
And Gettysburg shall swell the list
Of heroes on the scroll of Fame.

A VICTORY!

B. K.

With varied expression.

1. The joy - bells peal a mer - ry tune A - long the evening air; . The crackling bonfires
 2. A lit - tle girl stood at the door, And with her kit - ten played; Less wild and fro - lic
 3. A moth - er sat in thoughtful ease, A - knitting by the fire; Ply - ing the needle's

turn the sky All crimson with their glare; Bold mu - sic fills the startled streets With mirth-inspiring
 some than she, That ros - y prattling maid. Sudden her cheek turns ghostly white; Her eye with fear is
 thrift - y task With hands that never tire. She tore her few gray hairs, and shrieked, "My joy on earth is

Ritard...... *a tempo.*

sound; The gaping cannon's reddening breath Wakes thunder-shouts around; And thousand joy-ful
 filled, And rushing in - of - doors, she screams—"My brother Willie's killed!" And thousand joy-ful
 done! Oh! who will lay me in my grave? Oh, God! my son, my son!" And thousand joy-ful

voice - es cry, "Huz - za! huz - za! a Vic - to - ry! Huz - za! huz - za! huz -
 voice - es cry, "Huz - za! &c.
 voice - es cry, "Huz - za! &c.

za a Vic - to - ry!.. Huz - za!.. huz - za!.. huz - za a Vic - to - ry!".

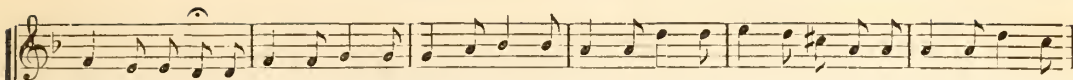
4 A youthful wife the threshold crossed,
 With matron's treasure blessed:
 A smiling infant nestling lay
 In slumber at her breast.
 She spoke no word, she heaved no sigh,
 The widow's tale to tell;
 But like a corpse, all white and stiff,
 Upon the earth-floor fell.
 And thousand joyful voices cry,
 "Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

5 An old weak man, with head of snow,
 And years threescore and ten,
 Looked in upon his cabin-home,
 And anguish seized him then.
 He help'd not wife, nor helpless babe,
 Matron nor little maid,
 One scalding tear, one choking sob—
 He knelt him down, and pray'd,
 And thousand joyful voices cry,
 "Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

VOICE. *Tenderly, and with great expression.*

1. Oh, lady! buy these budding flowers, For
 2. Oh, buy my flowers! they're fair and fresh, As
 3. She sleeps within a hollow tree, Her
 4. When we in silence are laid down In
 5. No one has bought of me to-day, And

I am cold, and wet, and weary; I gathered them ere break of day, When all was lonely
 mine and morning's tears could keep them, To-morrow's sun will view them dead, And I shall scarcely
 on - ly home—its leaves her bedding; And I've no food to ear - ry there, To soothe the tears she
 life's last fearless, blessed sleeping, No tears will dew our humble grave, Save those of pitying
 night-winds now are sad - ly sighing; And I, like these poor drooping flowers, Unnoticed and un-



still and dreary ; And long have sought to sell them here. To purchase clothes, and food, and dwelling. For Valor's wretched live to weep them ! Yet this sweet bud, if nursed with care, Soon in - to fullness would be swelling—And, nurtured by some will be shedding ! Oh ! that those mourners' gushing griefs—The pastor's prayer, and bell's sad knelling, And that deep grave were heaven's own weeping : Unknown we live—unknown must die—No tongue the mournful tale be telling Of two young, broken-wept an dy - ing ! My soul is struggling to be free—It loathes its wretched, earthly dwelling ; My limbs re - fuse to



orphan girls—Poor me, and my young sis - ter Ellen.
generous hand. So might my lit - tle sis - ter Ellen.
meant for me And my poor lit - tle sis - ter Ellen.
hearted girls—Poor Ma - ry and her sis - ter Ellen.
bear their load—Oh ! God ! protect my sis - ter Ellen.



"ALL IS QUIET."

H. K.

Gently,

1. Gently the riv - er is flowing, On its smooth oceanward way; Lilies and daisies are
2. Banners no long-er are waving, — Swords flashing bright in the sun — Pure crystal waters are

growing, Fresh on its borders to - day. Rose-tint-ed clouds from the heavens, Kindle a blush on the
lav-ing Banks where the battle was won. Grass-es and willows are springing Ov - er the heroes who

waves; Mur - mur - ing peace - ful re-quiems Ov - er the sol - diers graves.
sleep; Flow-ers their incense are bring - ing, Stars their peaceful watch keep.

3 Bugles no longer are pealing,
Shells flying thick in the air;
Armies in battle-shock reeling,
Death-groans, and blood, and despair!
But soft-breathing zephyrs from heaven,
Over the battle-fields play;
Tranquil as midsummer even,
"All is quiet" to day.

4 "All is quiet;" but marbles
Rising in stately pride,
Tell of the valiant heroes,
Who for the country have died.
Oh, what rich gifts on thine altar,
Land of the free, have been laid!
Who dared to shrink or to falter,
When such a ransom was paid?

5 Father! oh grant us submission,
While we weep over the slain;
Give us the blessed fruition
Of hope they died to attain.
So shall the nation be holy,
Hallowed the chastening rod.
While we inscribe on our banners,
"Sacred to truth, and to God"

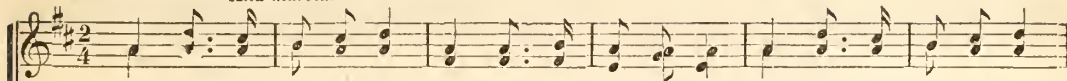
FREEDOM'S DAY. (For male voices.)

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From "Young Men's Singing Book" by permission.

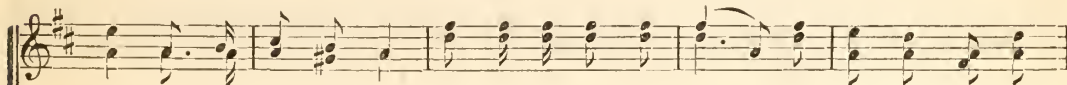
GUNGL.

1ST AND 2D TENORS. *Alla marcia.*



Free-dom's aus - pi-cious day, Hail we thy sa - cred ray! Well may our land re-joice,

1ST AND 2D BASSES.

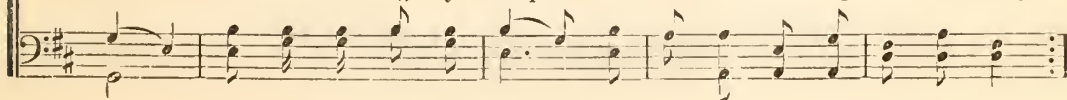


Tune ev - ery heart and voice, Free-men, u - ni - ted wake! Let one full cho - rus



FINE.

break, Far o'er the might-y deep Let its re - sound-ing ech - oes sweep.



Touch me the lyre,..... Each gold-en wire,.....

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp). It consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with a melodic line and lyrics. The middle staff is a vocal line with a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes and lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line with a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The system ends with a repeat sign.

Fond - - ly we sing of thee, Land of the no - ble free, of the no - ble free, Where

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, of the no - ble free, La, la,

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It also consists of three staves. The top staff has lyrics and a melodic line. The middle staff has lyrics and a rhythmic accompaniment. The bottom staff has a rhythmic accompaniment. The system ends with a repeat sign.

rest the dead;..... Mem - 'ry her tears will shed, will shed,..... Lau-

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

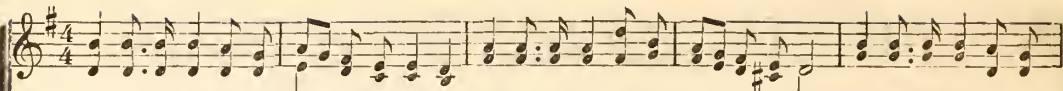
The first system of the musical score is written on three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a melody with a long note followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a triplet of eighth notes. The middle staff is in treble clef and contains a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with chords and single notes. The lyrics are: "rest the dead;..... Mem - 'ry her tears will shed, will shed,..... Lau-". Below the middle staff, there is a line of lyrics: "la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,".

D. C. al Fine.

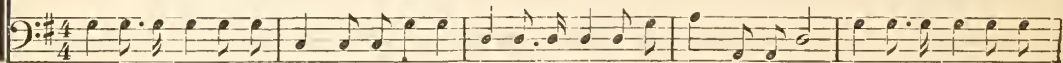
rels of deathless fame,.. Wreath ev - ery he - ro's name, ev - ery he - ro's name.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, ev - ery he - ro's name.

The second system of the musical score is written on three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a melody with a triplet of eighth notes. The middle staff is in treble clef and contains a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with chords and single notes. The lyrics are: "rels of deathless fame,.. Wreath ev - ery he - ro's name, ev - ery he - ro's name." Below the middle staff, there is a line of lyrics: "la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, ev - ery he - ro's name.".



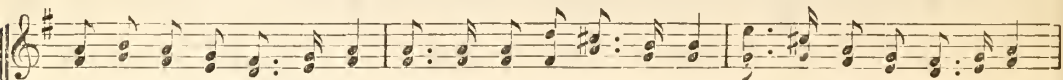
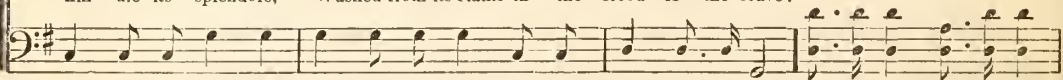
1. Washed in the blood of the brave and the blooming, Snatched from the altars of in - solent foes, Burning with star-fires, but
2. Vain-ly the prophets of Ba - al would rend it, Vain-ly his worshippers pray for its fall; Thousands have died for it,
3. Justice that reddens the sky with her terrors, Mercy that comes with her white-handed train, Soothing all passions, re-
4. Borne on the deluge of old u - sur - pa-tions, Drifted our Ark o'er the des - o - late seas; This was the rainbow of
5. God bless the Flag and its loy - al de-fenders, While its broad folds o'er the battle-field wave, Till the dim star-wreath re-



CHORUS.



nev - er con - sum - ing,	Flash its broad rib - ands of li - ly and rose. Raise the flag! hail the flag!
mill - ions de - fend it,	Em - blem of jus - tice and mer - cy to all.
deem-ing all er - rors,	Sheathing the sa - bre and break - ing the chain.
hope to the na - tions,	Torn from the storm - cloud and flung to the breeze!
kin - dle its splendors,	Washed from its stains in the blood of the brave!



Lift our voic - es high for it! Bear it to the bat - tle's front, Ev - ery heart will die for it!



Rain-bow of hope to the na-tions that sigh for it! Lift the flag, the beau-ti-ful, Lift the stripes and stars!

Words by PERCIVAL.

Majestically.

LIBERTY.

H. K.

1. A voice is on our hills, And it ech-oes far at sea: With a quickening power it
2. A glance darts from yon cloud, And it frights thee, tyrant,—thee; But the free-man ris-es
3. A warn-ing calls at night: "Nations, rouse ye, and be free." They hear it with de-
4. There's a presence in the air, Which we feel, but can not see; Ev-ery bos-om gladdens
5. The God our hearts a-dore, Builds his throne on land and sea; He is in the tempest's

fills Ev-ery heart, and in-ly thrills,—'Tis the voice of Lib-er-ty, Lib-er-ty!
 proud, And his sire stirs in his shroud,—'Tis the glance of Lib-er-ty, Lib-er-ty!
 light, But the mon-arch looks a-fright,—'Tis thy warn-ing, Lib-er-ty, Lib-er-ty!
 there, High to hope and strong to dare,—'Tis thy pres-ence, Lib-er-ty, Lib-er-ty!
 roar, Or when o-ccean laps the shore,— That God, is Lib-er-ty, Lib-er-ty!

March movement.

1. How it gleams on the night of the world! 'Tis the flag of the dawn, starry bright; And the
 2. From the sword, and the scourge, and the chain, Come the millions that long to be free, From the

land where this flag is a - float, Is the fort - ress of free - dom and right. From its
 ends of the earth streaming in, Like the riv - ers that run to the sea. Let them

mountains it rides on the breeze, From its shores it streams out to the sea, And the
 come! there is room for them all; Let them come! to each val - ley and plain; Let them

wind and the wave sing in joy..... For the flag of the fair and the free.
come! till from far western shores... We will peo - ple old A - sia a - gain.

CHORUS

Then up with the flag, the tried and the true, and hur - rah! and hur - rah! And hur -

rah! and hur - rah! And hur - rah for the rule of the red, white and blue, and hur - rah!

3 Step by step, all together we march,
And above us the flag is unfurled;
Step by step, tramping on to the end,
Till our freedom shall conquer the world.
Then the tyrant shall fall from the throne,
And the slave shall leap up from his chain,
And one flag, and one right, and one law
Shall be ruler on mountain and main. *Cho.*

4 Tho' the tempest of war lowered low,
Where it waved o'er the smoke of the plain,
Yet the storm only cleared all the air,
And the sun now is streaming again.
Bloom for aye, ye fair lilies of peace!
All the dark clouds are scattered in flight,
For the sword to a ploughshare is beat,
And the harvest is garnered in light! *Cho.*

1. Flag of my country, the flag of the free, Beautiful streamer, now dearer to me; Peerless and stainless, tri-
 2. Boast of the sires who bequeathed us a life, Boast of the sons on the red field of strife, Boast of the serf as he
 3 Fled are the foes who thy beauty would mar, Gone not one stripe and effaced not one star, Broken and humbled they

CHORUS.

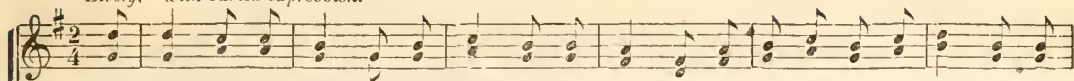
umphant-ly wave, Ov - er a na-tion that knows not a slave. 'Tis the flag that I love, And it
 toils o'er the sea, Hope of the world is the flag of the free.
 turn un-to thee, Sigh-ing for rest 'neath the flag of the free.

ever shall be, The pride of the nation, the pride of the nation, the pride of the nation, The flag of the free.


4. Victors and vanquished are one as of yore,
 War's gory hand shall divide them no more,
 Once they were brothers, and brothers they'll be
 Happy again 'neath the flag of the free. *Cho.*

5. Buried the past, they will toil to adorn
 Freedom's domain for a nation unborn,
 And when they fall this their solace shall be,
 Over them floats the dear flag of the free. *Cho.*

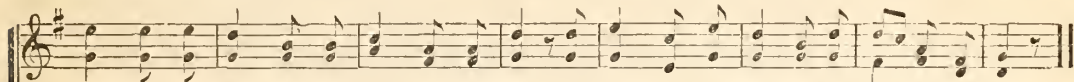
THE TRI-COLOR.



1. Oh! sweet were the summers of peace in the land, When the pennons of the world flocked like
2. But hark! from a - far muttered sounds nearer come, And the beating of each heart is the



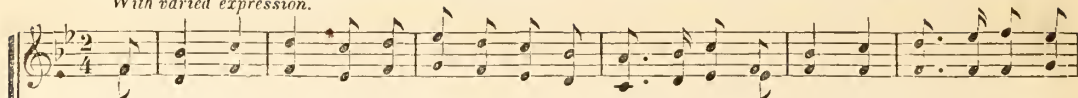
doves to our strand: And floating o'er the land and the o - cean wave it flew— The old
roll of a drum, There's treacher - y by day, there is treason in the night, Who'll be



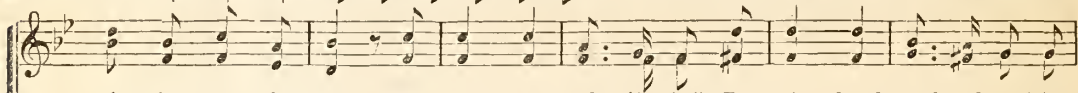
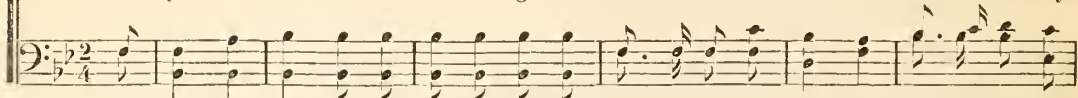
flag of our fa - thers so val - iant and true, The flag of the free with its red, white and blue!
slave, let him flee! who'll be free, let him fight! The wrong is in arms, ral-ly all to save the right!

3 Oh! sweet were the summers of peace in the land,
But more glorious is war, traitor foes to withstand;
The flashing of the guns, with their fierce and ruddy hue,
And the snow of the shrouds of the fallen so true,
And the smoke of the fight, make the red, white and blue!

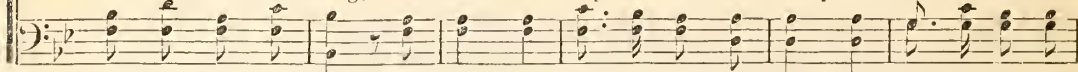
4 Three cheers—hip, hurrah! hip, hurrah! hip, hurrah!
We have won the day for right, and for light, and for law!
The laurels that are rosy with freedom's sunrise new,
And white lilies of peace, and the violets' hue
Round the graves of the slain, are the red, white and blue!



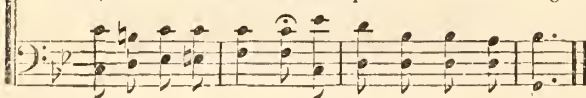
1. Here's neighbor Dobbs, says we've got an aw - ful government, The country's lost, and po - li-
2. And Dobbs, he grumbles at all they do in Washington, And swears he hopes there'll be an-
3. He thinks John Bull needs a lesson from our Government, And wants our ea - gle to be
4. He says U.S. have a na - tu - ral right to Mex - i - co, And Cu - ba to our arms by



ti - cians have the swing; But if you ask if he'll Put his hand to the wheel, Then
 oth - er war in spring; But if a draft came on, And Dobbs's name was drawn, He'd
 screaming, on the wing; But when there's tax to pay, Then Dobbs's back's a - way, He'd
 force of arms he'd bring; Yet once a boy he shot, For tresspass on his lot, But



neighbor Dobbs replies, "Oh, that's quite an - oth - er thing!
 rath - er think, perhaps, war was quite an - oth - er thing!
 have us fight, but *paying*—that's quite an - oth - er thing!
 then, as Dobbs remarked, that was quite an - oth - er thing!



- 5 He wants our navy to go and whip Napoleon,
 And Yankee Doodle in the Tuilleries to sing;
 But if he had to go,
 And face a chassepot,
 He'd feel, no doubt, that glory was quite another thing!
- 6 Oh, would that doctors were made to take their me-
 decine!
 Not half so much to other people's doors they'd bring;
 'Tis all so very nice,
 To give a friend advice,
 But taking it one's self—oh, that's quite another thing!

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

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By permission of LEE & WALKER.

DAVID T. SHAW.



1. O Co - lum - bia! the gem of the o - cean,
2. When war winged its wide des - o - la - tion,
3. The wine - cup, the wine - cup bring hith-er,

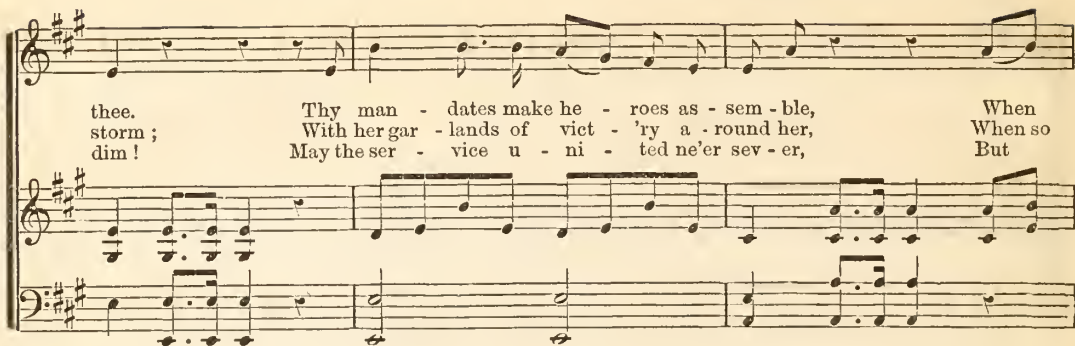
The home of the brave and the
And threatened the land to de-
And fill you it true to the



free, The shrine of each patriot's de - vo - tion,
form, The ark then of freedom's foundation,
brim! May the wreaths they have won never wither,

A world of-fers hom-age to
Co - lum-bia, rode safe through the
Nor the star of their glo - ry grow

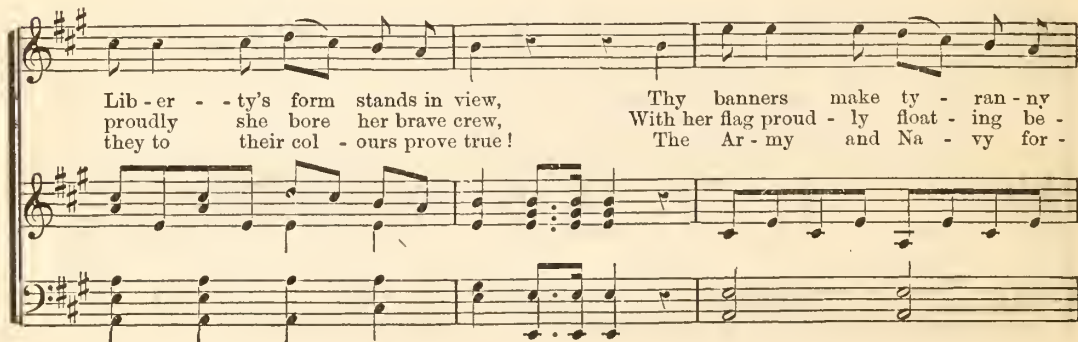




thee.
storm;
dim!

Thy man - dates make he - roes as - sem - ble,
With her gar - lands of vict - 'ry a - round her,
May the ser - vice u - ni - ted ne'er sev - er,

When
When so
But



Lib - er - - ty's form stands in view,
proudly she bore her brave crew,
they to their col - ours prove true!

Thy banners make ty - ran - ny
With her flag proud - ly float - ing be -
The Ar - my and Na - vy for -

trem - ble,
fore her,
ev - er,

When borne by the red, white and blue.
The boast of the red, white and blue.
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

CHORUS.

When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy

ban - ners make ty - ran - ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.

Repeat last two lines of each verse for the Chorus.

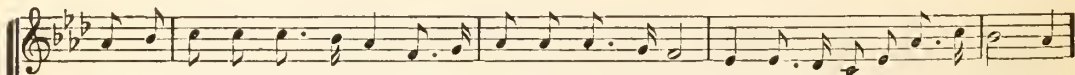
THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM. Song and Chorus.

Con Spirito.

Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT. By permission.



1. Yes, we'll ral - ly round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again, Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,
2. We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before, Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,



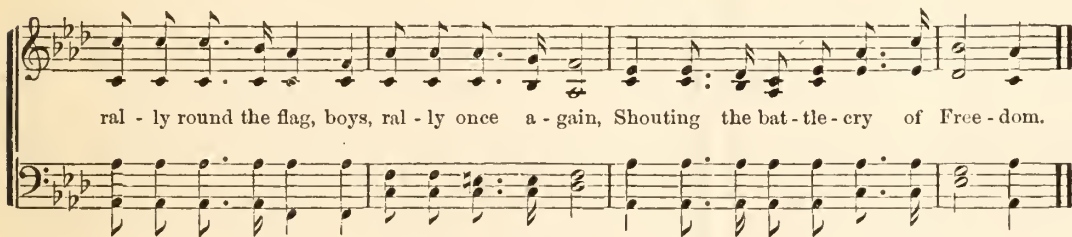
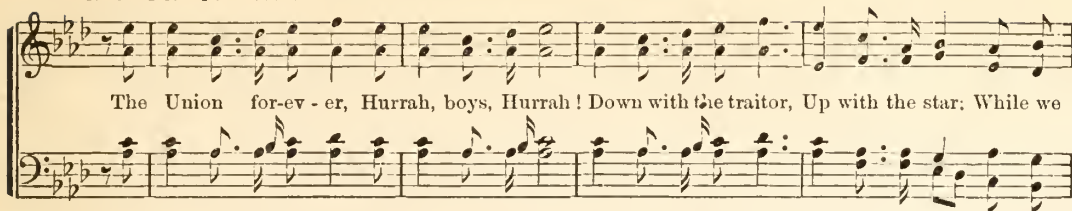
We will ral - ly from the hill-side, we'll gather from the plain, Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.
And we'll fill the va - cant ranks with a million Freemen more, Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.



THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM. Concluded.

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CHORUS.—*Fortissimo.*

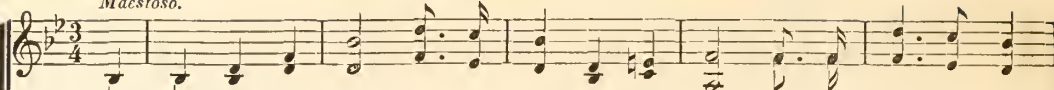


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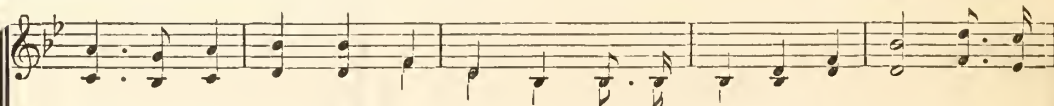
4.

<p>We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true and brave, Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom, And although he may be poor, he shall never be a slave, Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom. The Union forever, Hurrah, boys, Hurrah! Down with the traitor, Up with the star; While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again, Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.</p>	<p>So we're springing to the call, from the East and from the West, Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom, And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best, Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom. The Union forever, Hurrah, boys, Hurrah! Down with the traitor, Up with the star; While we rally round the flag boys, rally once again, Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.</p>
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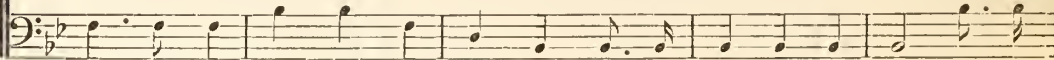
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Macstoso.

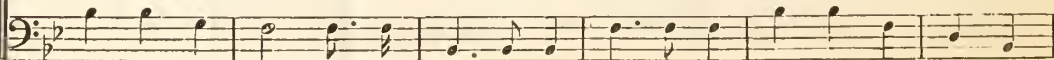
1. Oh say can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we
2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh - ty
3. And where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore That the hav - oc of
4. Oh! thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be - - tween their lov'd



hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing; Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the
 host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
 war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun - try, shall
 home and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - tory and peace, may the

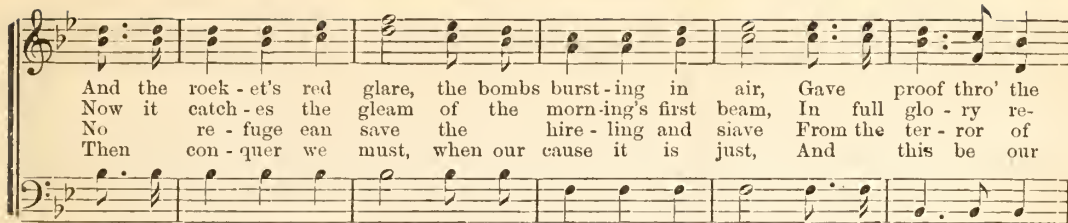


per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing;
 tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es;
 leave us no more; Their blood has wash'd out their foul foot - step's pol - lu - tion;
 heav'n res - cued land Praise the Pow'r that has made and pre - served us a na - tion.

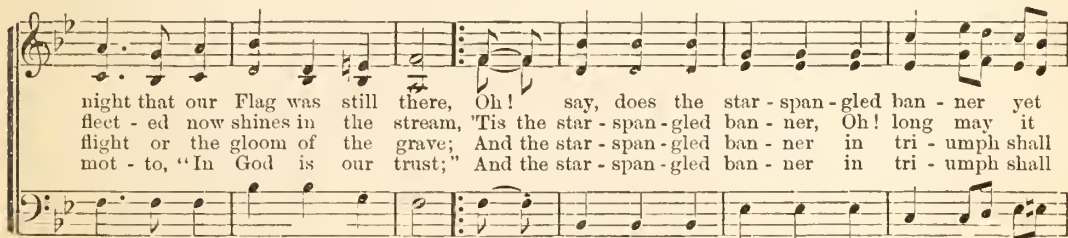


STAR-SPANGLED BANNER. Concluded.

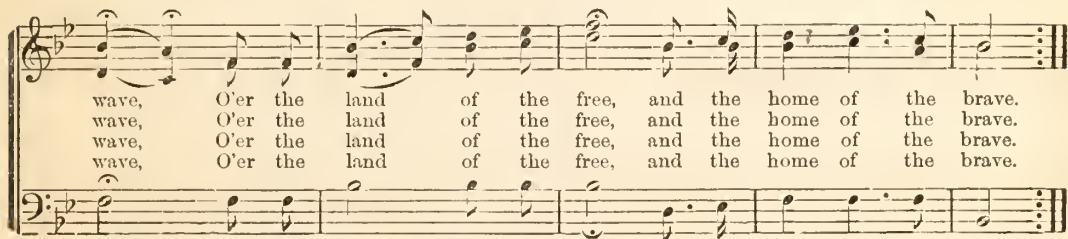
165



And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave proof thro' the
 Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re -
 No re - fuge can save the hire - ling and slave From the ter - ror of
 Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our



night that our Flag was still there, Oh! say, does the star - span - gled ban - ner yet
 fleet - ed now shines in the stream, 'Tis the star - span - gled ban - ner, Oh! long may it
 flight or the gloom of the grave; And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall
 mot - to, "In God is our trust;" And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall



wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

From "HAPPY VOICES," by permission.

1. Faithful Shepherd, meek and mild, To thy pastures lead a child, Where the tender ver-dure grows,

Where the peaceful streamlet flows, Where thy flock, from danger free, Hear thy voice, and fol-low thee.

2 There, beneath thy watchful eye,
They are safe, though danger's nigh;
There enfolded in thy arms,
They can smile at rude alarms;
Though a host their way oppose,
Thou wilt save them from their foes.

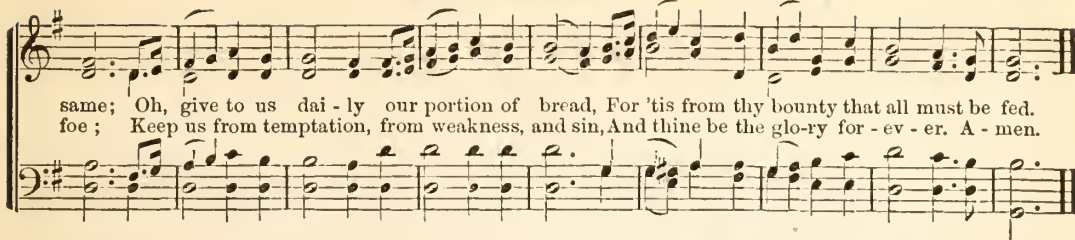
3 When the vale of grief they tread,
Thou dost mark the tears they shed;
By their side in pity stand,
Dry the tear with tender hand;
Gently quell the rising fear,
Make it sweet to suffer there.

4 Faithful Shepherd, meek and mild,
To thy pastures lead a child;
Weak and helpless, Lord, I am,
Gather in a wand'ring lamb;
Lest from thee I further stray,
Take me to thy fold, I pray.

MORNING PRAYER.

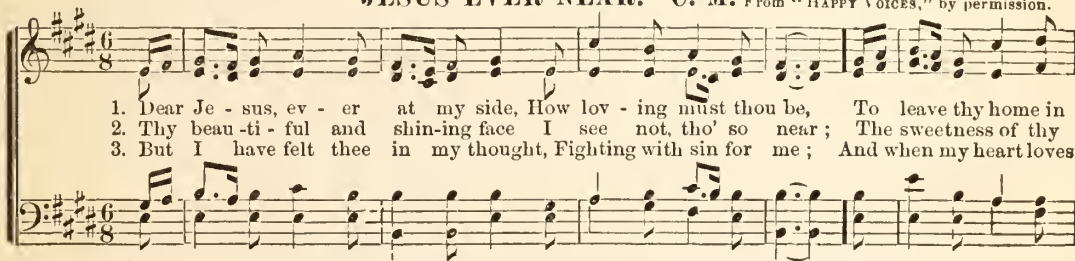
From "HAPPY VOICES," by permission.

1. Our Father in heaven, we hallow thy name; May thy kingdom ho-ly on earth be the
2. For-give our transgressions, and teach us to know That humble compassion that par-dons each

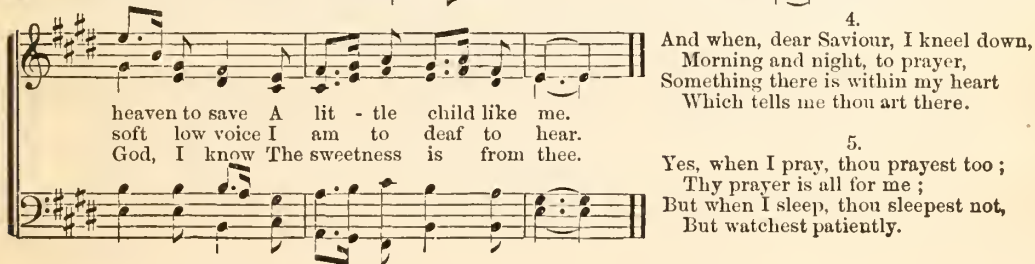


same; Oh, give to us dai - ly our portion of bread, For 'tis from thy bounty that all must be fed.
foe; Keep us from temptation, from weakness, and sin, And thine be the glo - ry for - ev - er. A - men.

JESUS EVER NEAR. C. M. From "HAPPY VOICES," by permission.

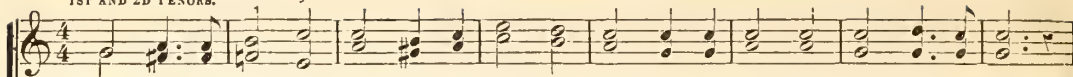


1. Dear Je - sus, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing must thou be, To leave thy home in
2. Thy beau - ti - ful and shin - ing face I see not, tho' so near; The sweetness of thy
3. But I have felt thee in my thought, Fighting with sin for me; And when my heart loves



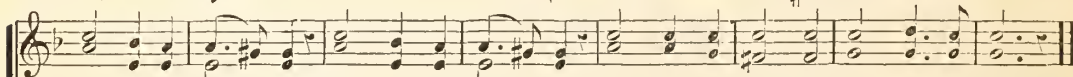
4.
And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night, to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.

5.
Yes, when I pray, thou prayest too;
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

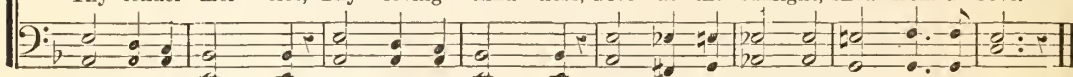
1ST AND 2D TENORS. *Solemnly.*

1. Fa-ther in Heav-en! humbly be-fore Thee, Kneeling in prayer Thy children appear.
 2. All these Thy mercies show us Thy kindness, All this Thy kindness teach-es Thy love;

1ST AND 2D BASSES.



We in our weak-ness, We in our blind-ness, Thou in Thy wis-dom, hear us, oh, hear!
 Thy tender mer-cies, Thy loving kind-ness, Free as the sunlight, shed from a-bove.



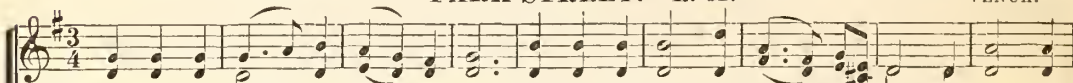
3 Hope like the rainbow smiles on the tempest,
 Faith like a starbeam brightens the night,
 Morn may be shrouded, Noon may be weeping,
 Still "at the evening there shall be light."
 4 God watching o'er us, sleeps not, nor slumbers,
 Faithful night-watches His angels keep,

Through all the darkness, Unto the dawning,
 To His beloved He giveth sleep.

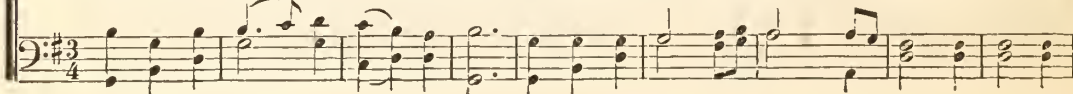
5 Thou in the morning, Thou at the evening,
 Ever be with us, helper and friend,
 Through all earth's shadows, Past all its dangers,
 Father! Thy children keep and defend!

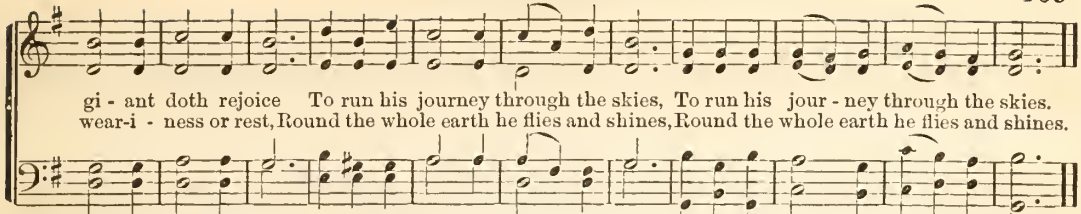
PARK-STREET. L. M.

VENUE.



1. God of the morn-ing, at whose voice The cheerful sun makes haste to rise, And like a
 2. From the fair chambers of the east The cir-cuit of his race be-gins, And with-out





gi - ant doth rejoice To run his journey through the skies, To run his jour - ney through the skies.
wear-i - ness or rest, Round the whole earth he flies and shines, Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

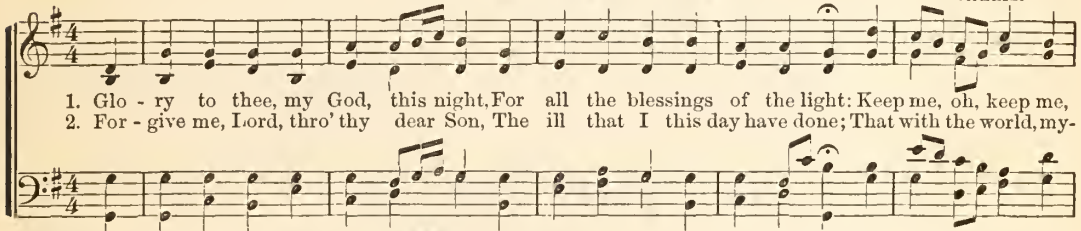
3 Oh, like the sun, may I fulfill
The appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will,
March on and keep my heavenly way.

4 But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze
To follow every wandering star.

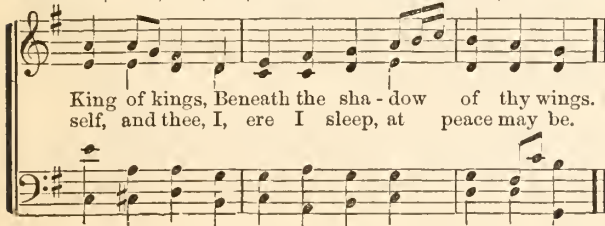
5 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

TALLIS' HYMN. L. M.

TALLIS.



1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light: Keep me, oh, keep me,
2. For - give me, Lord, thro' thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done; That with the world, my-



King of kings, Beneath the sha - dow of thy wings.
self, and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3.
Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at thy judgment day.

4.
Be thou my guardian while I sleep,
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

1. How sweet the light of Sabbath eve, How soft the sunbeams ling'ring there: For these blest hours the
 2. The time how lovely and how still! Peace shines and smiles on all be-low; The plain, the stream, the

world I leave, Wafted on wings of praise and prayer.
 wood, the hill, All fair with evening's setting glow.

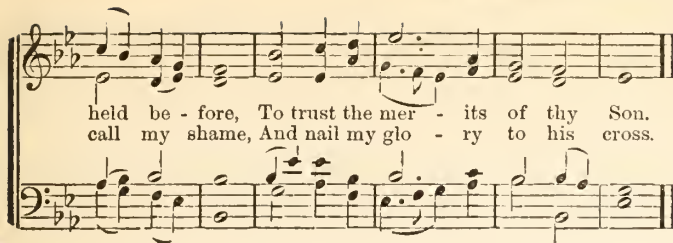
3.
 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
 Feels the sweet calm and melts to love
 And while these sacred moments roll,
 Faith sees a smiling heav'n above.

4.
 Nor will our days of toil be long;
 Our pilgrimage will soon be trod,
 And we shall join the ceaseless song,
 The endless Sabbath of our God.

DUKE-STREET. L. M.

HATTON.

1. No more, my God—I boast no more Of all the du-ties I have done; I quit the hopes I
 2. Now, for the love I bear his name, What was my gain, I count my loss; My former pride I



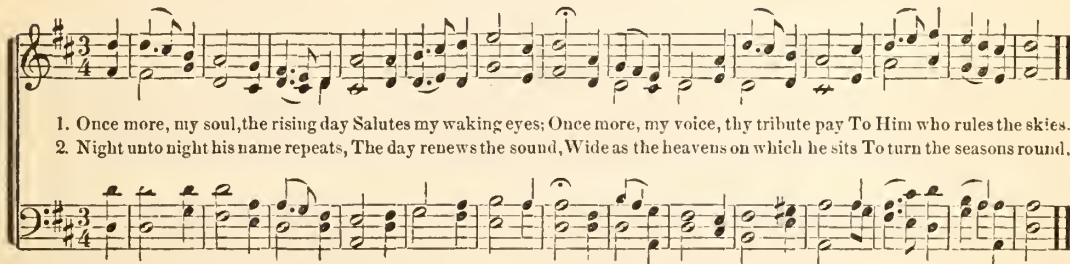
3.

Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
Oh, may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4.

The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

COLCHESTER. C. M.



3.

'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise:
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays

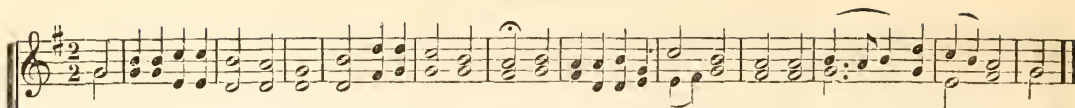
4.

A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
And yet my moments run

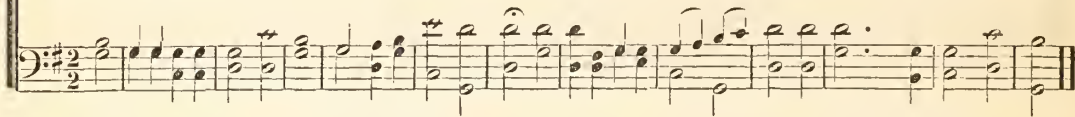
5.

Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.



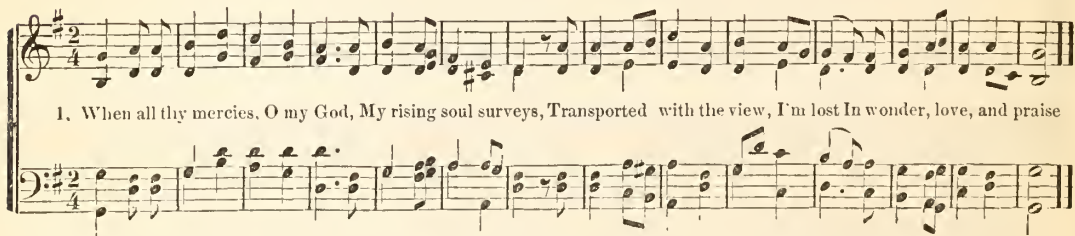
1. Hark ! the glad sound, the Saviour comes, The Saviour promised long ; Let every heart prepare a throne, And every voice a song.
 2. On him the Spirit, largely poured, Exerts its sacred fire ; Wisdom and might, and zeal, and love, His holy breast in - spire.



- 3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held :
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure :
 And with the treasures of his grace
 T' enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

DEDHAM. C. M.

GARDNER.



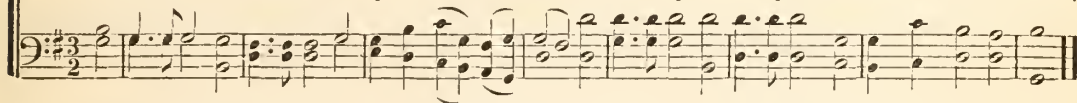
1. When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys, Transported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise



- 2 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 3 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew
- 4 Through all eternity, to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise :
 But Oh, eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise !



1. I love to steal awhile away From every cumbering care, And spend the hours of setting day In humble grateful prayer.
2. I love in sol-i-tude to shed The pen-i-ten-tial tear, And all His promises to plead, Where none but God can hear.

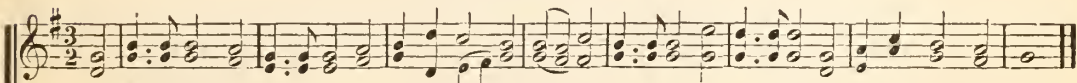


- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

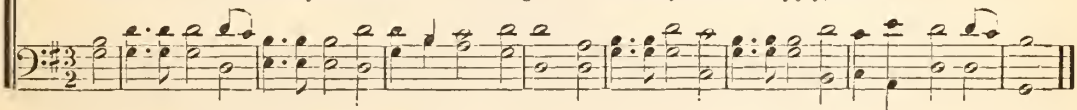
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

ARLINGTON. C. M.



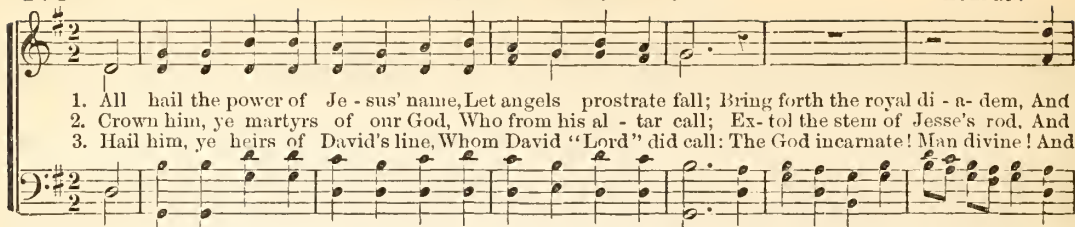
1. Do not I love thee, O my Lord? Behold my heart and see; And turn each cursed idol out That dares to ri-val thee.
2. Do not I love thee from my soul? Then let me nothing love: Dead be my heart to every joy, When Jesus cannot move.



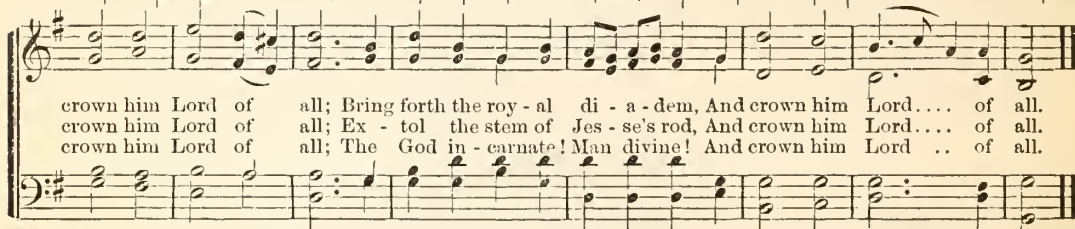
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still
To my attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure
bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

- 4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose
face
I fear thy cause to plead?

- 5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest
Lord;
But oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.



1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And
 2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from his al - tar call; Ex - tol the stem of Jesse's rod, And
 3. Hail him, ye heirs of David's line, Whom David "Lord" did call: The God incarnate! Man divine! And



crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord . . . of all.
 crown him Lord of all; Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown him Lord . . . of all.
 crown him Lord of all; The God in - carnate! Man divine! And crown him Lord .. of all.

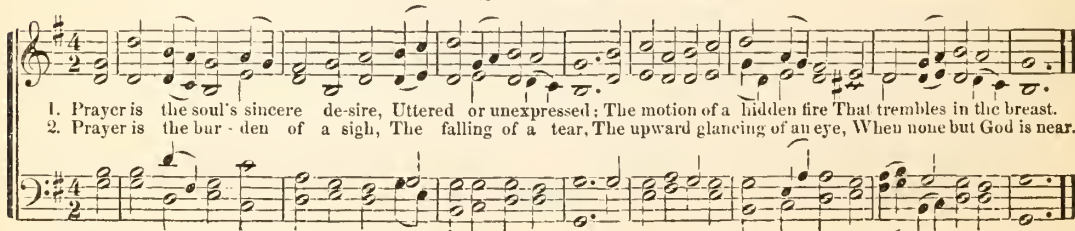
4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can never forget
 The worm-wood and the gall,
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

STEPHENS. C. M.

JONES.

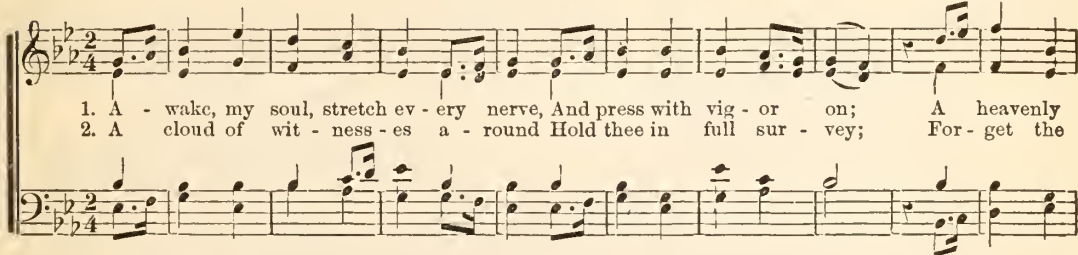


1. Prayer is the soul's sincere de-sire, Uttered or unexpressed: The motion of a hidden fire That trembles in the breast.
 2. Prayer is the bur - den of a sigh, The falling of a tear, The upward glancing of an eye, When none but God is near.

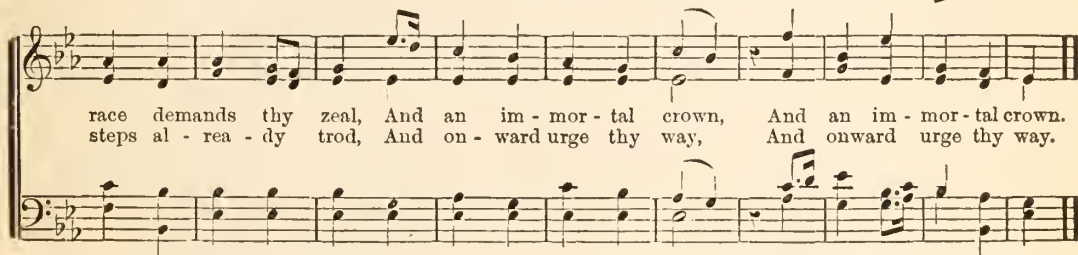
- 3 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays."
- 5 O thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod.
Lord, teach us how to pray.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

HANDEL.



1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heavenly
2. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur - vey; For - get the

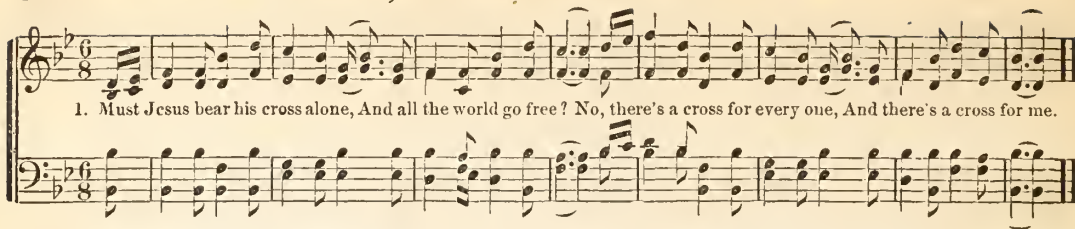


race demands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.
steps al - rea - dy trod, And on - ward urge thy way, And onward urge thy way.

- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast

- When victor's wreaths and monarch's gems
Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crowned with victory at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

MAITLAND, or CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

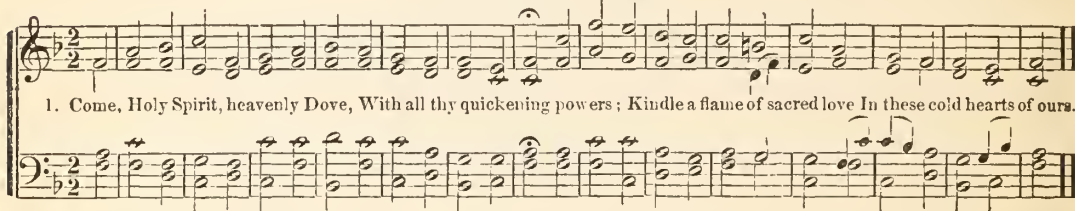


1. Must Jesus bear his cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

DUNDEE. C. M.



1. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers; Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And thine to us so great?

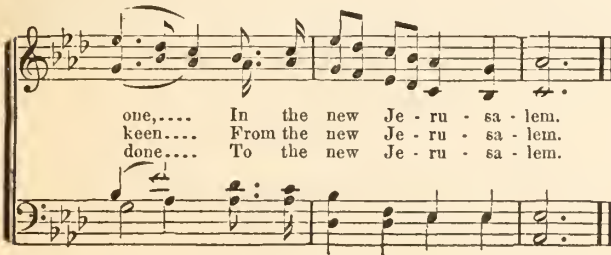
5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.



1. We are on our jour - ney home, Where Christ our Lord is gone; We shall meet around his throne When he makes his people
 2. We can see that distant home, Tho' clouds roll dark between; Faith views the radiant dome, And a lustre flash - es
 3. O glo - ry shin - ing far From the never-set - ting sun; Oh trembling morning star, Our journey's al - most



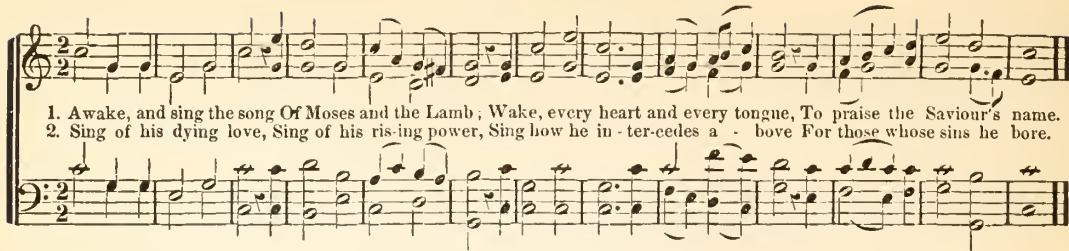
one In the new Je - ru - sa - lem, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem; When he makes his peo - ple
 keen From the new Je - ru - sa - lem, From the new Je - ru - sa - lem; And a lus - tre flash - es
 done To the new Je - ru - sa - lem, To the new Je - ru - sa - lem; Our journey's al - most



one,.... In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
 keen.... From the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
 done.... To the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

4 Oh holy, heavenly home;
 Oh rest eternal there;
 When shall the exiles come,
 Where they cease from earthly care,
 In the new Jerusalem.

5 Our hearts are breaking now
 Those mansions fair to see;
 O Lord, thy heavens bow,
 And raise us up with thee
 To the new Jerusalem.



3.
 Sing till we feel our heart
 Ascending with our tongue,
 Sing till the love of sin depart,
 And grace inspire our song.

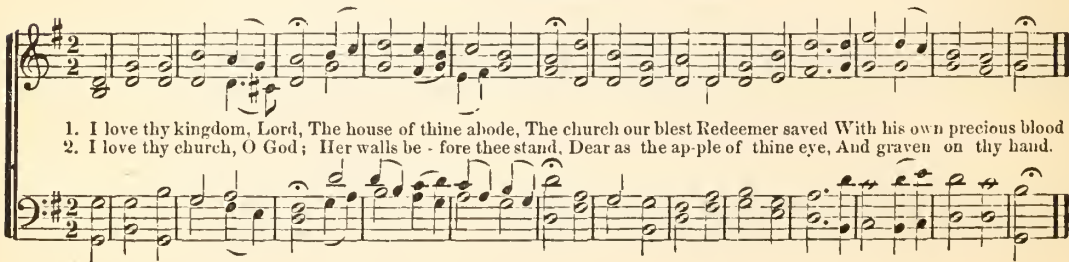
4.
 Sing on your heavenly way,
 Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
 Sing on, rejoicing every day
 In Christ th'eternal King.

5.
 Soon shall we hear him say,
 "Ye blessed children, come;"
 Soon will he call us hence away,
 And take his wanderers home.

6.
 Soon shall our raptured tongue
 His endless praise proclaim,
 And sweeter voices tune the song
 "Of Moses and the Lamb."

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

WILLIAMS.



3.

If e'er to bless her sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4.

If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

5.

For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

6.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

7.

Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

8.

Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

STANLEY.



1. Come, Holy Spirit, come! Let thy bright beams arise; Dispel the sorrow from our minds, The darkness from our eyes.

2.

Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

3.

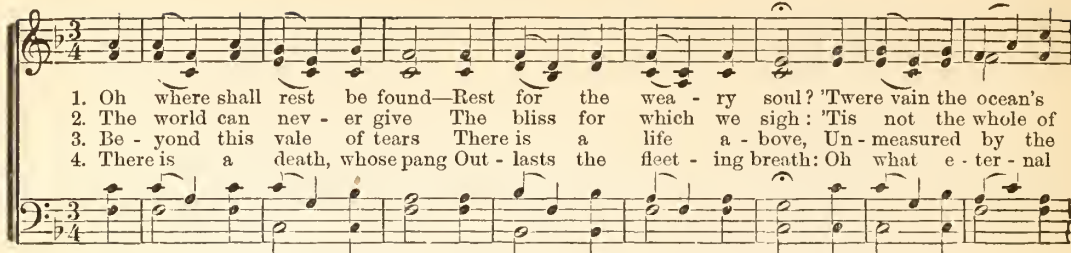
Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4.

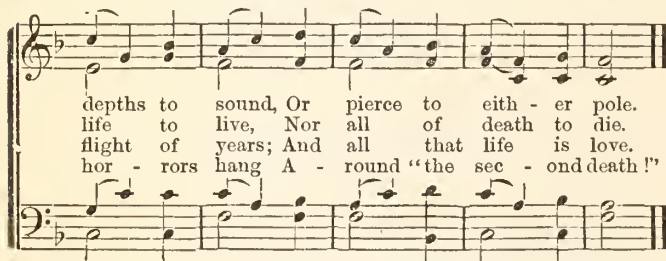
'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5.

Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.



1. Oh where shall rest be found—Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere vain the ocean's
 2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh: 'Tis not the whole of
 3. Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove, Un - measured by the
 4. There is a death, whose pang Out - lasts the fleet - ing breath: Oh what e - ter - nal



depths to sound, Or pierce to eith - er pole.
 life to live, Nor all of death to die.
 flight of years; And all that life is love.
 hor - rors hang A - round "the sec - ond death!"

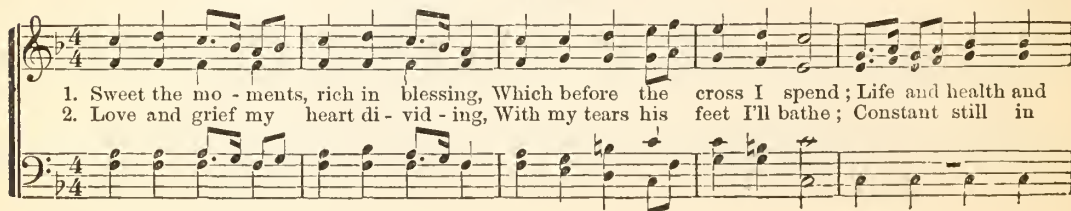
5.

Lord God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun,
 Lest we be banished from thy face
 And evermore undone.

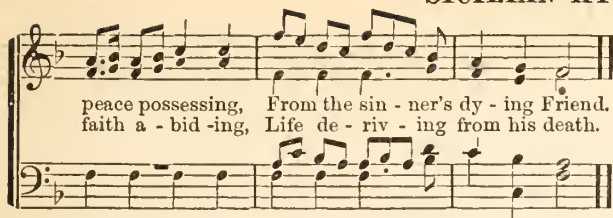
6.

Here would we end our quest:
 Alone are found in thee
 The life of perfect love, the rest
 Of immortality.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s.



1. Sweet the mo - ments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend; Life and health and
 2. Love and grief my heart di - vid - ing, With my tears his feet I'll bathe; Constant still in



3 Truly blessed is the station,
 Low before his cross to lie ;
 While I see divine compassion
 Beaming in his gracious eye.

4 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
 Mercy streaming in his blood—
 Precious drops my soul bedewing,
 Plead, and claim my peace with God.

* DISMISSION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

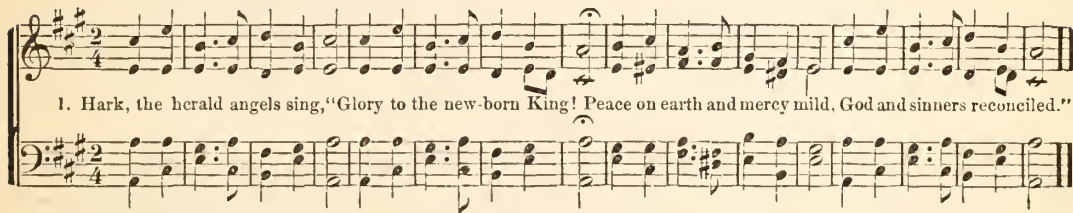
1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 Oh refresh us,
 Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound ;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven—
 Glad the summons to obey—
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

* May be sung by repeating the first two lines.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.



2 Joyful, all ye nations rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies ;
 With th' angelic host proclaim,
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace !
 Hail the Sun of righteousness !

Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings.

4 Mild he lay his glory by—
 Born, that man no more may die ;
 Born to raise the sons of earth ;
 Born to give them second birth.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book divine, Precious treasure, thou art mine! Mine to tell me whence I
 2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Saviour's love; Mine art thou to guide my

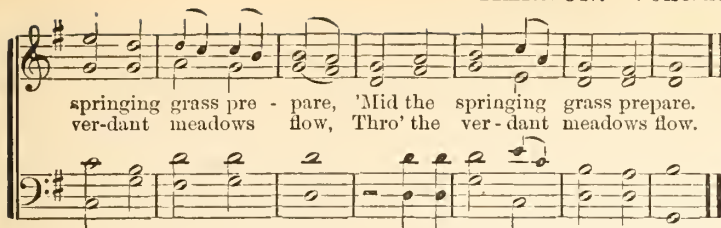
came, Mine to teach me what I am;
 feet; Mine to judge, condemn, ac - quit;

- 3 Mine to comfort in distress,
 If the Holy Spirit bless;
 Mine to show by living faith,
 Man can triumph over death;
- 4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
 And the rebel sinner's doom:
 Oh thou precious book divine,
 Precious treasure, thou art mine!

HENDON. 7s.

DR. MALAN.

1. To thy pastures fair and large, Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge, And my couch with tenderest care, 'Mid the
 2. When I faint with summer's heat, Thou shalt guide my weary feet To the streams that, still and slow, Thro' the



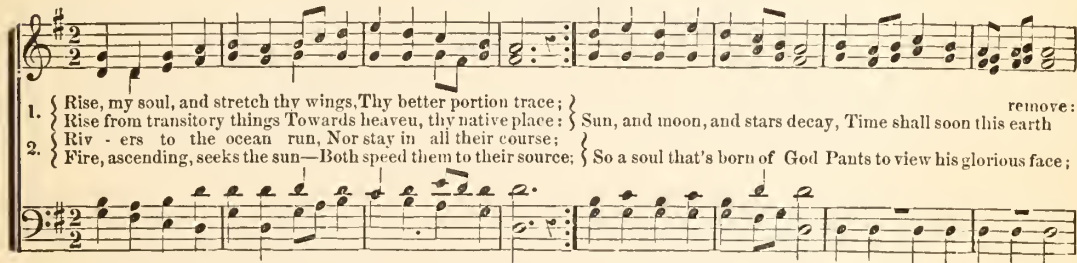
springing grass pre - pare, 'Mid the springing grass prepare.
ver-dant meadows flow, Thro' the ver-dant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With thy rod and staff supplied—
This my guard, and that my guide.

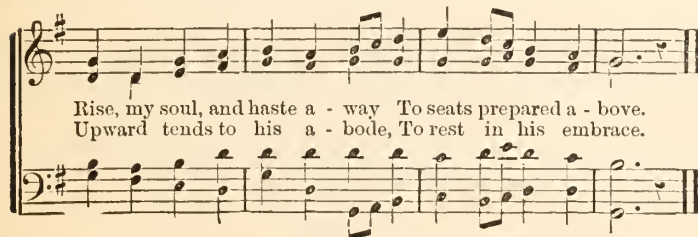
4 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend,
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.

DR. NARES.



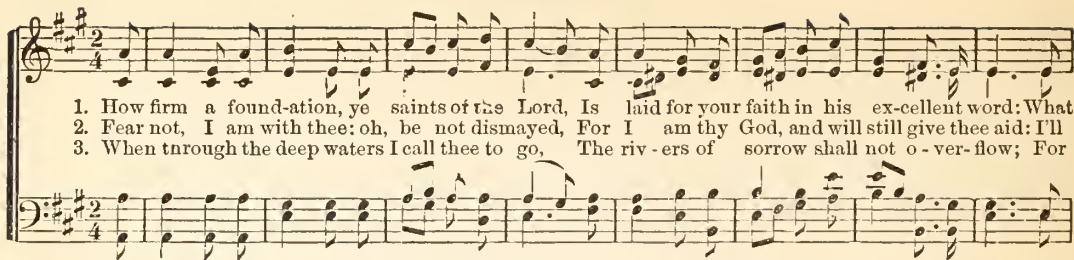
1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace; } remove:
 { Rise from transitory things Towards heaven, thy native place; } Sun, and moon, and stars decay, Time shall soon this earth
 2. { Riv - ers to the ocean run, Nor stay in all their course; }
 { Fire, ascending, seeks the sun—Both speed them to their source; } So a soul that's born of God Pants to view his glorious face;



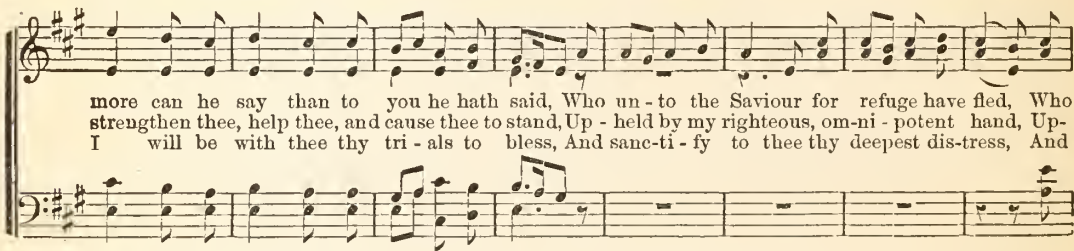
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats prepared a - bove.
Upward tends to his a - bode, To rest in his embrace.

3.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon your Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.



1. How firm a found-a-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his ex-cel-lent word: What
 2. Fear not, I am with thee: oh, be not dismayed, For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid: I'll
 3. When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sorrow shall not o-ver-flow; For

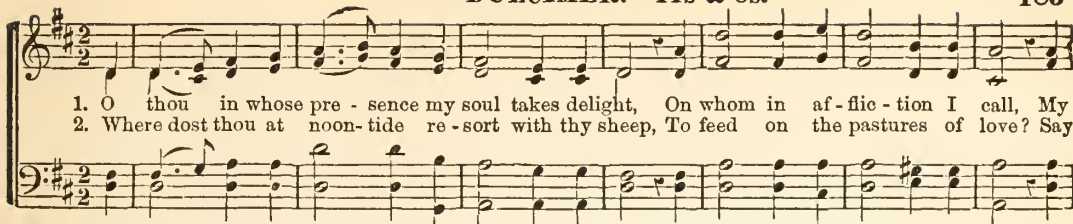


more can he say than to you he hath said, Who un-to the Saviour for refuge have fled, Who
 strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my righteous, om-ni-po-tent hand, Up-
 I will be with thee thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deepest dis-tress, And

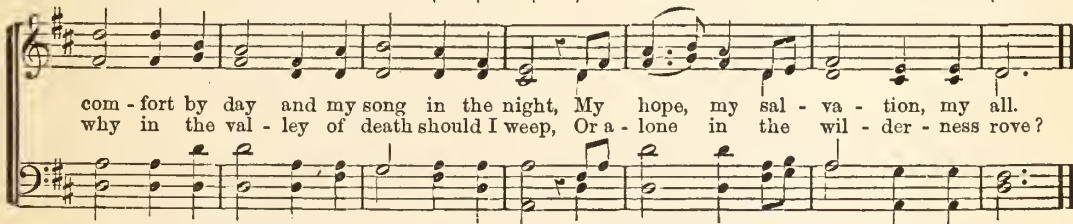


un-to the Saviour for refuge have fled.
 held by my righteous, omni-po-tent hand.
 sancti-fy to thee thy deepest dis-tress.

- 4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply:
 The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And then when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 6 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes:
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake.
 I'll never, no never, no never forsake.



1. O thou in whose pre - sence my soul takes delight, On whom in af - flic - tion I call, My
2. Where dost thou at noon-tide re - sort with thy sheep, To feed on the pastures of love? Say



com - fort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all.
why in the val - ley of death should I weep, Or a - lone in the wil - der - ness rove?

- 3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Restore, my dear Saviour, the light of thy face,
Thy soul-cheering favor impart:
And let thy sweet tokens of pardoning grace
Bring joy to my desolate heart.

CHRIST THE BELOVED. 11s & 8s

- 1 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have ye seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone.
- 2 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

- 3 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
To water the gardens of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 4 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

JOYFUL PRAISE TO GOD. 11s & 8s.

- 1 Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
Oh, serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.
- 2 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

1. O praise ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice, His praise in the great as - sembly to sing: In
 2. Let them his great name devout - ly a - dore; In loud-swalling strains his praises express, Who

their great Cre - a - tor let all men rejoice, And heirs of sal - va - tion be glad in their King.
 gra - cious - ly o - pens his boun - ti - ful store, Their wants to relieve and his children to bless.

3 With glory adorned, his people shall sing
 To God, who defence and plenty supplies:
 Their loud acclamations to him their great King,
 Through earth shall be sounded, and reach to the
 skies.

4 Ye angels above, his glories who've sung,
 In loftiest notes now publish his praise:
 We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongue -
 Would join in your numbers, and chant to your
 lays.

A SONG OF PRAISE. 10s & 11s.

1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
 And publish abroad his wonderful name;
 The name all victorious of Jesus extol:
 His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
 And still he is nigh, his presence we have.
 The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
 Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
 Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
 The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
 All glory and power and wisdom and might;
 All honor and blessing, with angels above,
 And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

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